THE
SALVATION
ARMY

Songs and Music

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Songs and Music

COMPILED 1922

Published by
THE SALVATION ARMY
Supplies and Purchasing Department
120-130 West Fourteenth Street
New York City

State and Superior Streets
Chicago, Ill.

McAllister Street
San Francisco, Cal.

FOREWORD

This Song Book has been compiled and is published with the sincere hope that it will serve the great end—the glory of God in the inspiration and salvation of men.

Let us sing! We must sing! You must sing! I must sing! Sing to the salvation of the sinner. Sing to the home-coming of the wanderer. Sing to the cheer of the sorrowing. Sing to the uplifting of the fallen. Sing to the blessing of the little children. Sing to the saving of the prisoner. Sing to the cheer of the aged. Sing to the gladness of the young. Sing to the inspiring of our own ranks. Sing in the streets. Sing in the hall. Sing in the home. Sing in the workshop. Sing by the sick couch. Sing to all mankind of the great salvation of God, of the precious promises of Jesus Christ, of the purifying power of the Holy Ghost until night becomes day and sorrow and sinning flee away forever and forever.

Evangeline Booth

Commander.

NOTICE

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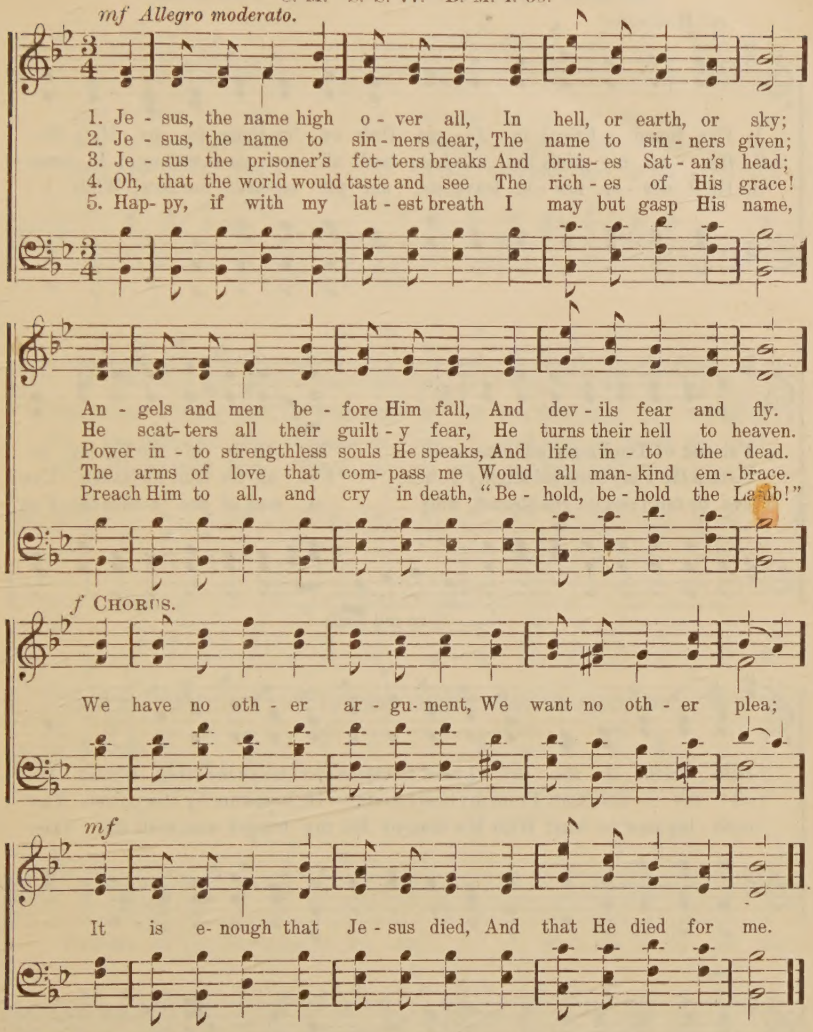
In regard to songs borrowed from other sources, we have sought to obtain previous permission when this has been necessary and to acknowledge the sources to which we are indebted. Should we have failed in any instance we shall be glad to acknowledge our oversight in future issues.

References.—The first small figures or letters at the top of many of the songs denote the meter. The second set of figures give the number of the song in "Salvation Army Songs" (Word Edition), and the last figures the Band Music or Band Journal number.

1

We Have No Other Argument.

C. M. S. S. 77. B. M. I. 53.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;
3. Je - sus the prisoner's fet- ters breaks And bruis- es Sat - an's head;
4. Oh, that the world would taste and see The rich - es of His grace!
5. Hap- py, if with my lat - est breath I may but gasp His name,
An - gels and men be - fore Him fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
He scat- ters all their guilt - y fear, He turns their hell to heaven.
Power in - to strengthless souls He speaks, And life in - to the dead.
The arms of love that com- pass me Would all man- kind em - brace.
Preach Him to all, and cry in death, "Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!"
f CHORUS.
We have no oth - er ar - gu- ment, We want no oth - er plea;
mf
It is e- nough that Je - sus died, And that He died for me.

2

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

C. M. Tune—1. S. S. 333.

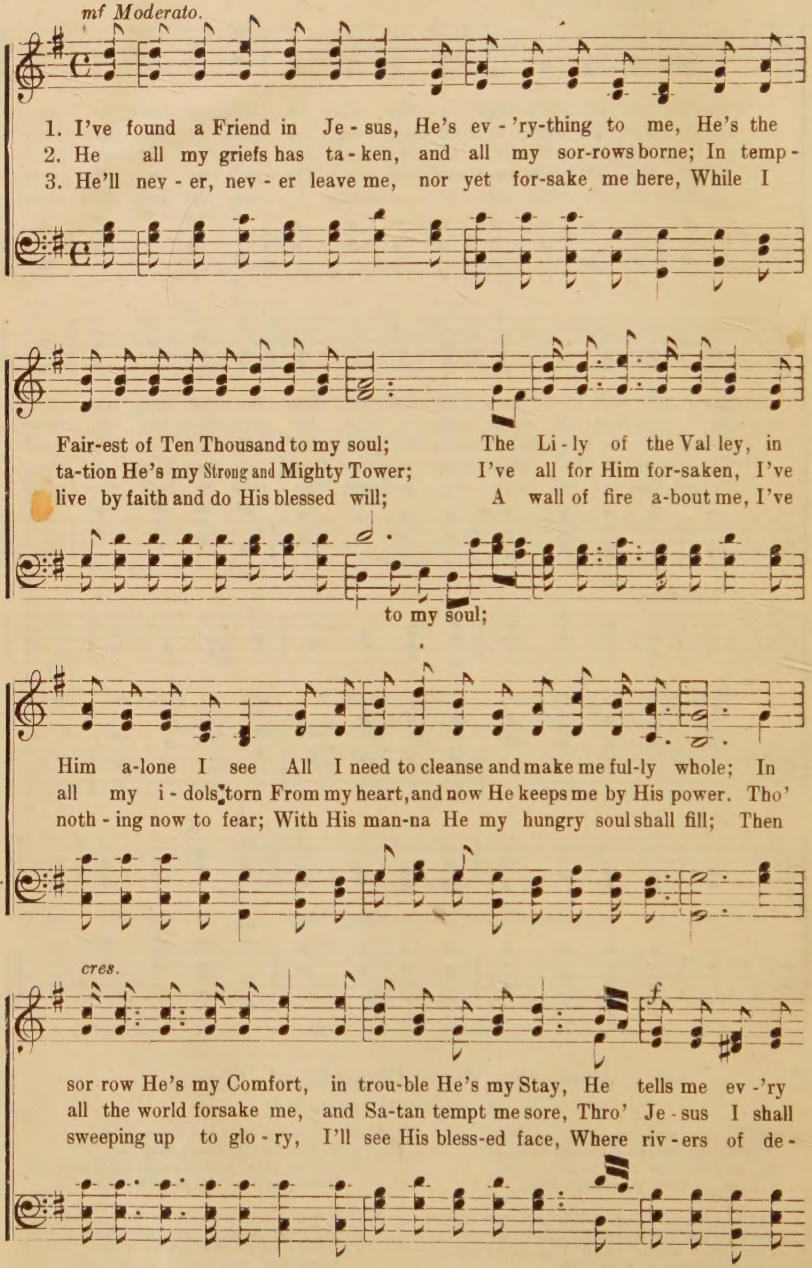
1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But better far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

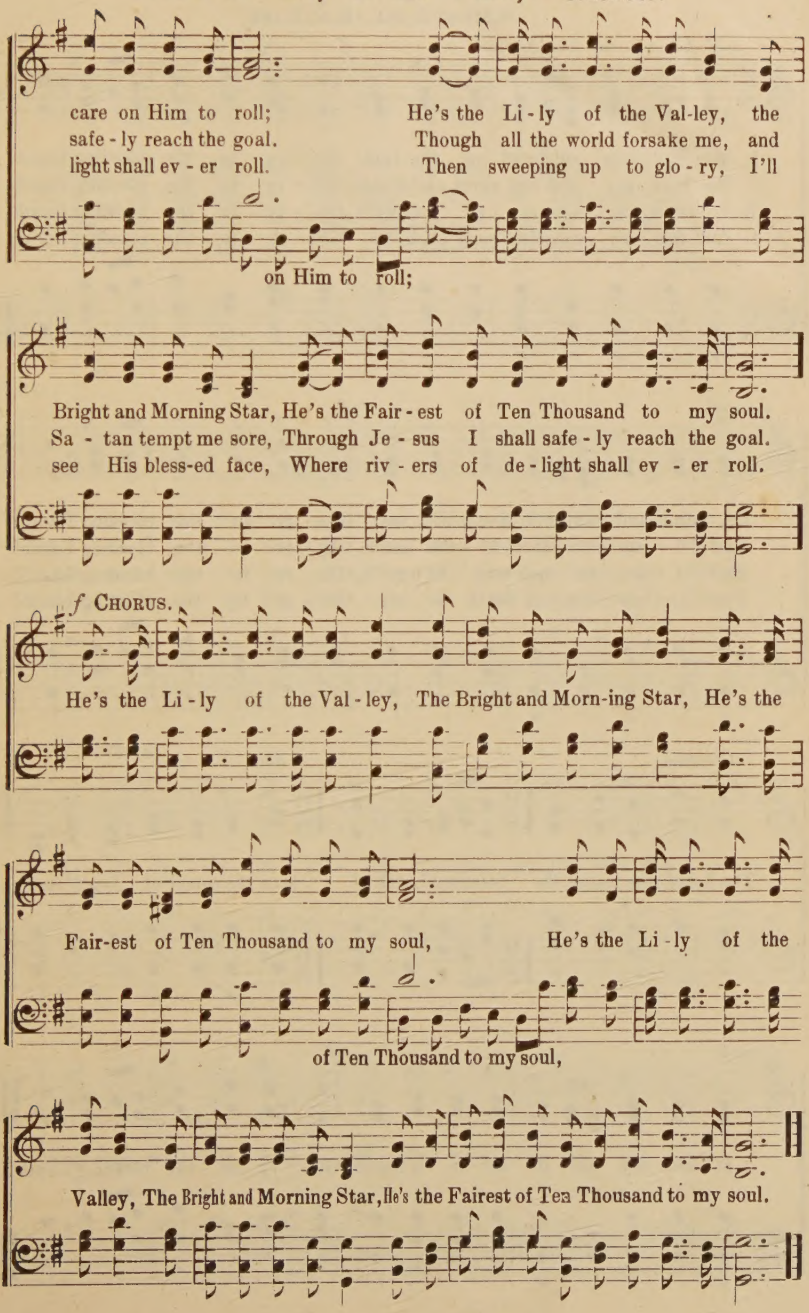
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

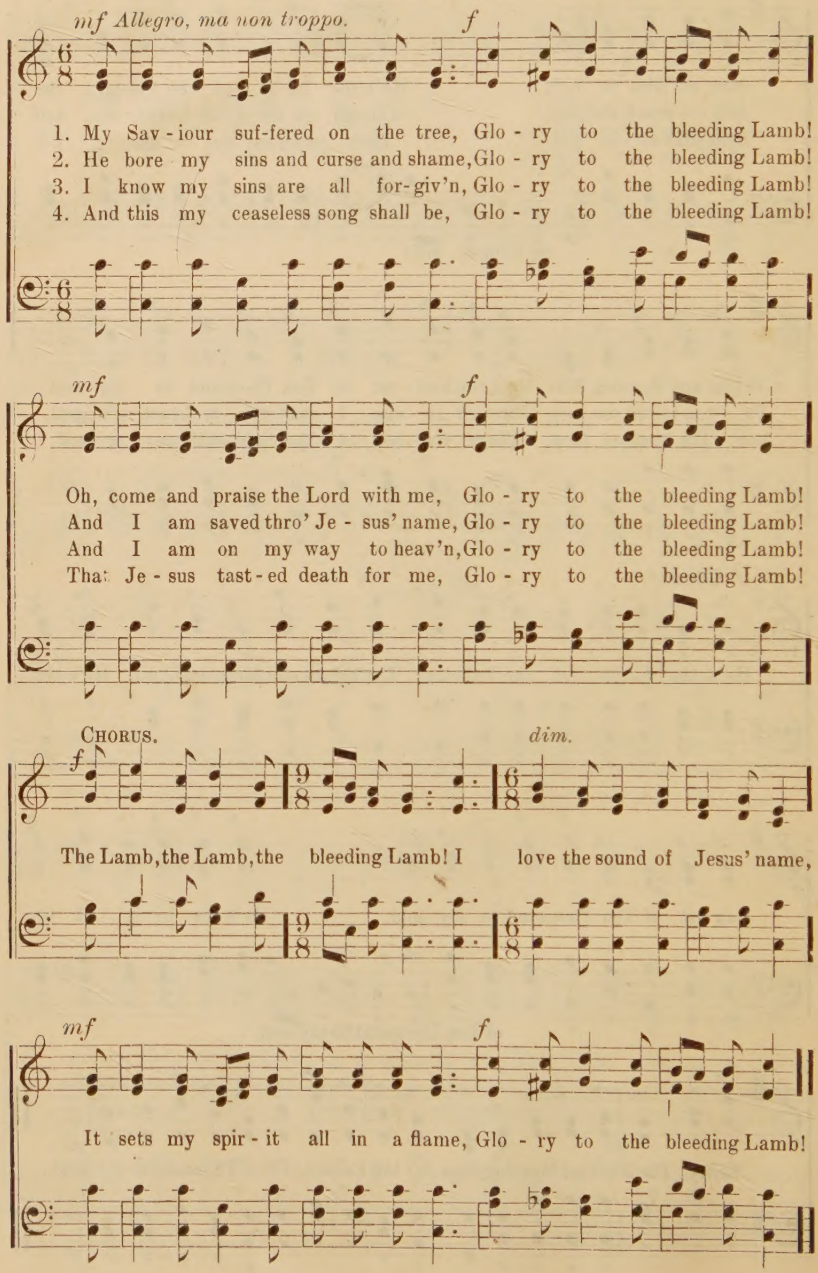
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
No tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

He's the Lily of the Valley.

P. M. S. S. 257. B. M. I 239

mf Moderato.
1. I've found a Friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp -
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I
Fair-est of Ten Thousand to my soul; The Li - ly of the Val ley, in
ta-tion He's my Strong and Mighty Tower; I've all for Him for-saken, I've
live by faith and do His blessed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've
to my soul;
Him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole; In
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power. Tho'
noth - ing now to fear; With His man-na He my hungry soul shall fill; Then
cres.
sor row He's my Comfort, in trou-ble He's my Stay, He tells me ev -'ry
all the world forsake me, and Sa-tan tempt me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall
sweeping up to glo - ry, I'll see His bless-ed face, Where riv - ers of de -

He's the Lily of the Valley.—Concluded.

care on Him to roll;
He's the Li - ly of the Val-ley, the
safe - ly reach the goal.
Though all the world forsake me, and
light shall ev - er roll.
Then sweeping up to glo - ry, I'll
on Him to roll;
Bright and Morning Star, He's the Fair - est of Ten Thousand to my soul.
Sa - tan tempt me sore, Through Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal.
see His bless-ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll.
f CHORUS.
He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, The Bright and Morn-ing Star, He's the
Fair-est of Ten Thousand to my soul,
He's the Li - ly of the
of Ten Thousand to my soul,
Valley, The Bright and Morning Star, He's the Fairest of Ten Thousand to my soul.

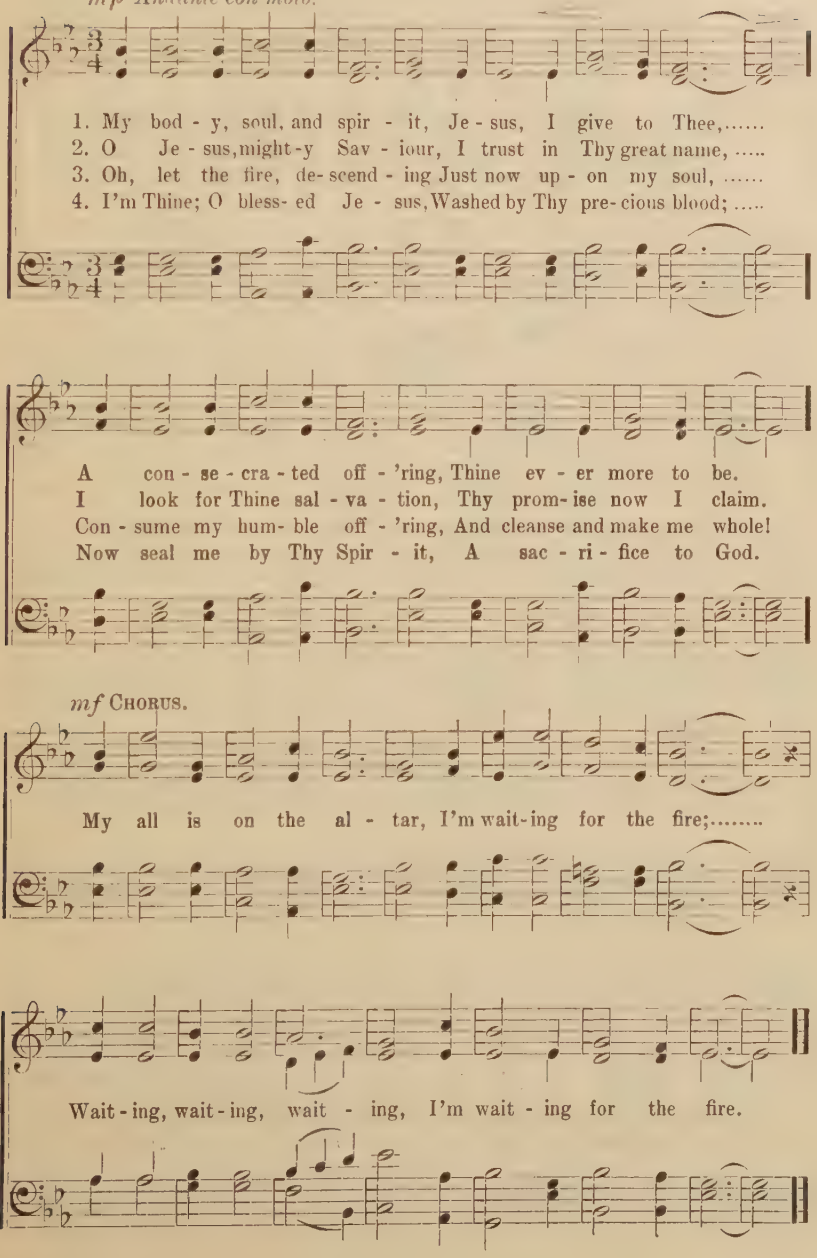
My Saviour Suffered On the Tree.

P. M.—S. S. 254. B. M. I. 255.

mf Allegro, ma non troppo.
f
1. My Sav - iour suf-fered on the tree, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
2. He bore my sins and curse and shame, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
3. I know my sins are all for-giv'n, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
4. And this my ceaseless song shall be, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
mf
f
Oh, come and praise the Lord with me, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
And I am saved thro' Je - sus' name, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
And I am on my way to heav'n, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
That Je - sus tast - ed death for me, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
CHORUS.
f
dim.
The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb! I love the sound of Jesus' name,
mf
f
It sets my spir - it all in a flame, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!

My All Is On the Altar.

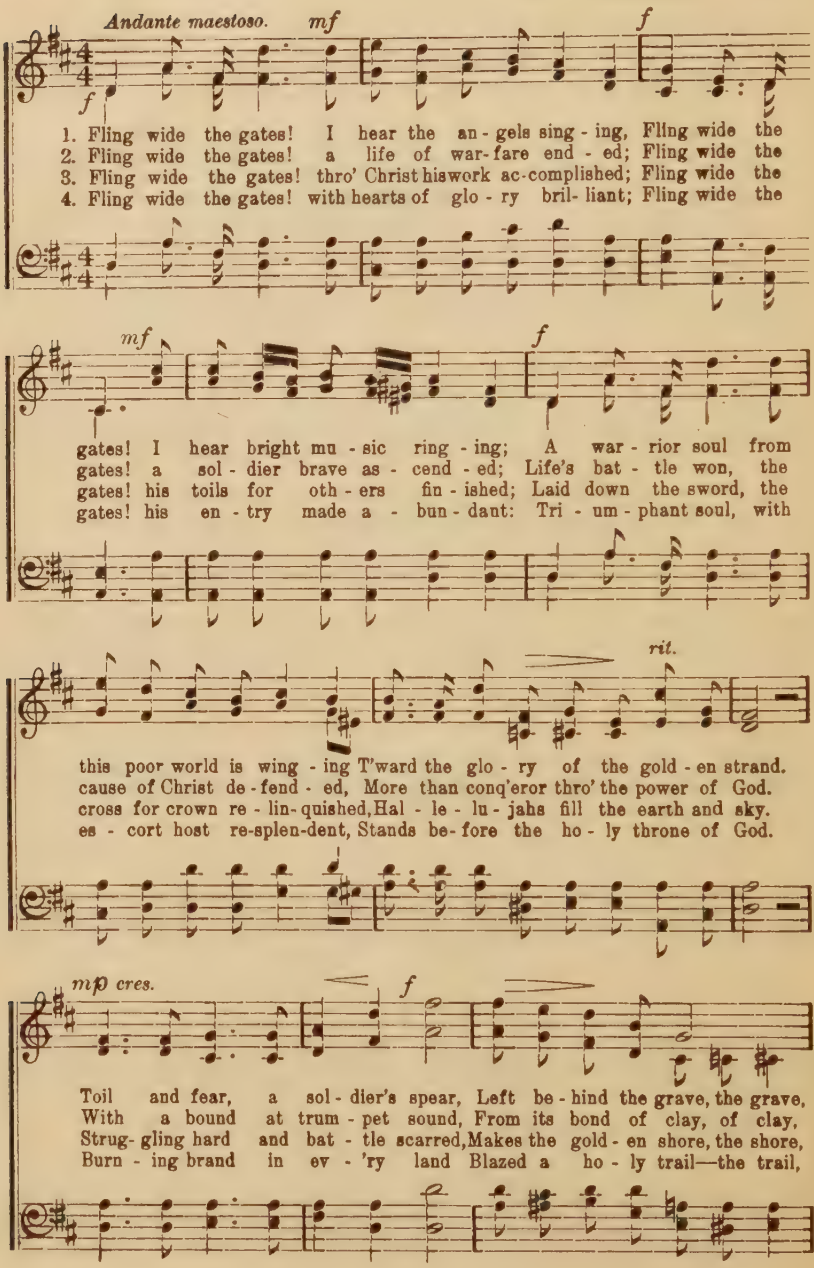
7's & 6's.—S. S. 444. B. M. I. 100.

mp Andante con moto.

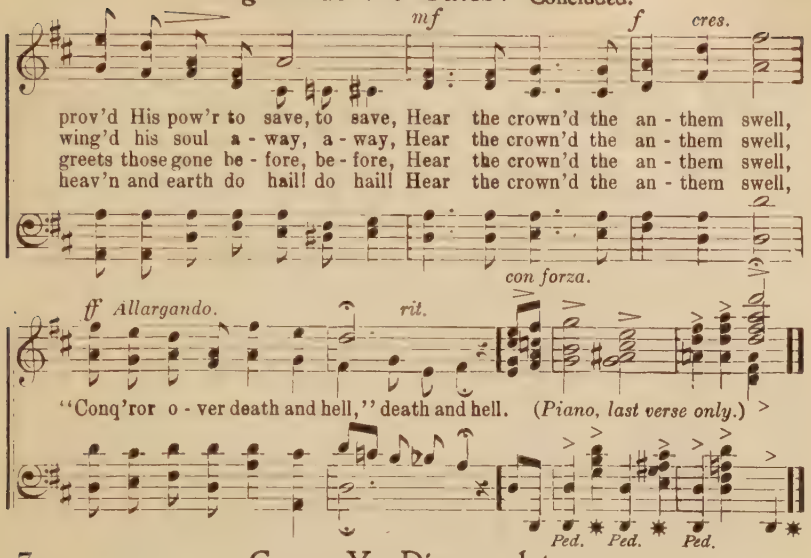

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,.....
2. O Je - sus, might - y Sav - iour, I trust in Thy great name, ...
3. Oh, let the fire, de- scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, ...
4. I'm Thine; O bless- ed Je - sus, Washed by Thy pre- cious blood; .....
A con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring, Thine ev - er more to be.
I look for Thine sal - va - tion, Thy prom- ise now I claim.
Con - sume my hum- ble off - 'ring, And cleanse and make me whole!
Now seal me by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.
mf CHORUS.
My all is on the al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire;.....
Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

Fling Wide the Gates!

Commander E. C. Booth.

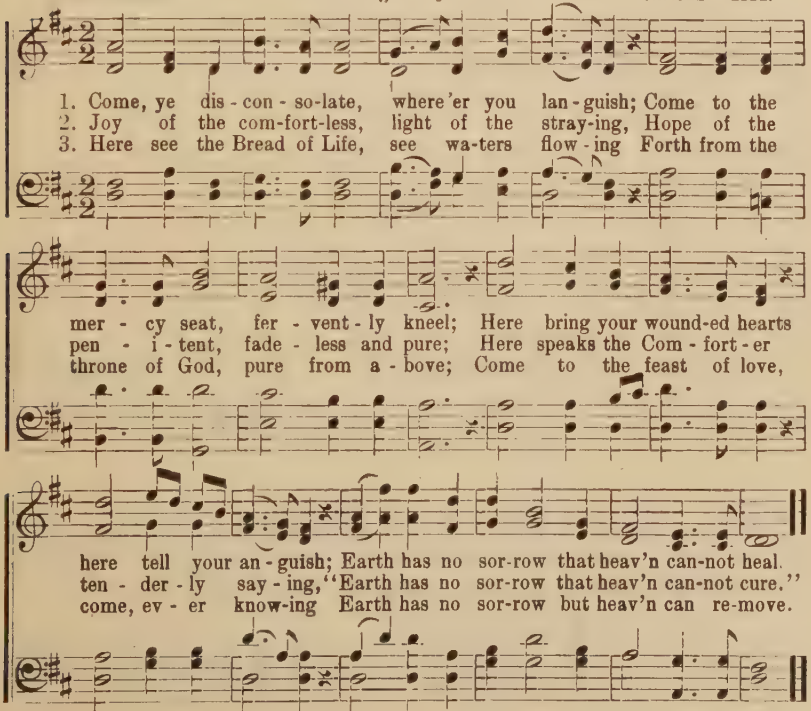

Andante maestoso.
mf
f
1. Fling wide the gates! I hear the an - gels sing - ing, Fling wide the
2. Fling wide the gates! a life of war - fare end - ed; Fling wide the
3. Fling wide the gates! thro' Christ his work ac - complished; Fling wide the
4. Fling wide the gates! with hearts of glo - ry bril - liant; Fling wide the
mf
f
gates! I hear bright mu - sic ring - ing; A war - rior soul from
gates! a sol - dier brave as - cend - ed; Life's bat - tle won, the
gates! his toils for oth - ers fin - ished; Laid down the sword, the
gates! his en - try made a - bun - dant: Tri - um - phant soul, with
rit.
this poor world is wing - ing T'ward the glo - ry of the gold - en strand.
cause of Christ de - fend - ed, More than conq'eror thro' the power of God.
cross for crown re - lin - quished, Hal - le - lu - jahs fill the earth and sky.
es - cort host re - splen - dent, Stands be - fore the ho - ly throne of God.
mp cres.
f
Toil and fear, a sol - dier's spear, Left be - hind the grave, the grave,
With a bound at trum - pet sound, From its bond of clay, of clay,
Strug - gling hard and bat - tle scarred, Makes the gold - en shore, the shore,
Burn - ing brand in ev - 'ry land Blazed a ho - ly trail—the trail,

Fling Wide the Gates!—Concluded.


mf
f
cres.
prov'd His pow'r to save, to save, Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
wing'd his soul a - way, a - way, Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
greets those gone be - fore, be - fore, Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
heav'n and earth do hail! do hail! Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
con forza.
ff Allargando.
rit.
"Conq'ror o - ver death and hell," death and hell. (Piano, last verse only.)
Ped. Ped. Ped.

7 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE. S. S. 47. B. J. 802. SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, where'er you lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the
mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love,
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

Let the Sunshine In.

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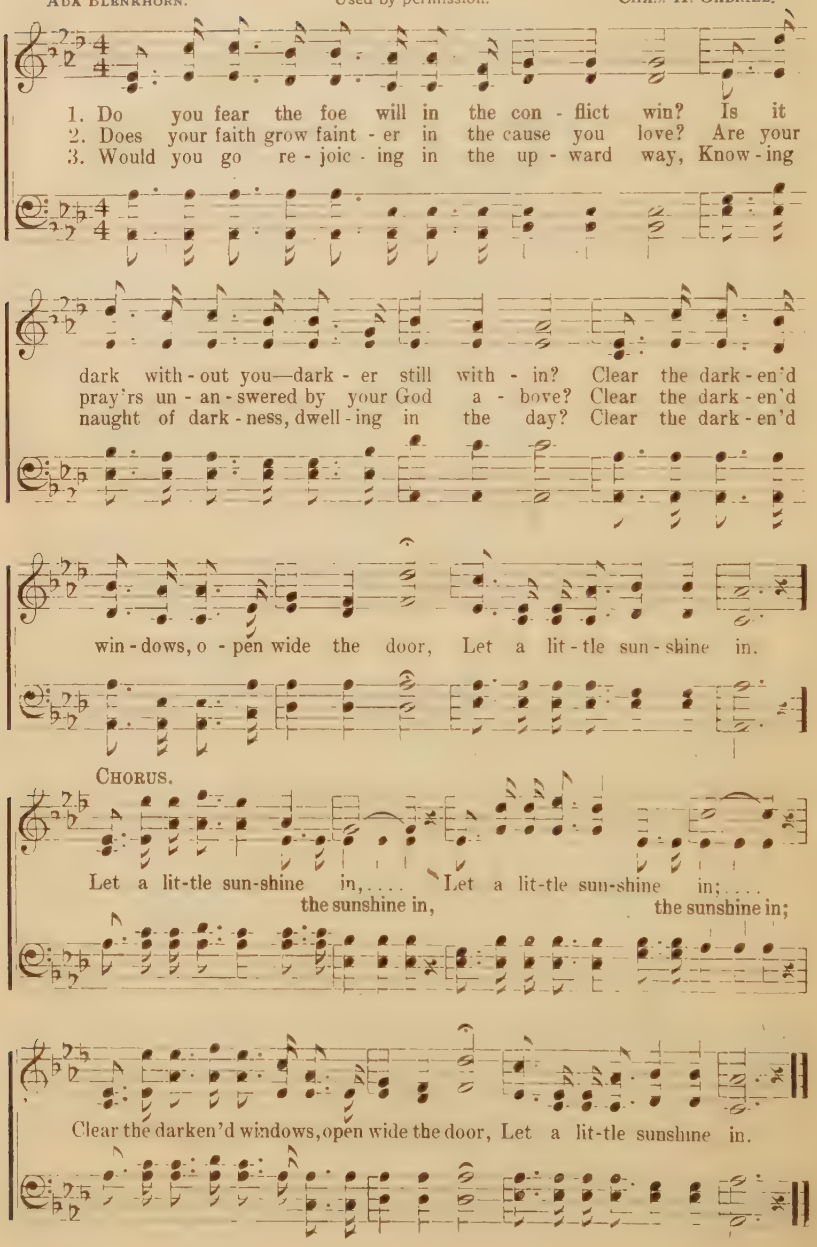
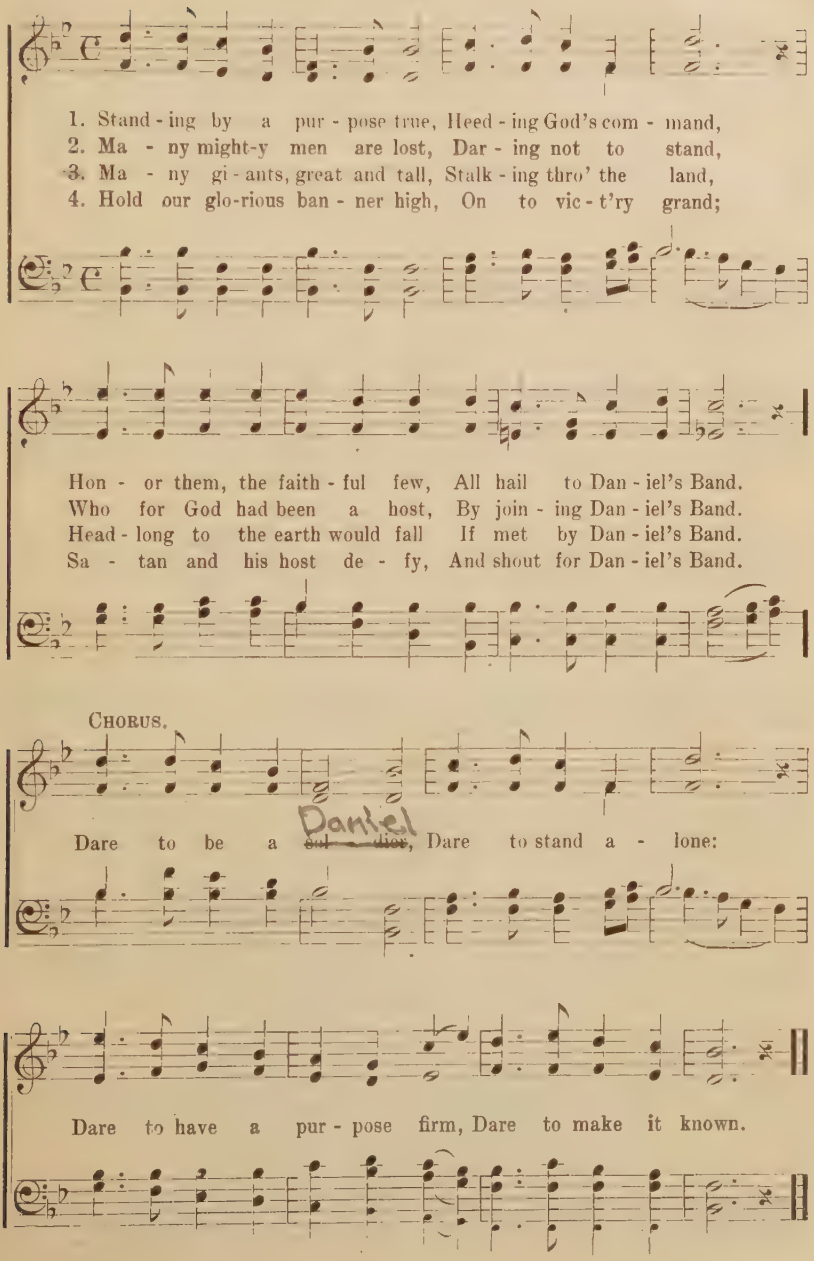
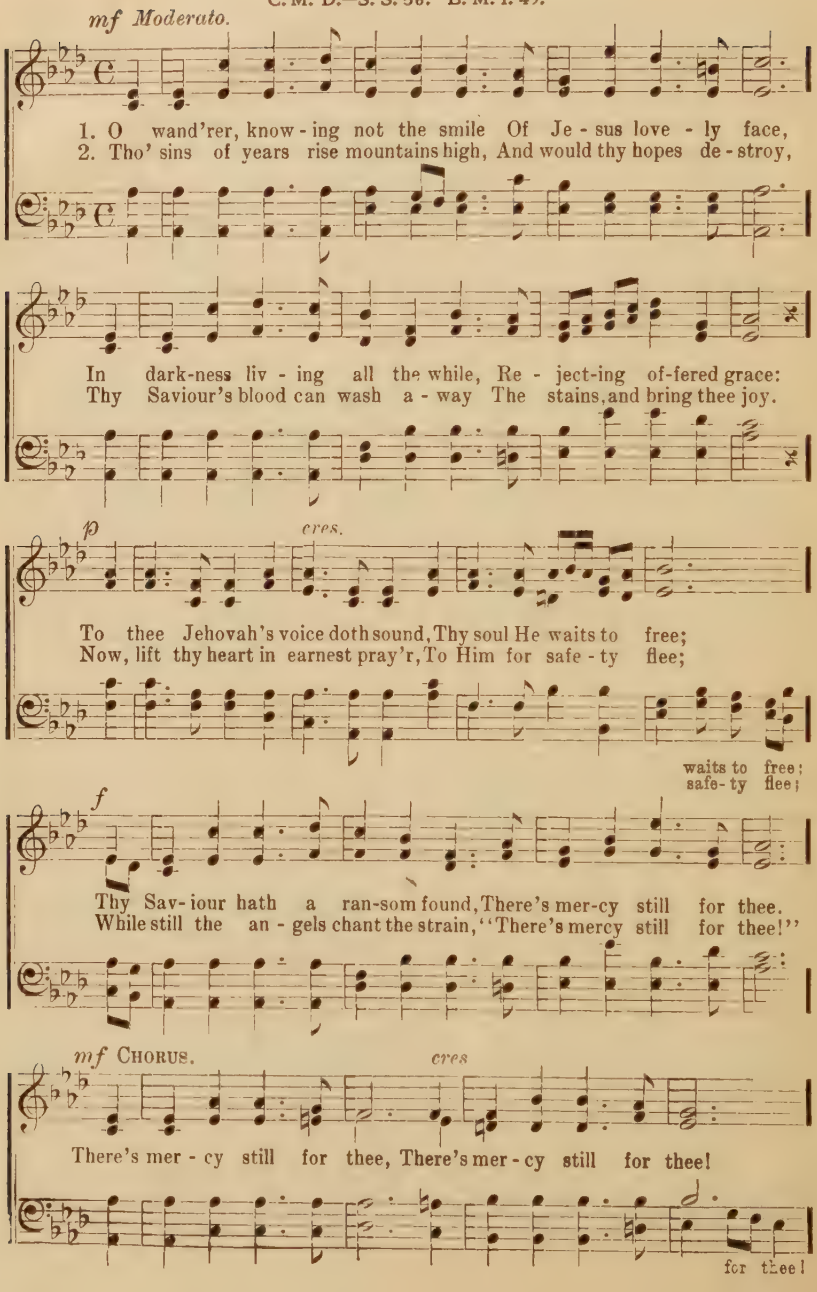
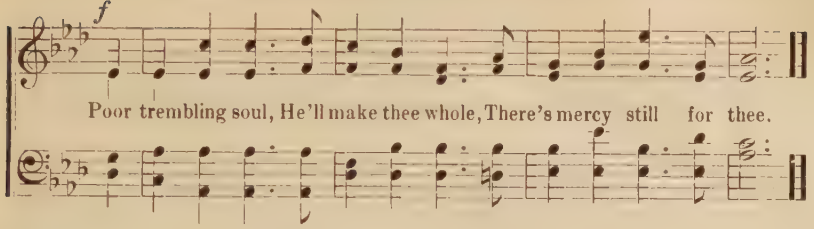
ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it
2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know - ing
dark with - out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd
pray'rs un - an - swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd
naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd
win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
CHORUS.
Let a lit-tle sun-shine in, ... Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; . . . .
the sunshine in, the sunshine in;
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit-tle sunshine in.

Standing By a Purpose True

P. M.–S. S. 744. B. M. 2. 37.

1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand,
2. Ma - ny might-y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold our glo-rious ban - ner high, On to vic - t'ry grand;
Hon - or them, the faith - ful few, All hail to Dan - iel's Band.
Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band.
Head - long to the earth would fall If met by Dan - iel's Band.
Sa - tan and his host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band.
CHORUS.
Dare to be a Daniel, Dare to stand a - lone:
Dare to have a pur - pose firm, Dare to make it known.

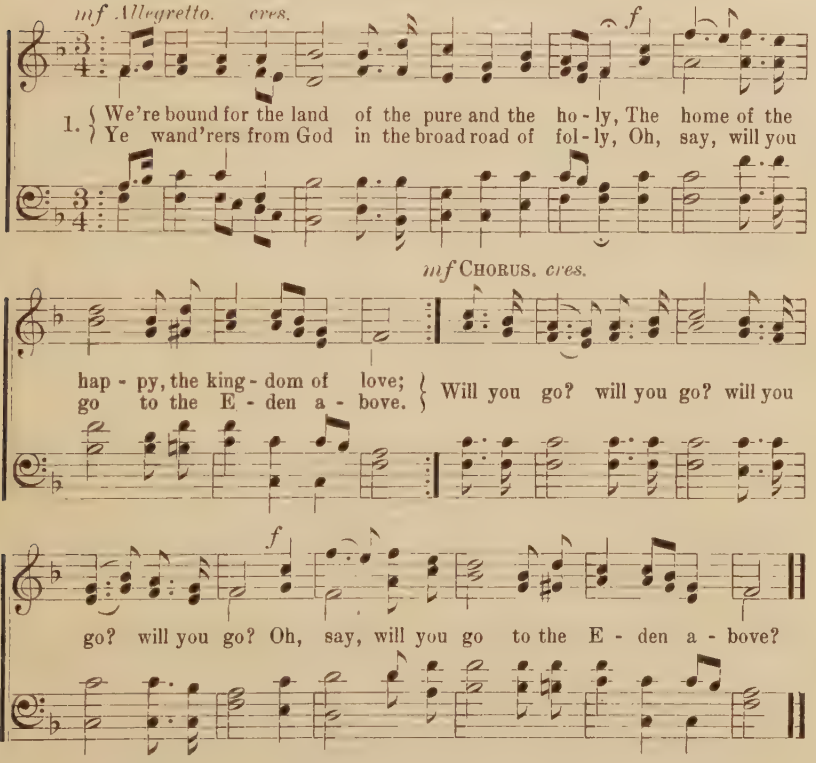
There's Mercy Still for Thee.

C. M. D.—S. S. 56. B. M. I. 49.

mf Moderato.
1. O wand'rer, know - ing not the smile Of Je - sus love - ly face,
2. Tho' sins of years rise mountains high, And would thy hopes de - stroy,
In dark-ness liv - ing all the while, Re - ject-ing of-fered grace:
Thy Saviour's blood can wash a - way The stains, and bring thee joy.
p
cres.
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound, Thy soul He waits to free;
Now, lift thy heart in earnest pray'r, To Him for safe - ty flee;
waits to free;
safe- ty flee;
f
Thy Sav- iour hath a ran-som found, There's mer-cy still for thee.
While still the an - gels chant the strain, "There's mercy still for thee!"
mf CHORUS.
cres
There's mer - cy still for thee, There's mer - cy still for thee!
for thee!



11

The Eden Above.

12s & 11s.—S. S. 83. B. M. I. 201

mf Allegretto. cres.
f
1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the
{ Ye wand'rers from God in the broad road of fol - ly, Oh, say, will you
mf CHORUS. cres.
hap - py, the king - dom of love; { Will you go? will you go? will you
go to the E - den a - bove. {
f
go? will you go? Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

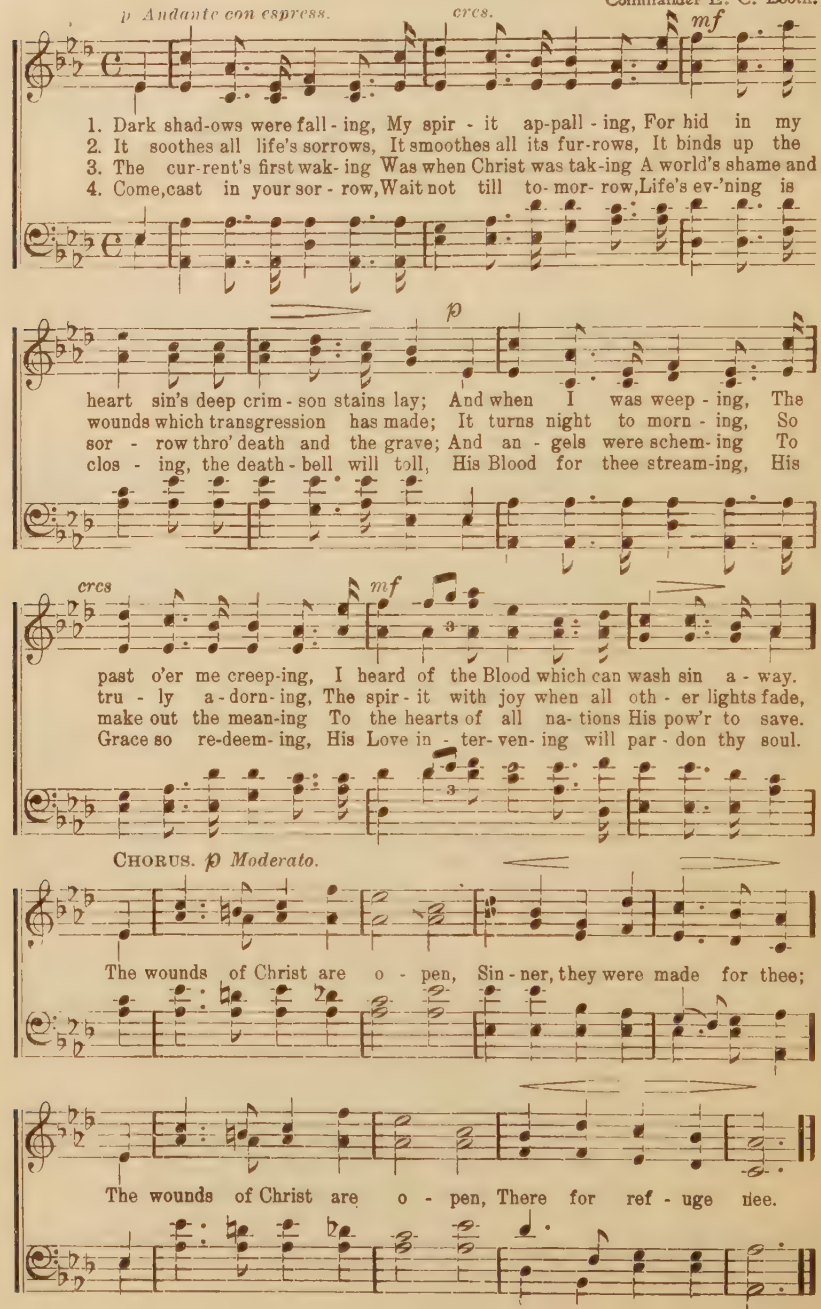
3 Each saint has a mansion, prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this small house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
Oh, say, will yo go to the Eden above?

Chorus last verse—We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go,
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

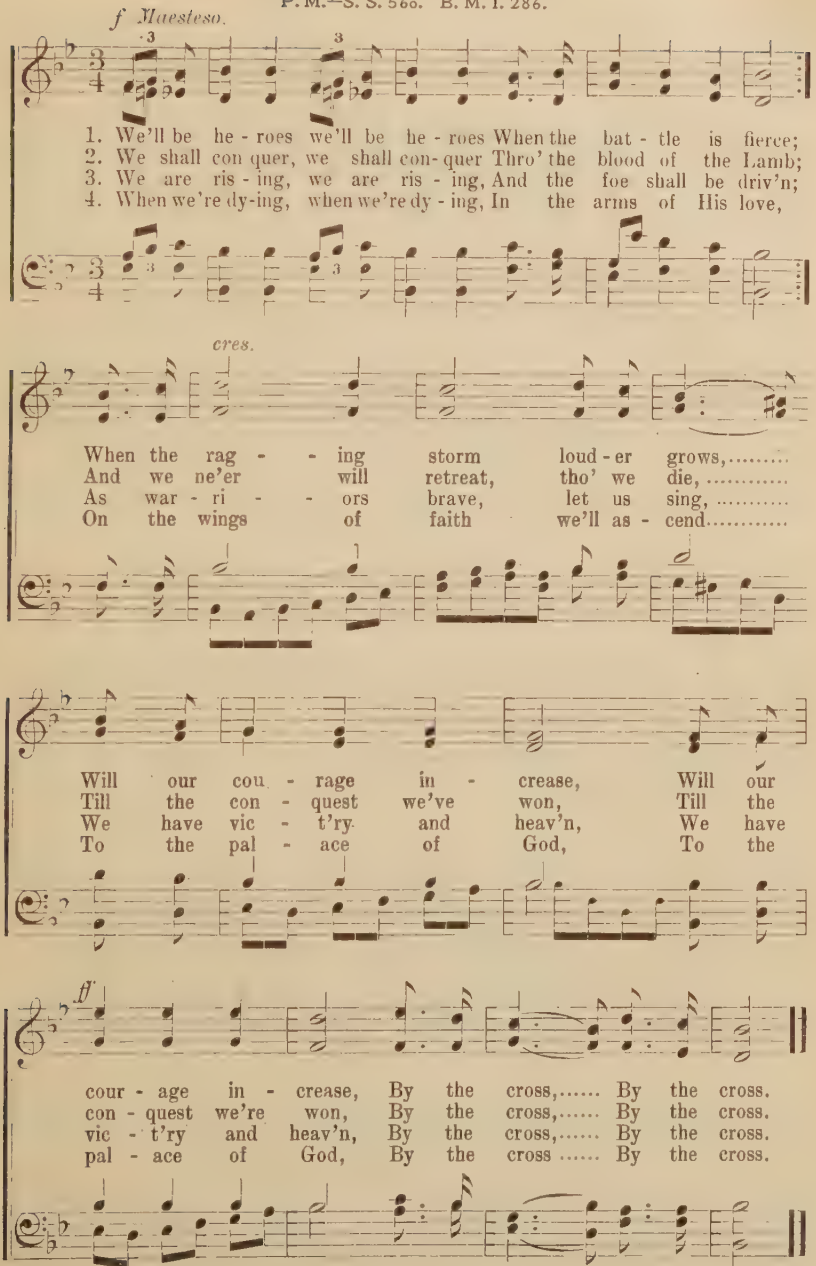
The Wounds of Christ.

11's. S. S. 162. B. M. I. 191.

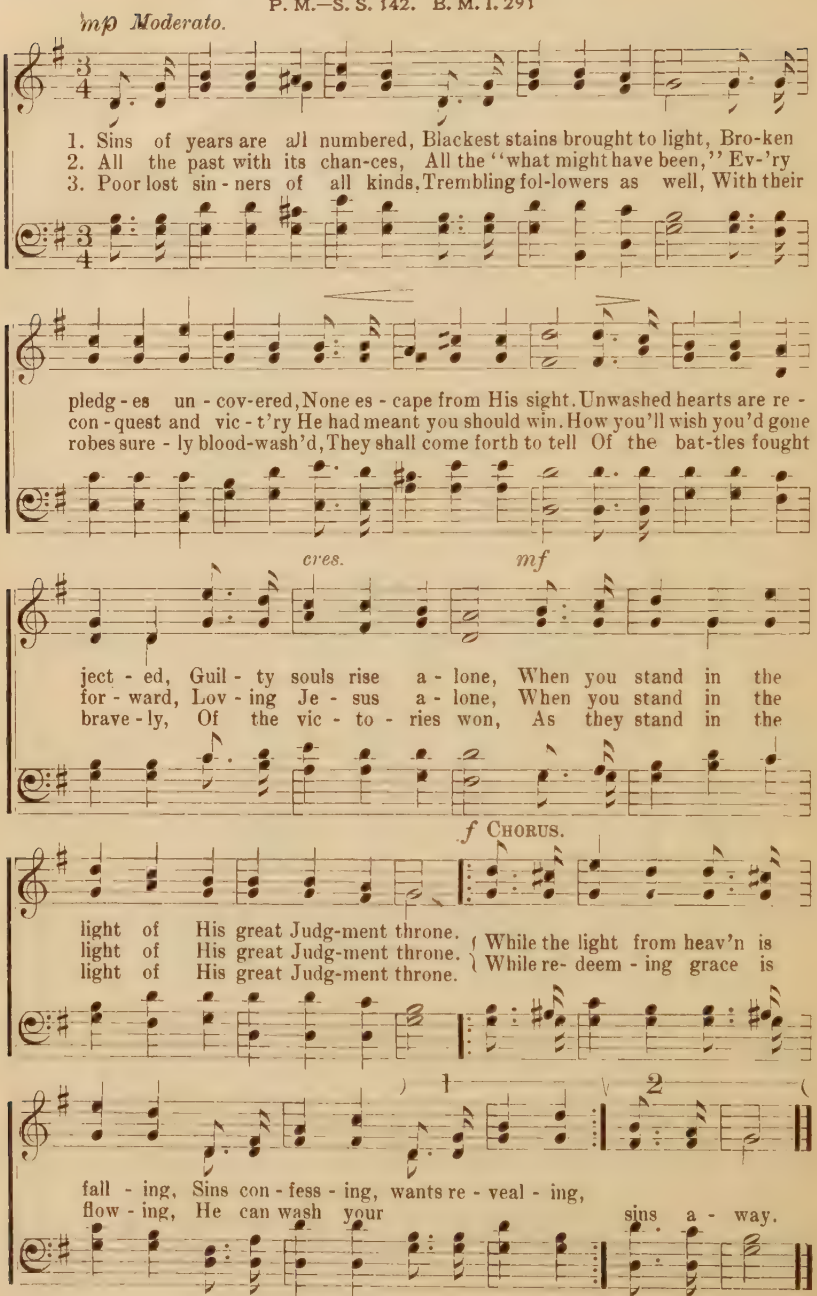
Commander E. C. Booth.


p Andante con espress.
cres.
mf
1. Dark shad-ows were fall - ing, My spir - it ap-pall - ing, For hid in my
2. It soothes all life's sorrows, It smoothes all its fur-rows, It binds up the
3. The cur-rent's first wak- ing Was when Christ was tak-ing A world's shame and
4. Come,cast in your sor - row,Wait not till to- mor- row,Life's ev-'ning is
p
heart sin's deep crim - son stains lay; And when I was weep - ing, The
wounds which transgression has made; It turns night to morn - ing, So
sor - row thro' death and the grave; And an - gels were schem- ing To
clos - ing, the death - bell will toll, His Blood for thee stream-ing, His
cres
mf
past o'er me creep-ing, I heard of the Blood which can wash sin a - way.
tru - ly a - dorn- ing, The spir - it with joy when all oth - er lights fade,
make out the mean-ing To the hearts of all na- tions His pow'r to save.
Grace so re-deem- ing, His Love in - ter- ven- ing will par - don thy soul.
CHORUS. p Moderato.
The wounds of Christ are o - pen, Sin - ner, they were made for thee;
The wounds of Christ are o - pen, There for ref - uge flee.

We'll Be Heroes.

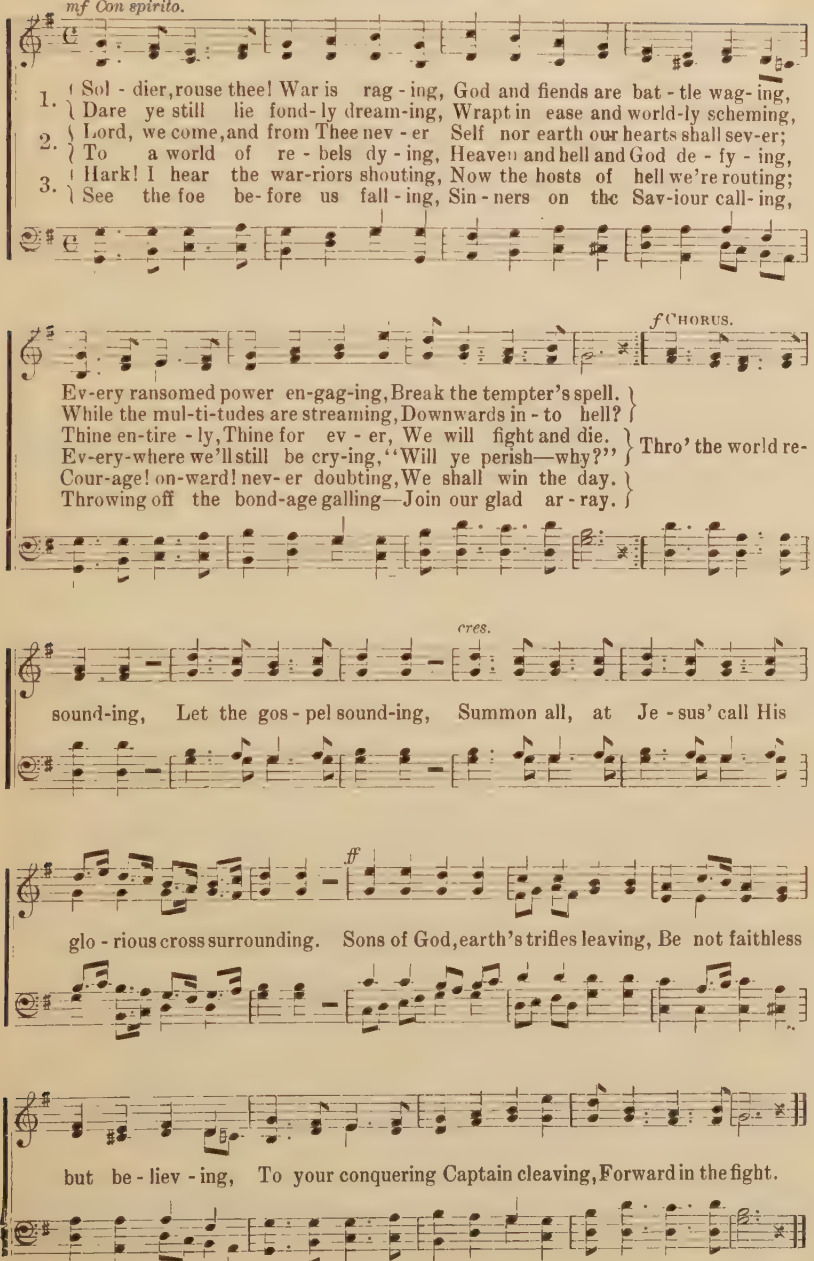
P. M.—S. S. 56o. B. M. I. 286.

f Maestoso.
1. We'll be he - roes we'll be he - roes When the bat - tle is fierce;
2. We shall con quer, we shall con- quer Thro' the blood of the Lamb;
3. We are ris - ing, we are ris - ing, And the foe shall be driv'n;
4. When we're dy-ing, when we're dy - ing, In the arms of His love,
cres.
When the rag - - ing storm loud - er grows,.....
And we ne'er will retreat, tho' we die, ...
As war - ri - - ors brave, let us sing, ...
On the wings of faith we'll as - cend.....
Will our cou - rage in - crease, Will our
Till the con - quest we've won, Till the
We have vic - t'ry and heav'n, We have
To the pal - ace of God, To the
ff
cour - age in - crease, By the cross,..... By the cross.
con - quest we're won, By the cross,..... By the cross.
vic - t'ry and heav'n, By the cross,..... By the cross.
pal - ace of God, By the cross ..... By the cross.

While the Light from Heaven.

P. M.—S. S. 142. B. M. I. 291

mp Moderato.
1. Sins of years are all numbered, Blackest stains brought to light, Bro-ken
2. All the past with its chan-ces, All the "what might have been," Ev-'ry
3. Poor lost sin-ners of all kinds, Trembling fol-lowers as well, With their
pledg-es un-cov-ered, None es-cape from His sight. Unwashed hearts are re-
con-quest and vic-t'ry He had meant you should win. How you'll wish you'd gone
robes sure-ly blood-wash'd, They shall come forth to tell Of the bat-tles fought
cres.
mf
ject-ed, Guil-ty souls rise a-lone, When you stand in the
for-ward, Lov-ing Je-sus a-lone, When you stand in the
brave-ly, Of the vic-to-ries won, As they stand in the
f CHORUS.
light of His great Judg-ment throne.
light of His great Judg-ment throne.
light of His great Judg-ment throne.
While the light from heav'n is
While re-deem-ing grace is
1
2
fall-ing, Sins con-fess-ing, wants re-veal-ing,
flow-ing, He can wash your sins a-way.

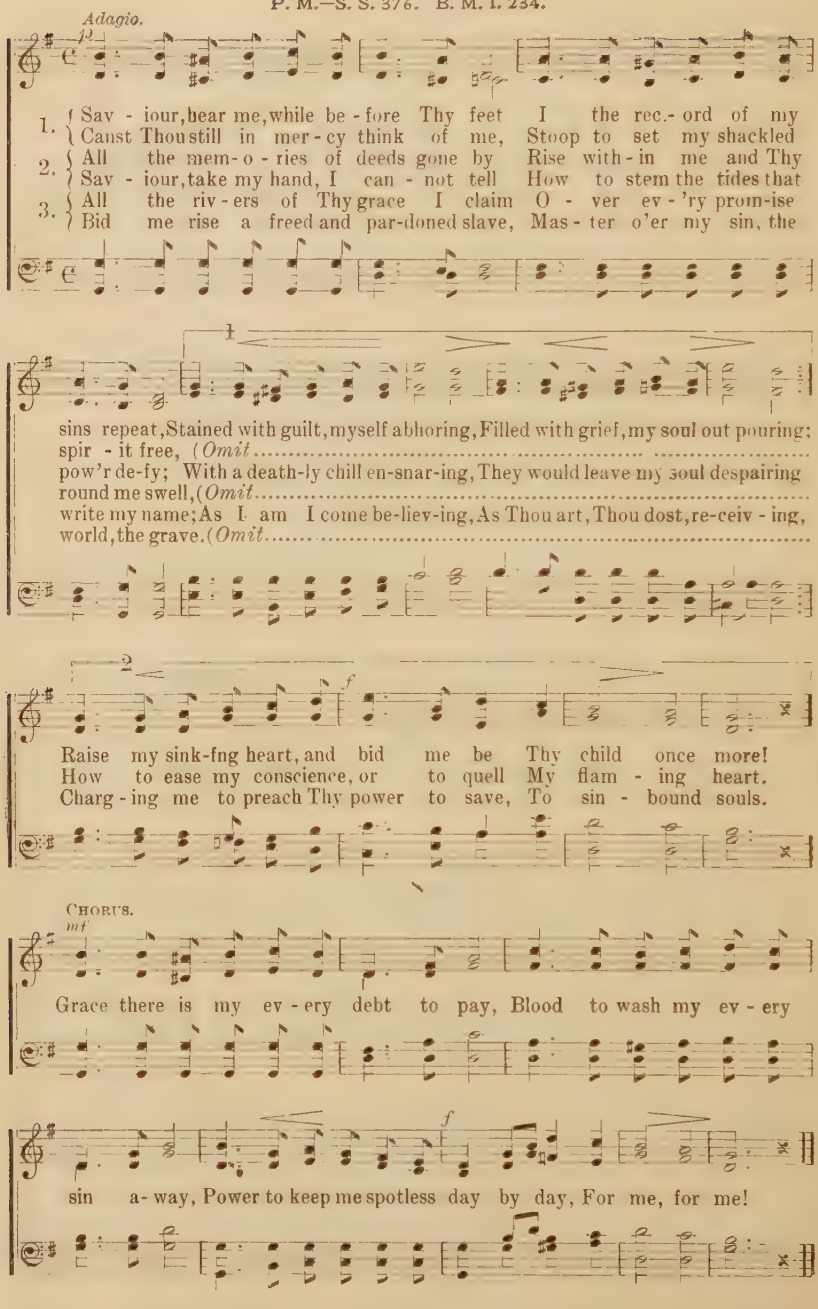
Soldier, Rouse Thee!

P. M.—S. S. 556. B. M. I. 251.

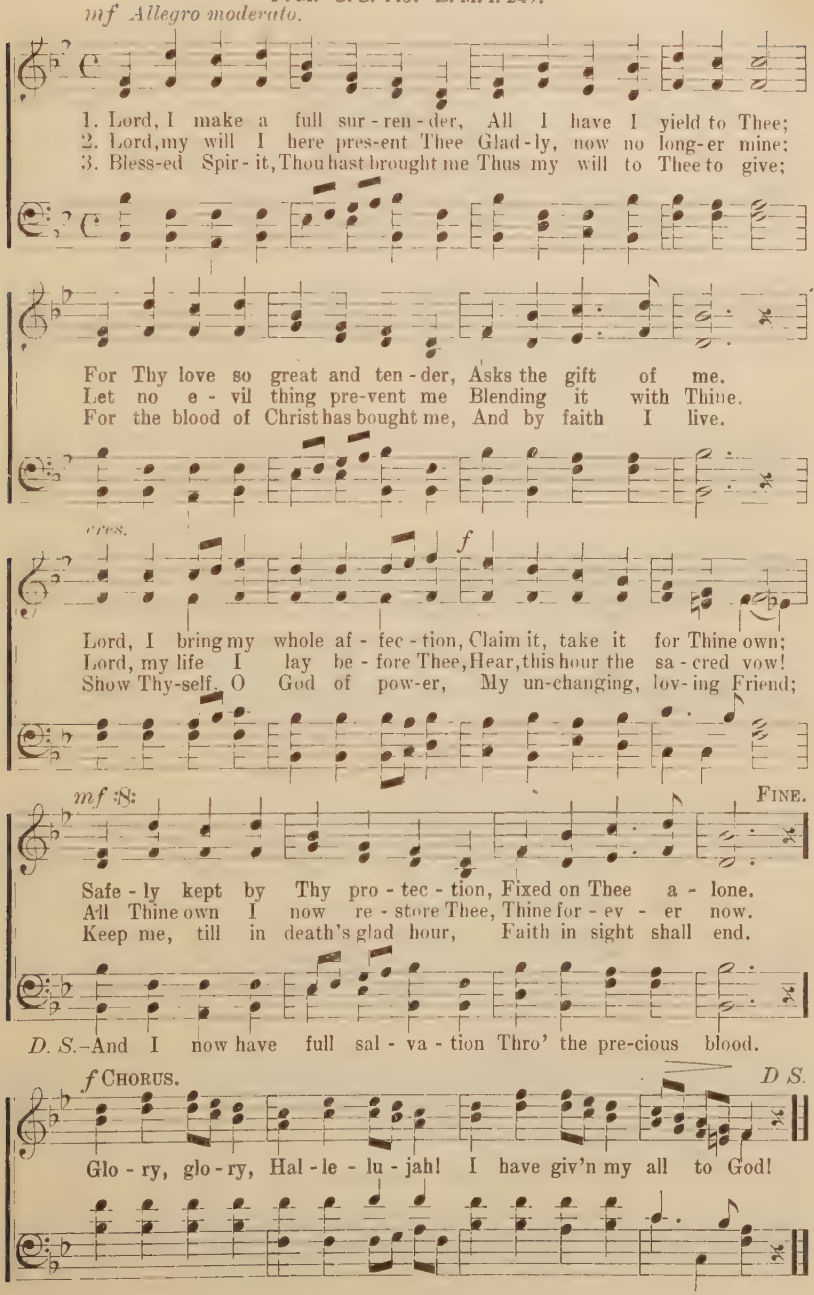

mf Con spirito.
1. Sol - dier, rouse thee! War is rag - ing, God and fiends are bat - tle wag - ing,
Dare ye still lie fond - ly dream-ing, Wrapt in ease and world-ly scheming,
2. Lord, we come, and from Thee nev - er Self nor earth our hearts shall sev-er;
To a world of re - bels dy - ing, Heaven and hell and God de - fy - ing,
3. Hark! I hear the war-riors shouting, Now the hosts of hell we're routing;
See the foe be-fore us fall - ing, Sin - ners on the Sav-iour call - ing,
f CHORUS.
Ev-ery ransomed power en-gag-ing, Break the tempter's spell.
While the mul-ti-tudes are streaming, Downwards in - to hell?
Thine en-tire - ly, Thine for ev - er, We will fight and die.
Ev-ery-where we'll still be cry-ing, "Will ye perish—why?"
Cour-age! on-ward! nev- er doubting, We shall win the day.
Throwing off the bond-age galling—Join our glad ar - ray.
Thro' the world re-
cres.
sound-ing, Let the gos - pel sound-ing, Summon all, at Je - sus' call His
ff
glo - rious cross surrounding. Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not faithless
but be - liev - ing, To your conquering Captain cleaving, Forward in the fight.

The Penitent's Plea.

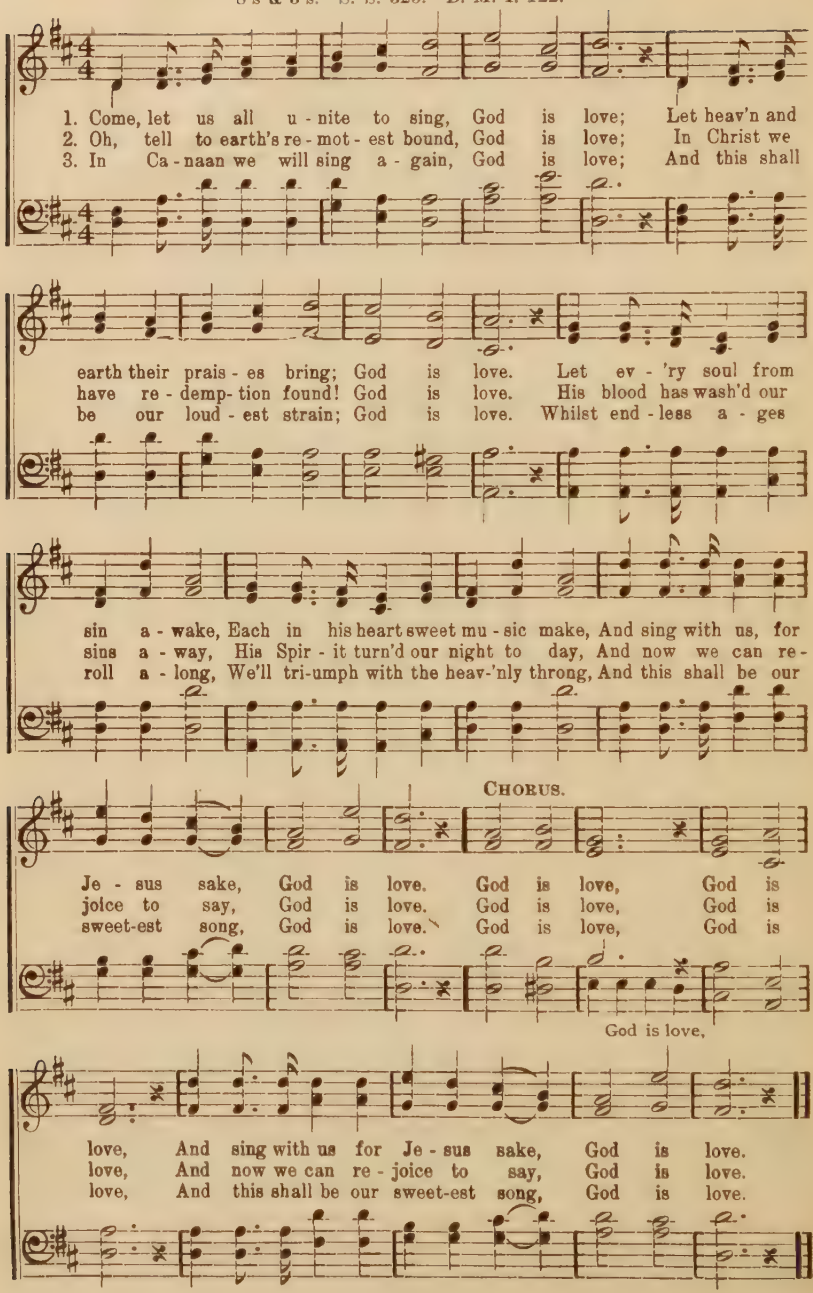
P. M.—S. S. 376. B. M. I. 234.


Adagio.
p
1. Sav - iour, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the rec.- ord of my
Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled
2. All the mem- o - ries of deeds gone by Rise with - in me and Thy
Sav - iour, take my hand, I can - not tell How to stem the tides that
3. All the riv - ers of Thy grace I claim O - ver ev - 'ry prom-ise
Bid me rise a freed and par-doned slave, Mas - ter o'er my sin, the
sins repeat, Stained with guilt, myself abhoring, Filled with grief, my soul out pouring;
spir - it free, (Omit
pow'r de-fy; With a death-ly chill en-snar-ing, They would leave my soul despairing
round me swell, (Omit
write my name; As I am I come be-liev-ing, As Thou art, Thou dost, re-ceiv - ing,
world, the grave. (Omit
2
f
Raise my sink-fng heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!
How to ease my conscience, or to quell My flam - ing heart.
Charg - ing me to preach Thy power to save, To sin - bound souls.
Chorus.
mf
Grace there is my ev - ery debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - ery
f
sin a - way, Power to keep me spotless day by day, For me, for me!

Lord, I Make a Full Surrender.

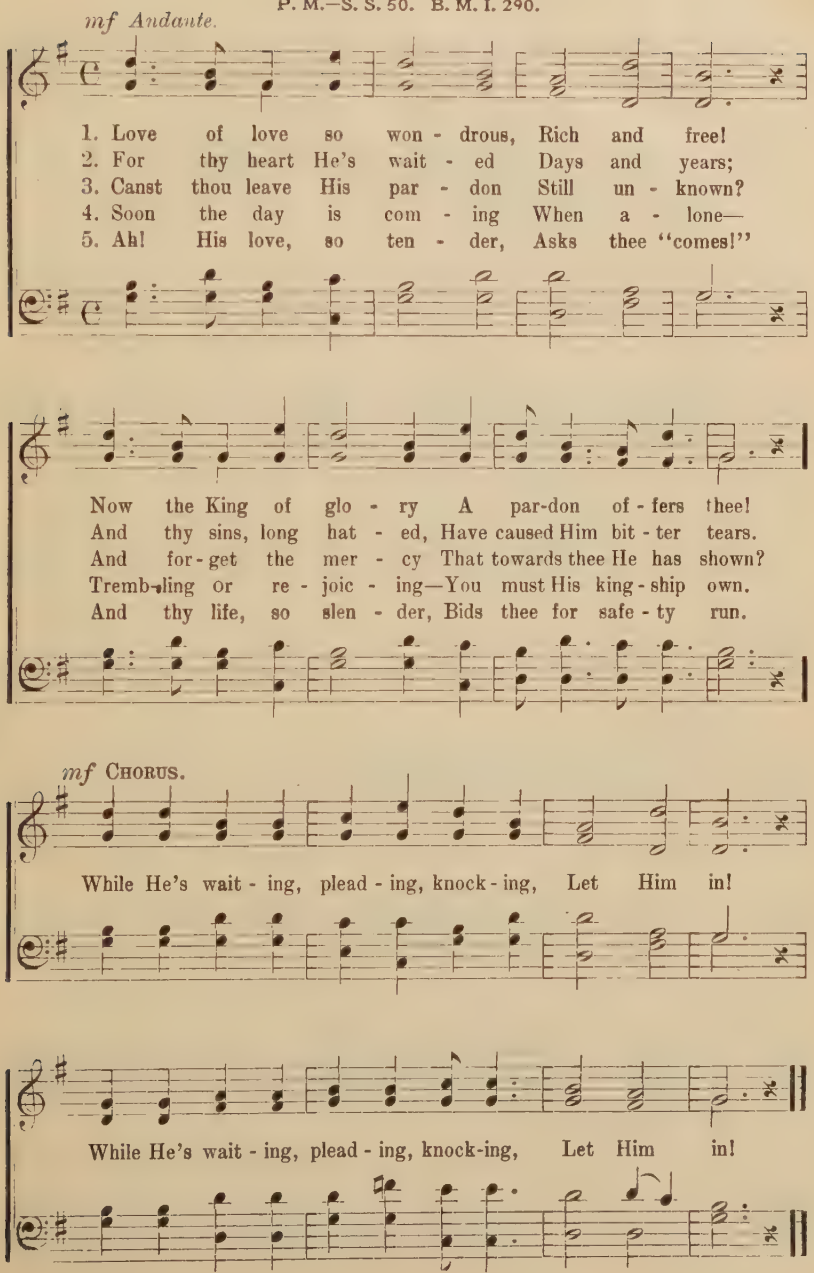
P. M.—S. S. 445. B. M. I. 249.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pres-ent Thee Glad - ly, now no long-er mine;
3. Bless-ed Spir - it, Thou hast brought me Thus my will to Thee to give;
For Thy love so great and ten - der, Asks the gift of me.
Let no e - vil thing pre-vent me Blending it with Thine.
For the blood of Christ has bought me, And by faith I live.
cres.
f
Lord, I bring my whole af - fec - tion, Claim it, take it for Thine own;
Lord, my life I lay be - fore Thee, Hear, this hour the sa - cred vow!
Show Thy-self, O God of pow-er, My un-changing, lov-ing Friend;
mf
FINE.
Safe - ly kept by Thy pro - tec - tion, Fixed on Thee a - lone.
All Thine own I now re - store Thee, Thine for - ev - er now.
Keep me, till in death's glad hour, Faith in sight shall end.
D. S.—And I now have full sal - va - tion Thro' the pre-cious blood.
f CHORUS.
D. S.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! I have giv'n my all to God!

God is Love.

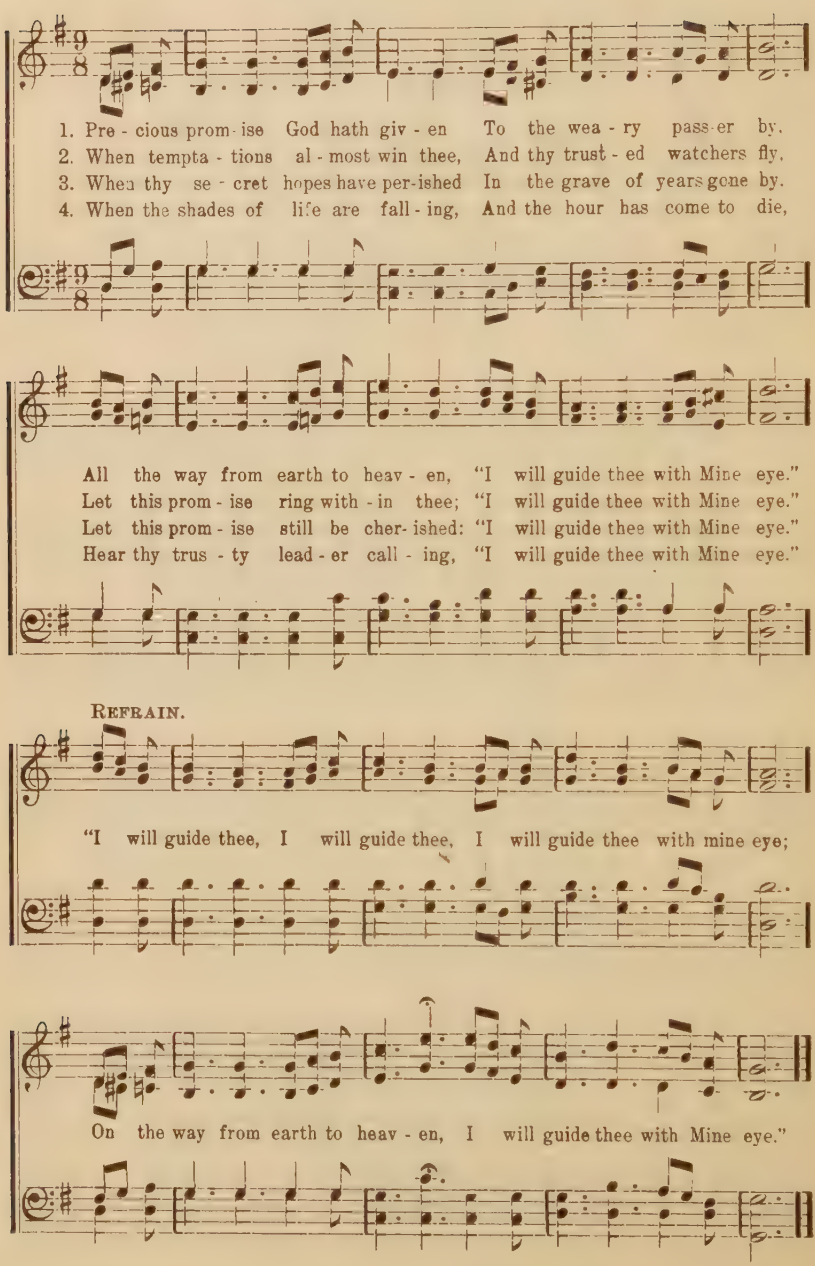
8's & 3's. S. S. 325. B. M. I. 122.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and
2. Oh, tell to earth's re - mot - est bound, God is love; In Christ we
3. In Ca - naan we will sing a - gain, God is love; And this shall
earth their prais - es bring; God is love. Let ev - 'ry soul from
have re - demp - tion found! God is love. His blood has wash'd our
be our loud - est strain; God is love. Whilst end - less a - ges
sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make, And sing with us, for
sins a - way, His Spir - it turn'd our night to day, And now we can re -
roll a - long, We'll tri-umph with the heav-'nly throng, And this shall be our
CHORUS.
Je - sus sake, God is love. God is love, God is
joice to say, God is love. God is love, God is
sweet-est song, God is love. God is love, God is
God is love,
love, And sing with us for Je - sus sake, God is love.
love, And now we can re - joice to say, God is love.
love, And this shall be our sweet-est song, God is love.

While He's Waiting.

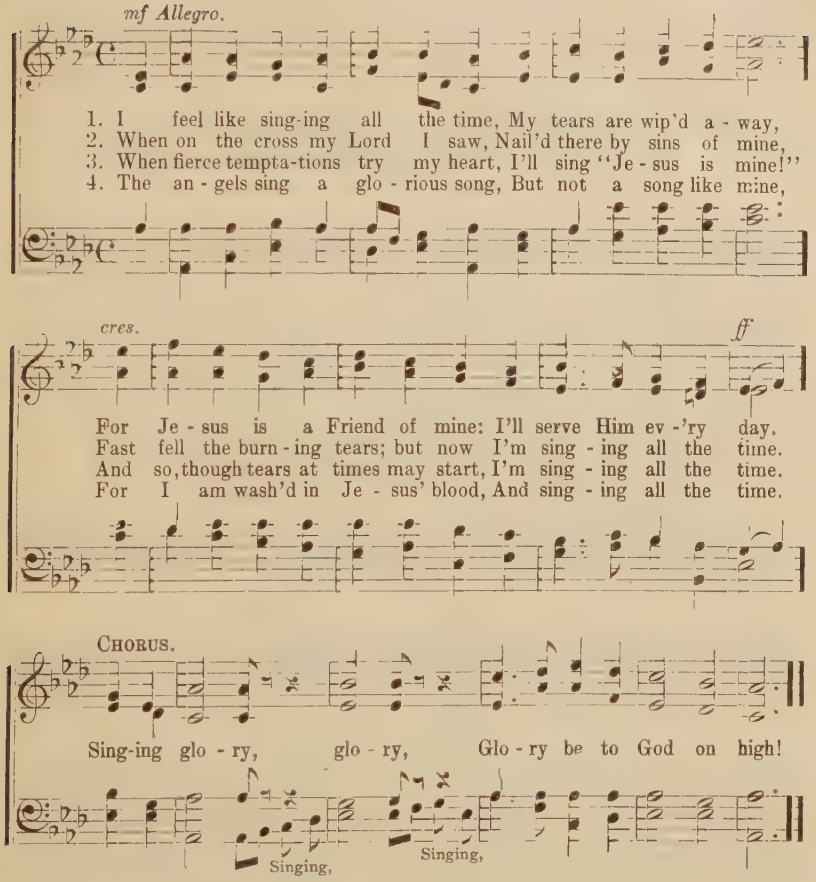
P. M.—S. S. 50. B. M. I. 290.


mf Andante.
1. Love of love so won - drous, Rich and free!
2. For thy heart He's wait - ed Days and years;
3. Canst thou leave His par - don Still un - known?
4. Soon the day is com - ing When a - lone—
5. Ah! His love, so ten - der, Asks thee "comes!"
Now the King of glo - ry A par-don of - fers thee!
And thy sins, long hat - ed, Have caused Him bit - ter tears.
And for - get the mer - cy That towards thee He has shown?
Tremb-ling or re - joic - ing—You must His king - ship own.
And thy life, so slen - der, Bids thee for safe - ty run.
mf CHORUS.
While He's wait - ing, plead - ing, knock - ing, Let Him in!
While He's wait - ing, plead - ing, knock-ing, Let Him in!

Precious Promise.

7's & 7's. S. S. 682. B. M. I. 146.

1. Pre - cious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er by.
2. When tempta - tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watchers fly.
3. When thy se - cret hopes have per - ished In the grave of years gone by.
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,
All the way from earth to heav - en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee; "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom - ise still be cher - ished: "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Hear thy trus - ty lead - er call - ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
REFRAIN.
"I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to heav - en, I will guide thee with Mine eye."

21 I Feel Like Singing All the Time.

C. M. S. S. 321. B. M. I. 39

mf Allegro.
1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wip'd a - way,
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine,
3. When fierce tempta-tions try my heart, I'll sing "Je - sus is mine!"
4. The an - gels sing a glo - rious song, But not a song like mine,
cres.
ff
For Je - sus is a Friend of mine: I'll serve Him ev - 'ry day.
Fast fell the burn - ing tears; but now I'm sing - ing all the time.
And so, though tears at times may start, I'm sing - ing all the time.
For I am wash'd in Je - sus' blood, And sing - ing all the time.
Chorus.
Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high!
Singing,
Singing,

22 Beautiful River.

Tune—20.

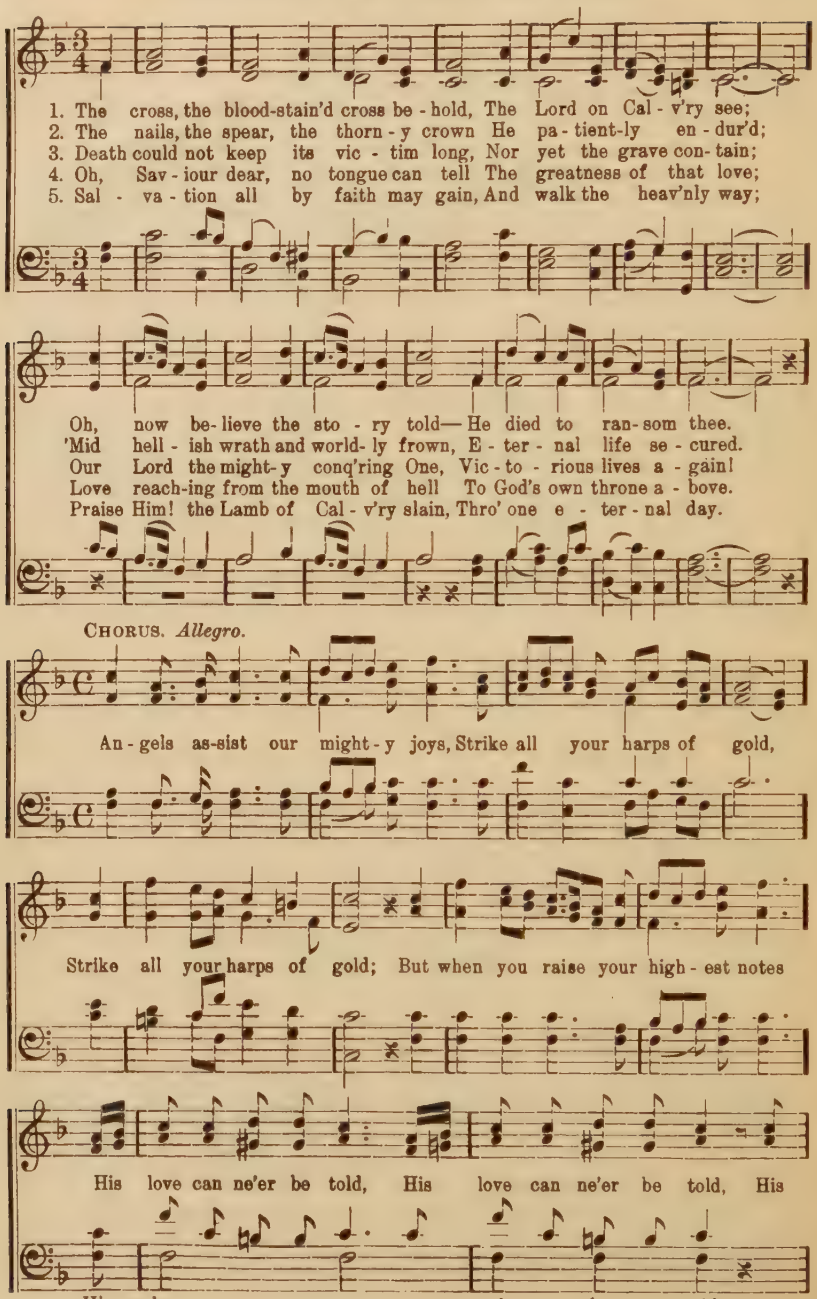
1 Beautiful river, flowing to sever
Chains that have bound us to Satan and sin;
Jesus is able you to deliver,
Claiming His promise, come now and plunge in.

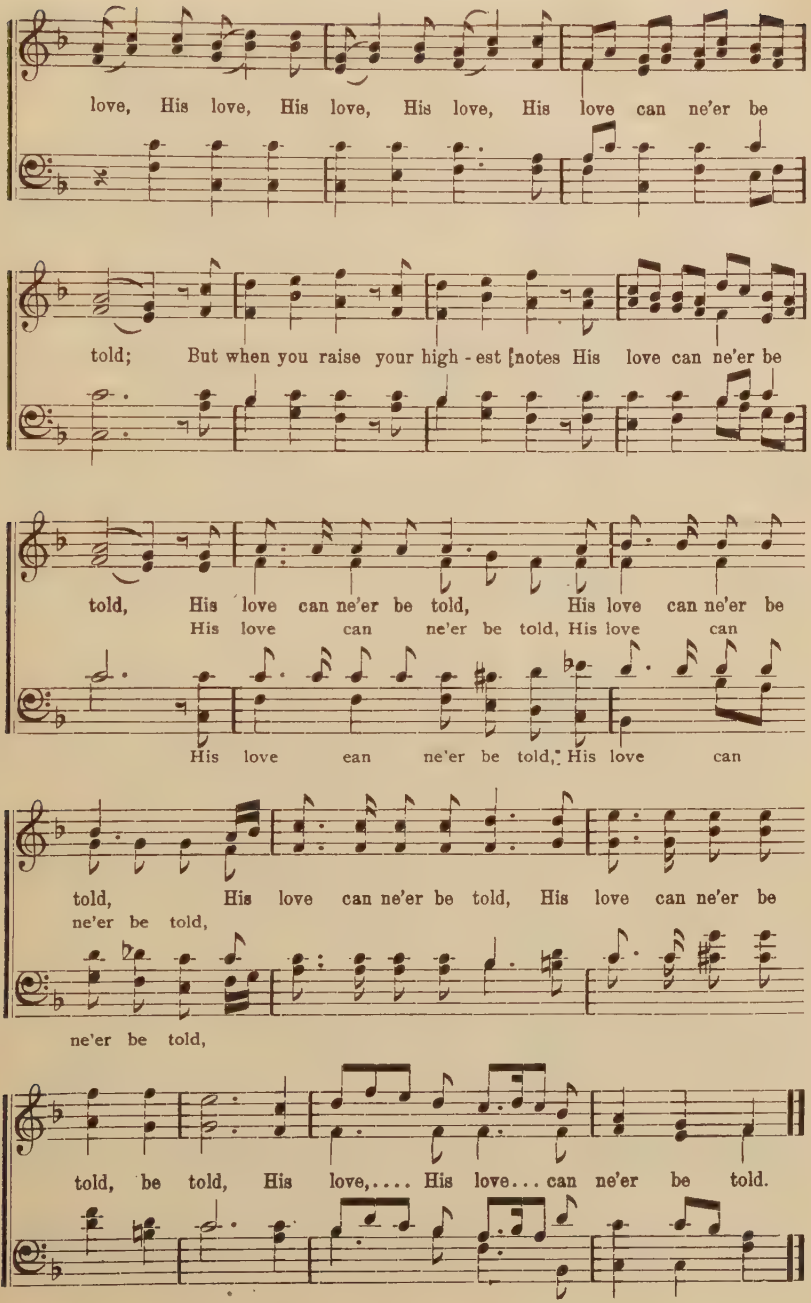
Chorus:
Beautiful river, beautiful river,
Flowing to cleanse and keep you from sin;
Beautiful river, beautiful river,
Flowing to cleanse and keep you from sin.

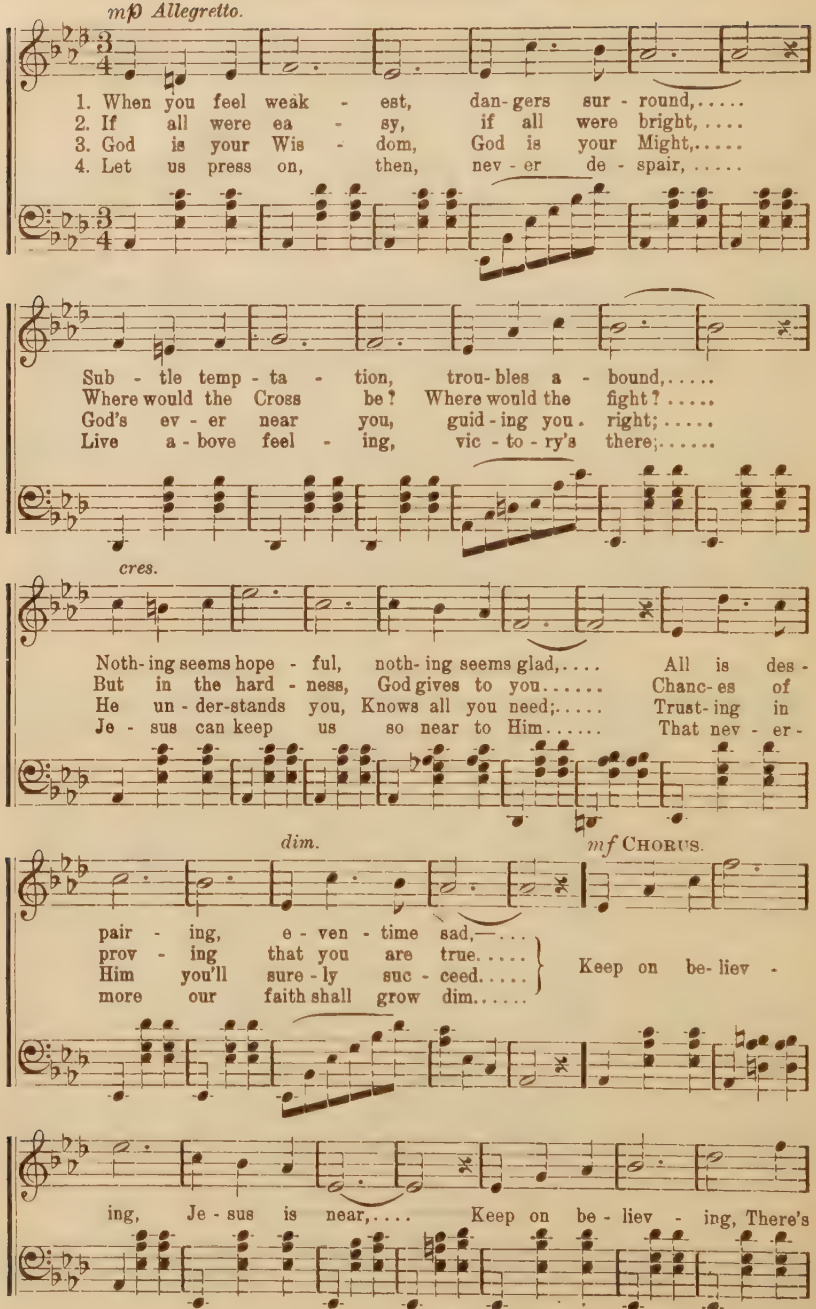
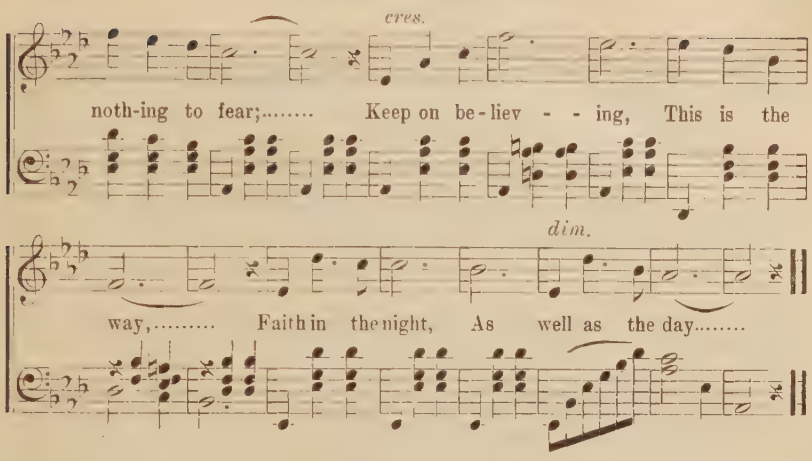
2 Stains that are deep and sins that are hidden,
Power of evil that forces to wrong,
You shall find freedom come to the river,
Only believing that Jesus is strong.

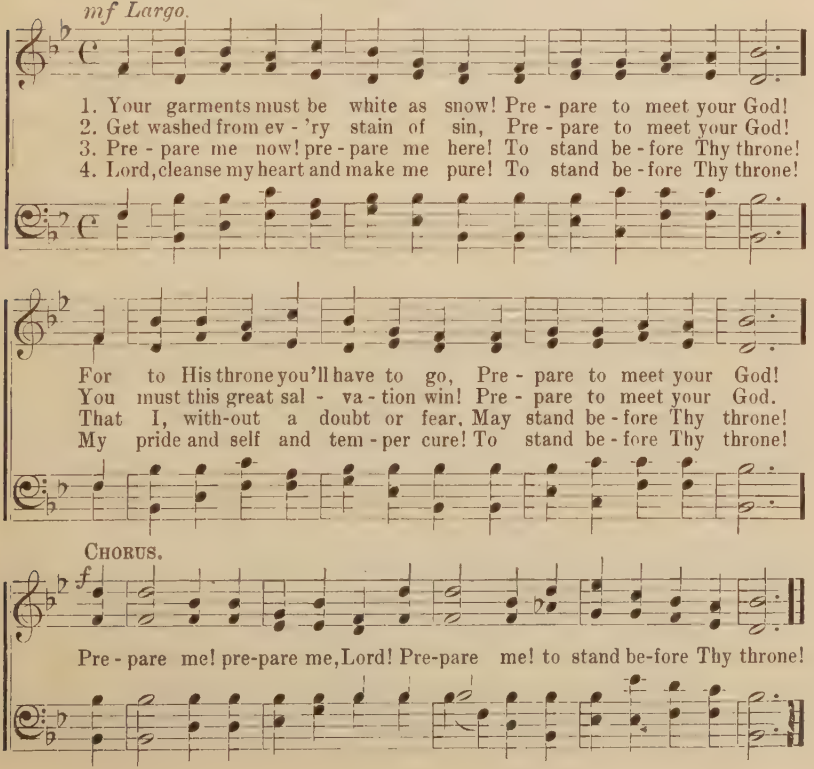
3 Fully delivered, saved to the utmost,
Life shall no longer be failure through sin;
All that have hindered I brought to the river,
Oh, hallelujah! I plunged in.

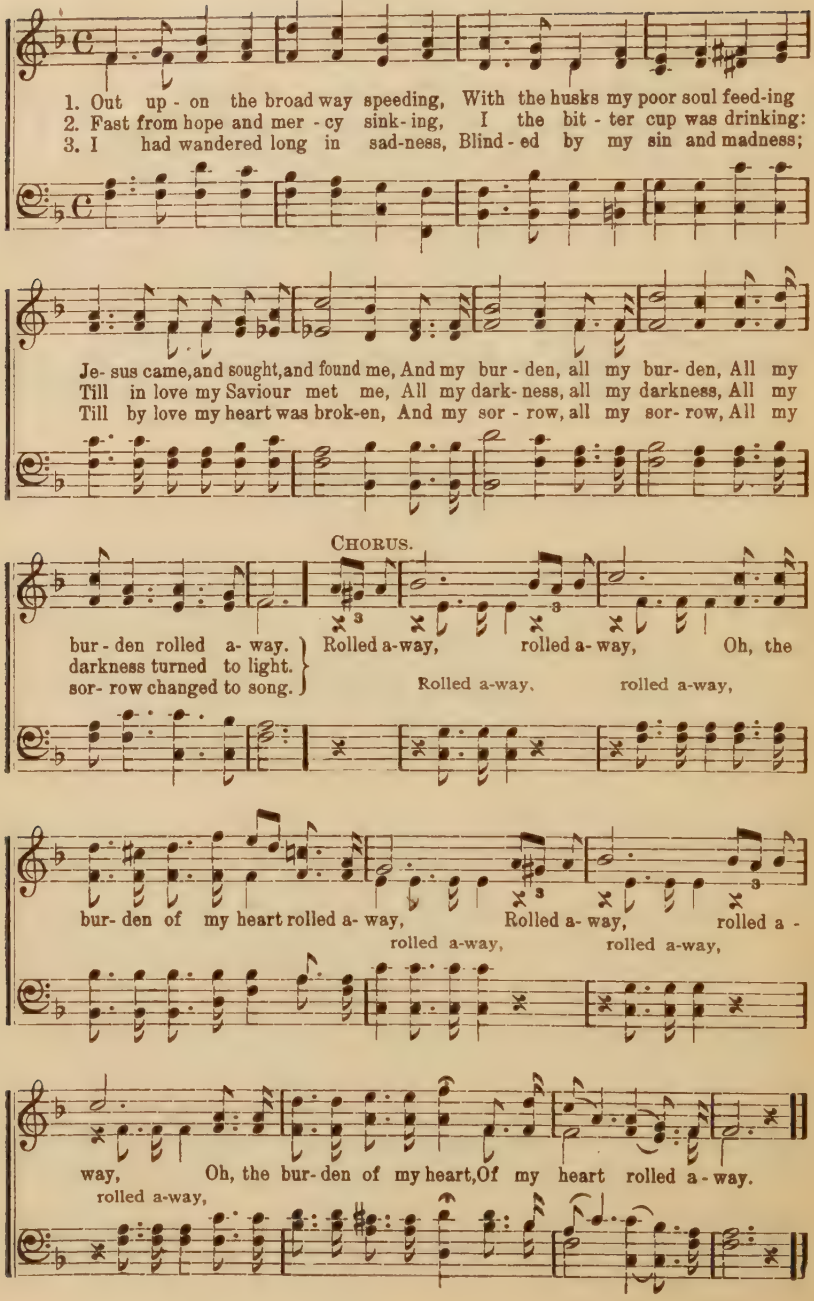
His Love Can Ne'er Be Told.


1. The cross, the blood-stain'd cross be - hold, The Lord on Cal - v'ry see;
2. The nails, the spear, the thorn - y crown He pa - tient-ly en - dur'd;
3. Death could not keep its vic - tim long, Nor yet the grave con - tain;
4. Oh, Sav - iour dear, no tongue can tell The greatness of that love;
5. Sal - va - tion all by faith may gain, And walk the heav'nly way;
Oh, now be - lieve the sto - ry told— He died to ran - som thee.
'Mid hell - ish wrath and world - ly frown, E - ter - nal life se - cured.
Our Lord the might - y conq'ring One, Vic - to - rious lives a - gain!
Love reach-ing from the mouth of hell To God's own throne a - bove.
Praise Him! the Lamb of Cal - v'ry slain, Thro' one e - ter - nal day.
CHORUS. Allegro.
An - gels as-sist our might - y joys, Strike all your harps of gold,
Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your high - est notes
His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be told, His
His love can ne'er be told,

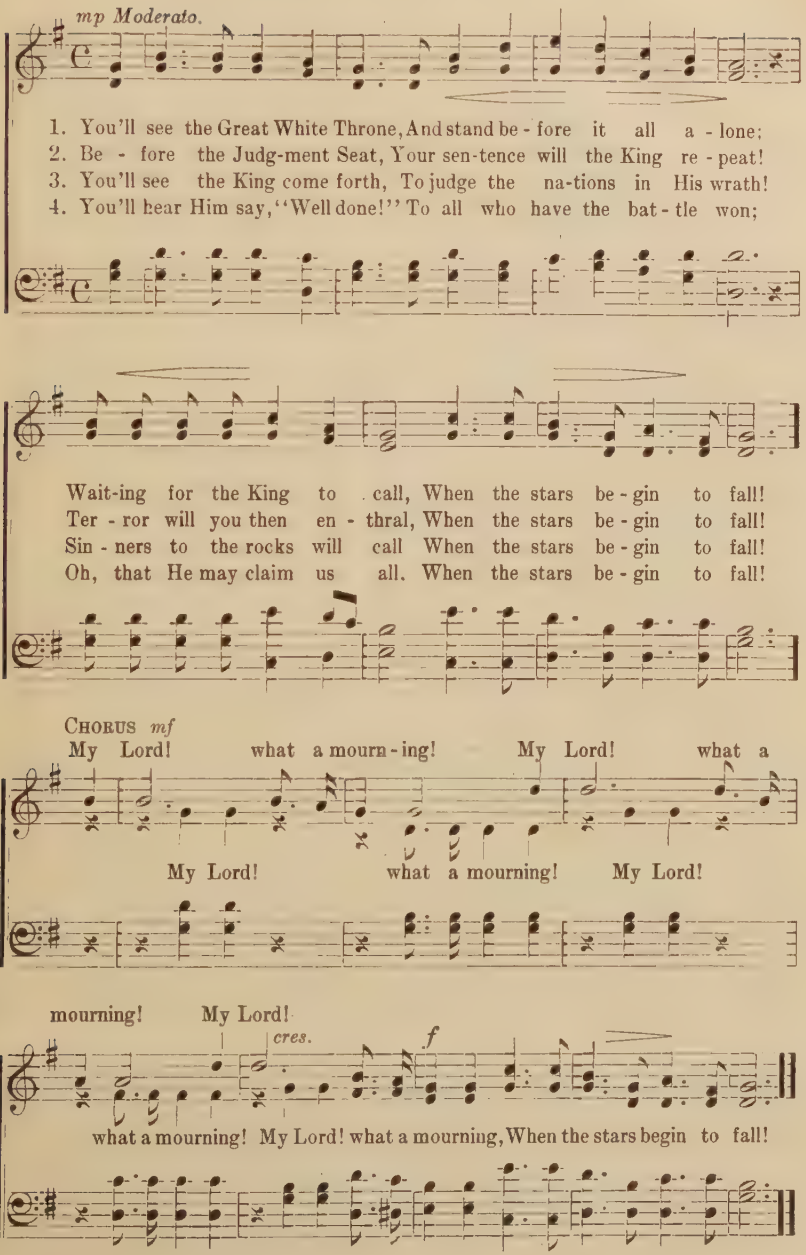
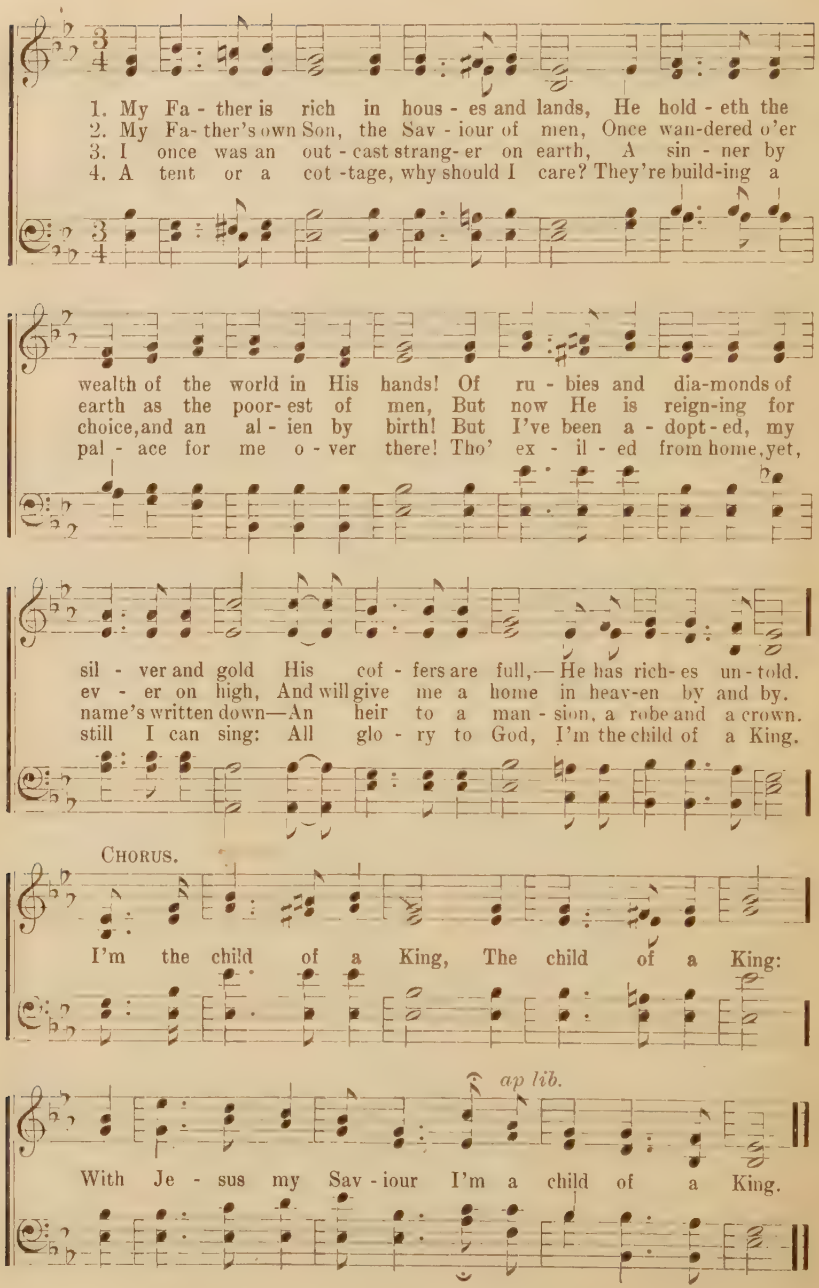
His Love Can Ne'er Be Told.—Concluded.

love, His love, His love, His love, His love can ne'er be
told; But when you raise your high - est notes His love can ne'er be
told, His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be
His love can ne'er be told, His love can
His love ean ne'er be told, His love can
told, His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be
ne'er be told,
ne'er be told,
told, be told, His love,.... His love... can ne'er be told.

Keep On Believing.

mp Allegretto.
1. When you feel weak - est, dan-gers sur - round,.....
2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright,.....
3. God is your Wis - dom, God is your Might,.....
4. Let us press on, then, nev - er de - spair,.....
Sub - tle temp - ta - tion, trou-bles a - bound,.....
Where would the Cross be? Where would the fight?.....
God's ev - er near you, guid-ing you right;.....
Live a - bove feel - ing, vic - to - ry's there;.....
cres.
Noth-ing seems hope - ful, noth-ing seems glad,.... All is des -
But in the hard - ness, God gives to you..... Chanc-es of
He un - der-stands you, Knows all you need;..... Trust-ing in
Je - sus can keep us so near to Him..... That nev - er -
dim.
mf CHORUS.
pair - ing, e - ven - time sad,—....
prov - ing that you are true.....
Him you'll sure - ly suc - ceed.....
more our faith shall grow dim.....
Keep on be-liev -
ing, Je - sus is near,.... Keep on be - liev - ing, There's

25 Prepare Me.

C. M.—S. S. 145. B. M. I. 57.

mf Largo.
1. Your garments must be white as snow! Pre - pare to meet your God!
2. Get washed from ev - 'ry stain of sin, Pre - pare to meet your God!
3. Pre - pare me now! pre - pare me here! To stand be - fore Thy throne!
4. Lord, cleanse my heart and make me pure! To stand be - fore Thy throne!
For to His throne you'll have to go, Pre - pare to meet your God!
You must this great sal - va - tion win! Pre - pare to meet your God.
That I, with-out a doubt or fear, May stand be - fore Thy throne!
My pride and self and tem - per cure! To stand be - fore Thy throne!
Chorus.
f
Pre - pare me! pre-pare me, Lord! Pre-pare me! to stand be-fore Thy throne!

Rolled Away.

1. Out up - on the broad way speeding, With the husks my poor soul feed-ing
2. Fast from hope and mer - cy sink-ing, I the bit - ter cup was drinking:
3. I had wandered long in sad-ness, Blind - ed by my sin and madness;
Je- sus came, and sought, and found me, And my bur - den, all my bur- den, All my
Till in love my Saviour met me, All my dark- ness, all my darkness, All my
Till by love my heart was brok-en, And my sor - row, all my sor- row, All my
CHORUS.
bur - den rolled a- way.
darkness turned to light.
sor- row changed to song.
Rolled a-way, rolled a- way, Oh, the
Rolled a-way, rolled a-way,
bur- den of my heart rolled a- way,
Rolled a- way, rolled a -
rolled a-way, rolled a-way,
way, Oh, the bur- den of my heart, Of my heart rolled a - way.
rolled a-way,

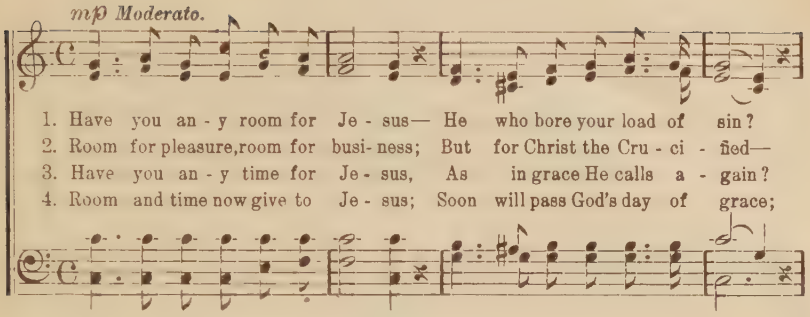
My Lord, what a Mourning!

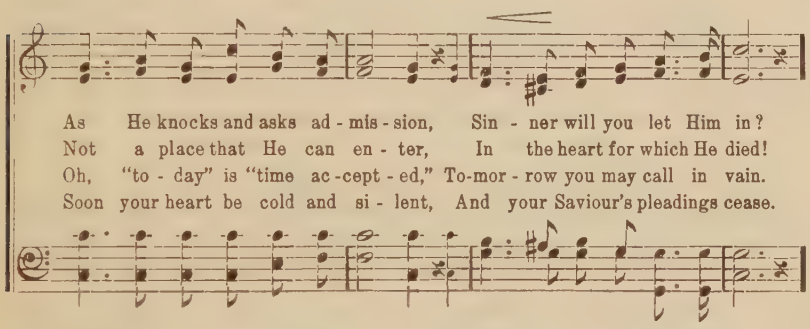
S. S. 149.

mp Moderato.
1. You'll see the Great White Throne, And stand be - fore it all a - lone;
2. Be - fore the Judg-ment Seat, Your sen-tence will the King re - peat!
3. You'll see the King come forth, To judge the na-tions in His wrath!
4. You'll hear Him say, "Well done!" To all who have the bat - tle won;
Wait-ing for the King to call, When the stars be - gin to fall!
Ter - ror will you then en - thral, When the stars be - gin to fall!
Sin - ners to the rocks will call When the stars be - gin to fall!
Oh, that He may claim us all. When the stars be - gin to fall!
Chorus mf
My Lord! what a mourn - ing! My Lord! what a
My Lord! what a mourning! My Lord!
mourning! My Lord!
cres.
f
what a mourning! My Lord! what a mourning, When the stars begin to fall!

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wan-dered o'er
3. I once was an out - cast strang - er on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a
wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia-monds of
earth as the poor - est of men, But now He is reign-ing for
choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - il - ed from home, yet,
sil - ver and gold His cof - fers are full,—He has rich - es un - told.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav-en by and by.
name's written down—An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.
still I can sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.
Chorus.
I'm the child of a King, The child of a King:
ap lib.
With Je - sus my Sav - iour I'm a child of a King.

Room for Jesus.

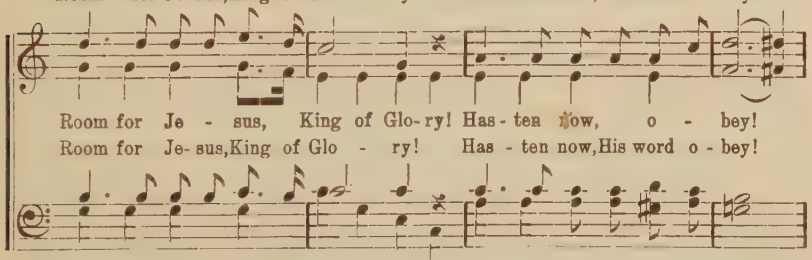
8's & 7's. S. S. 34. B. M. I. 146.

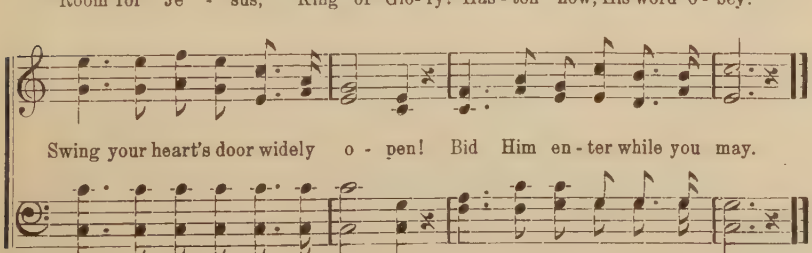
mp Moderato.


1. Have you an - y room for Je - sus— He who bore your load of sin?
2. Room for pleasure, room for busi - ness; But for Christ the Cru - ci - fied—
3. Have you an - y time for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus; Soon will pass God's day of grace;

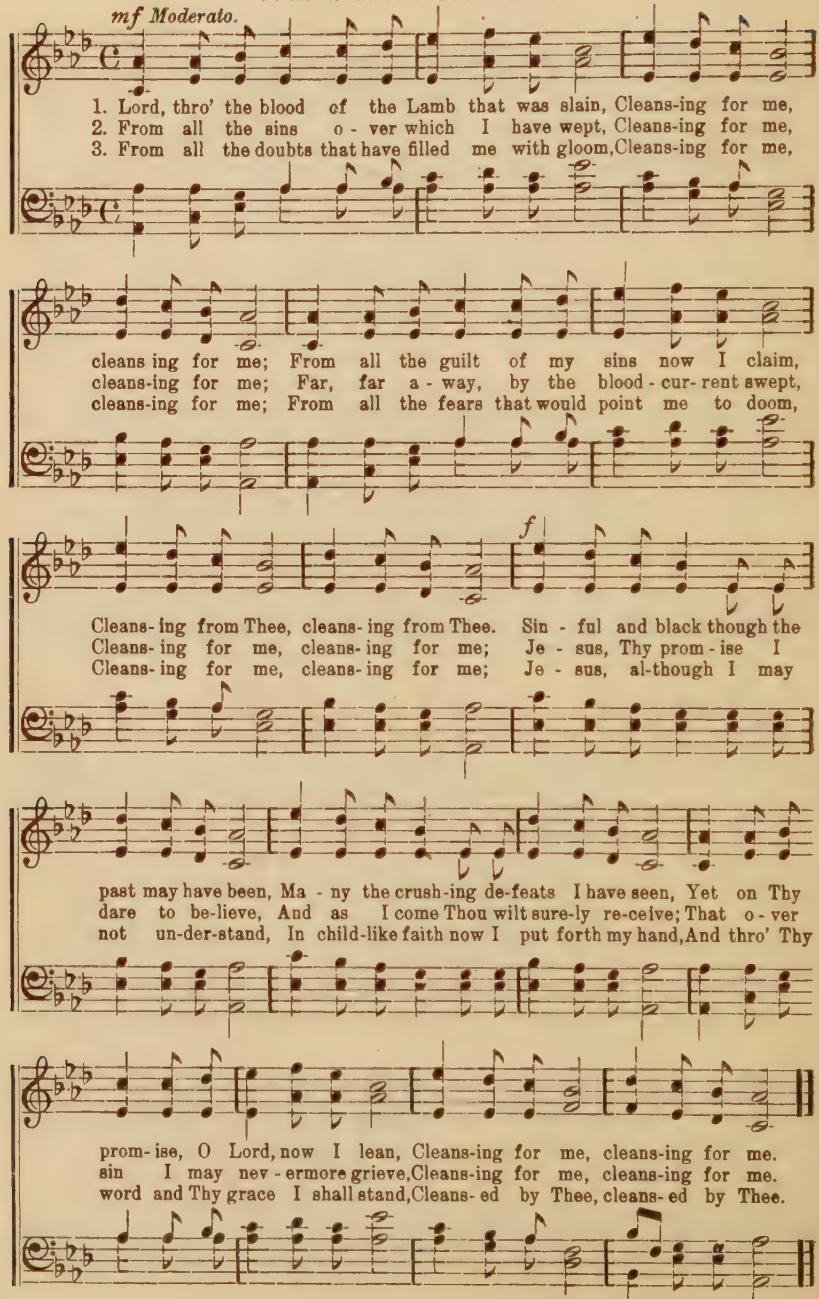

As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died!
Oh, "to - day" is "time ac - cept - ed," To-mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon your heart be cold and si - lent, And your Saviour's pleadings cease.

mf CHORUS.

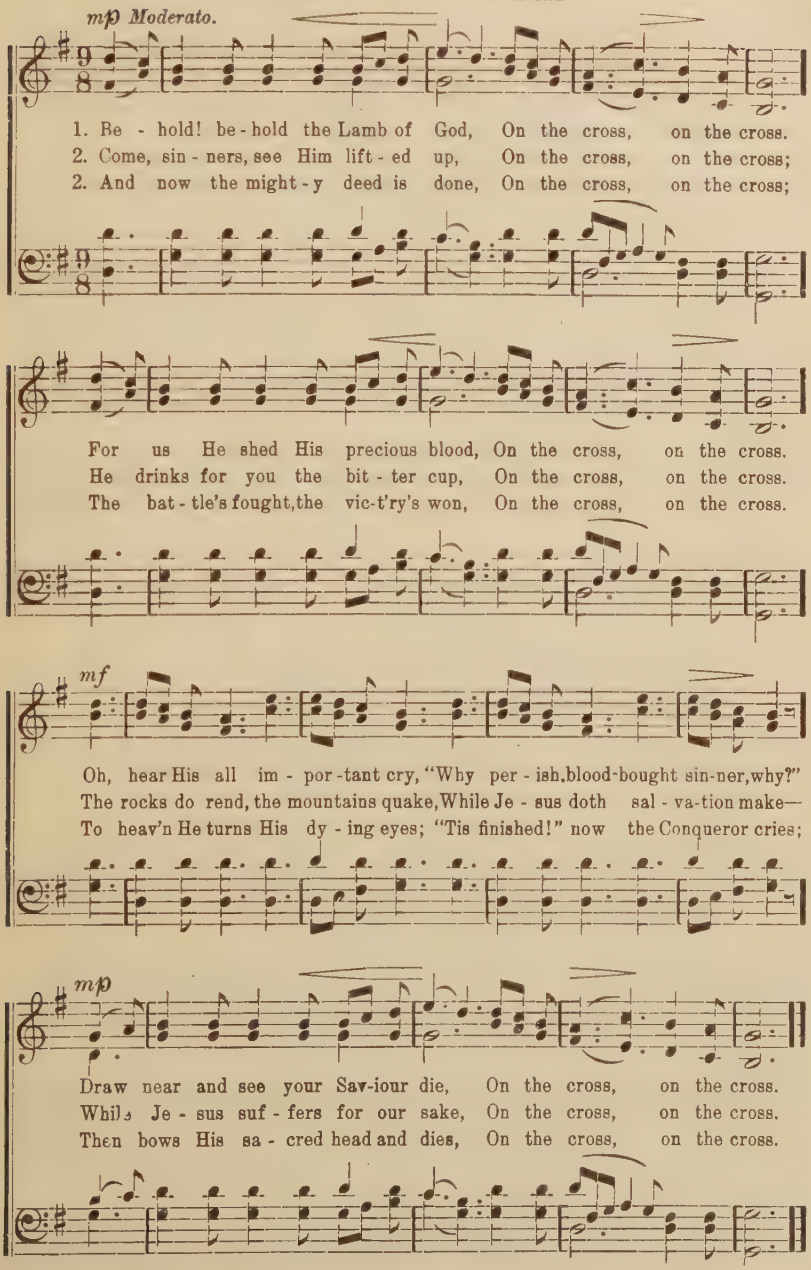

Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!
Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, o - bey!
Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!

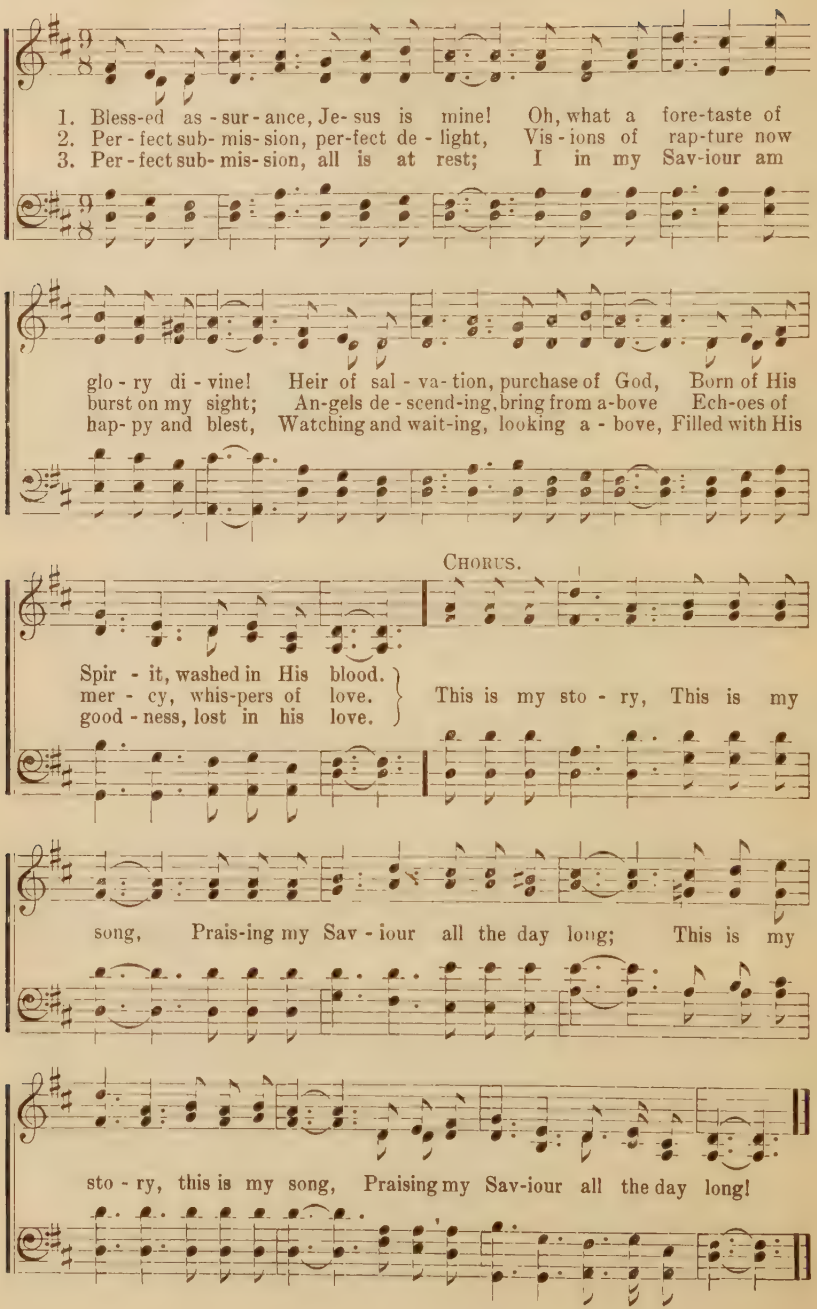


Cleansing for Me.

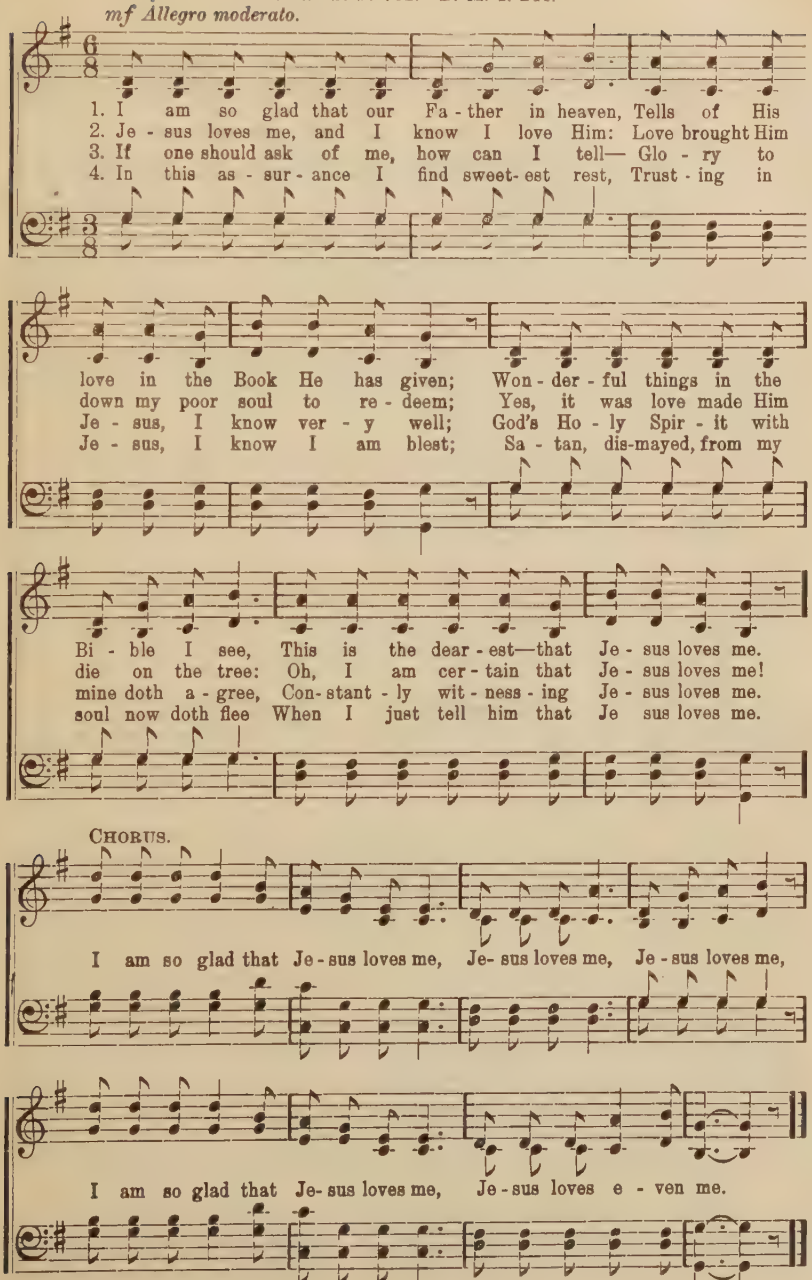
P. M. S. S. 407. B. M. I. 219.

mf Moderato.
1. Lord, thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleans-ing for me,
2. From all the sins o - ver which I have wept, Cleans-ing for me,
3. From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom, Cleans-ing for me,
cleans ing for me; From all the guilt of my sins now I claim,
cleans-ing for me; Far, far a - way, by the blood - cur- rent swept,
cleans-ing for me; From all the fears that would point me to doom,
f
Cleans- ing from Thee, cleans- ing from Thee. Sin - ful and black though the
Cleans- ing for me, cleans- ing for me; Je - sus, Thy prom - ise I
Cleans- ing for me, cleans- ing for me; Je - sus, al-though I may
past may have been, Ma - ny the crush-ing de-feats I have seen, Yet on Thy
dare to be-lieve, And as I come Thou wilt sure-ly re-ceive; That o - ver
not un-der-stand, In child-like faith now I put forth my hand, And thro' Thy
prom- ise, O Lord, now I lean, Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me.
sin I may nev - ermore grieve, Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me.
word and Thy grace I shall stand, Cleans- ed by Thee, cleans- ed by Thee.

Behold! Behold the Lamb of God.

S's & 3's. S. S. 13. B. M. I. 122

mp Moderato.
1. Be - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross.
2. Come, sin - ners, see Him lift - ed up, On the cross, on the cross;
2. And now the might - y deed is done, On the cross, on the cross;
For us He shed His precious blood, On the cross, on the cross.
He drinks for you the bit - ter cup, On the cross, on the cross.
The bat - tle's fought, the vic-t'ry's won, On the cross, on the cross.
mf
Oh, hear His all im - por - tant cry, "Why per - ish, blood-bought sin-ner, why?"
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake, While Je - sus doth sal - va-tion make—
To heav'n He turns His dy - ing eyes; "Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries;
mp
Draw near and see your Sav-iour die, On the cross, on the cross.
While Je - sus suf - fers for our sake, On the cross, on the cross.
Then bows His sa - cred head and dies, On the cross, on the cross.

Blessed Assurance.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je- sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per - fect sub- mis- sion, per-fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap-ture now
3. Per - fect sub- mis- sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-iour am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va- tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight; An-gels de - scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
hap- py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, looking a - bove, Filled with His
CHORUS.
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good - ness, lost in his love.
This is my sto - ry, This is my
song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long!

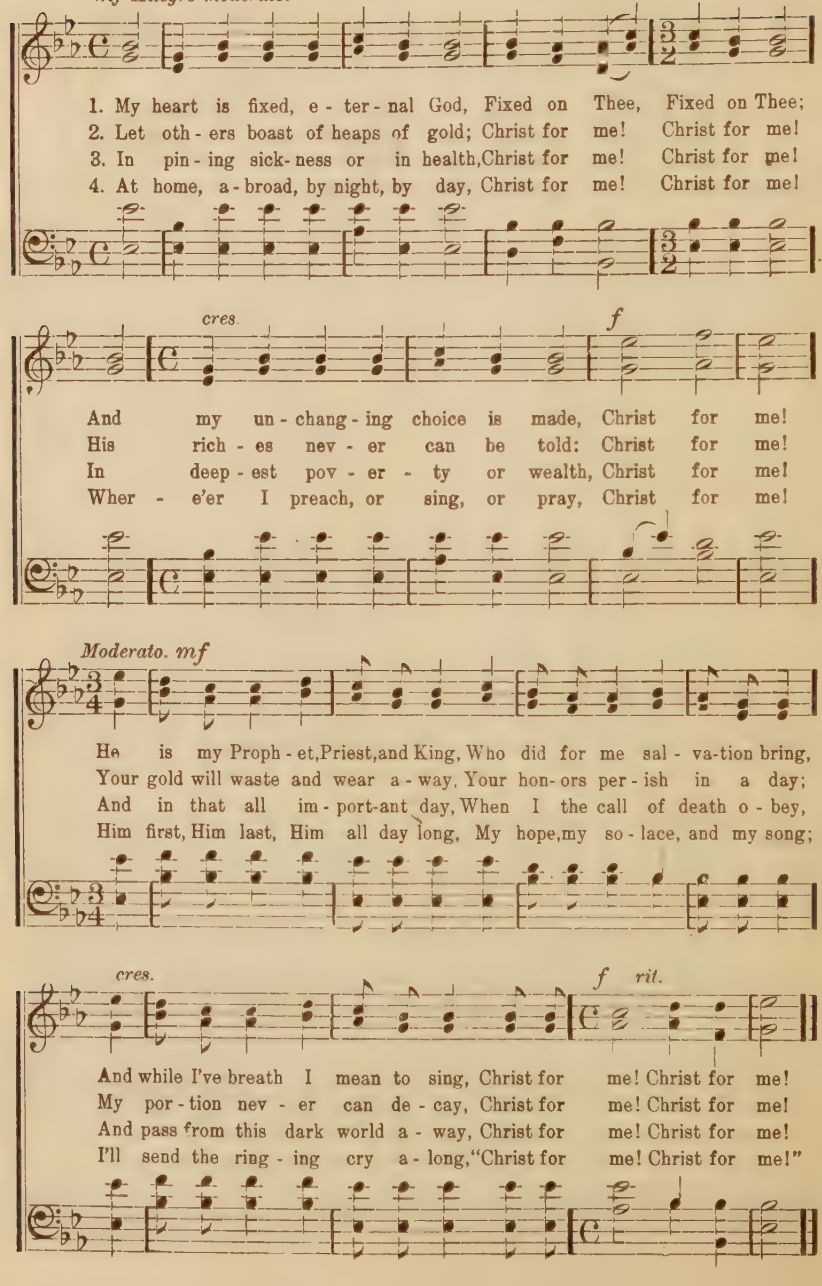
I Am So Glad.

P. M. S. S. 731. B. M. I. 241.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heaven, Tells of His
2. Je - sus loves me, and I know I love Him: Love brought Him
3. If one should ask of me, how can I tell— Glo - ry to
4. In this as - sur - ance I find sweet - est rest, Trust - ing in
love in the Book He has given; Won - der - ful things in the
down my poor soul to re - deem; Yes, it was love made Him
Je - sus, I know ver - y well; God's Ho - ly Spir - it with
Je - sus, I know I am blest; Sa - tan, dis-mayed, from my
Bi - ble I see, This is the dear - est—that Je - sus loves me.
die on the tree: Oh, I am cer - tain that Je - sus loves me!
mine doth a - gree, Con - stant - ly wit - ness - ing Je - sus loves me.
soul now doth flee When I just tell him that Je sus loves me.
CHORUS.
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je- sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
I am so glad that Je- sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

Christ for Me.

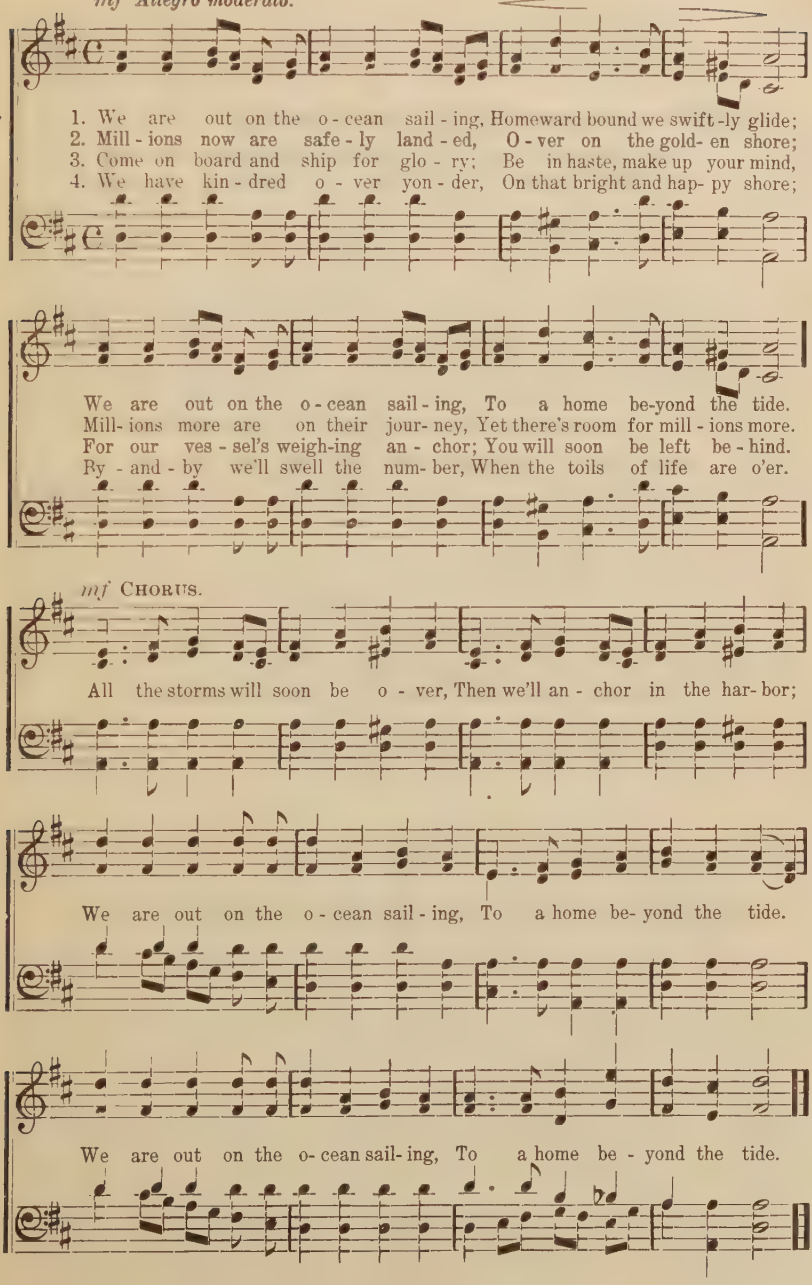
8's & 3's. S. S. 236. B. M. I. 124.

mf Allegro moderato.

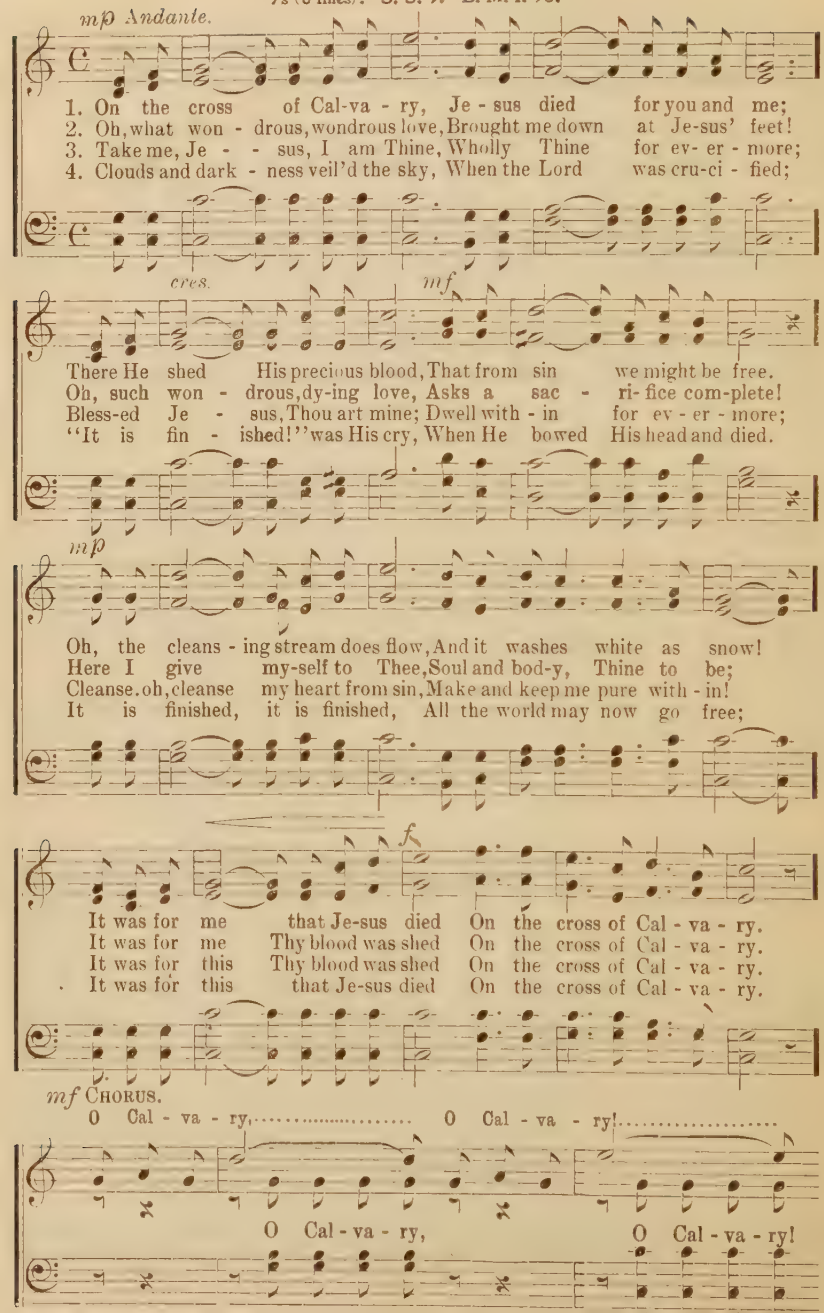

1. My heart is fixed, e - ter - nal God, Fixed on Thee, Fixed on Thee;
2. Let oth - ers boast of heaps of gold; Christ for me! Christ for me!
3. In pin - ing sick - ness or in health, Christ for me! Christ for me!
4. At home, a - broad, by night, by day, Christ for me! Christ for me!
cres.
f
And my un - chang - ing choice is made, Christ for me!
His rich - es nev - er can be told: Christ for me!
In deep - est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me!
Wher - e'er I preach, or sing, or pray, Christ for me!
Moderato. mf
He is my Proph - et, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - va - tion bring,
Your gold will waste and wear a - way, Your hon - ors per - ish in a day;
And in that all im - port - ant day, When I the call of death o - bey,
Him first, Him last, Him all day long, My hope, my so - lace, and my song;
cres.
f rit.
And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me! Christ for me!
My por - tion nev - er can de - cay, Christ for me! Christ for me!
And pass from this dark world a - way, Christ for me! Christ for me!
I'll send the ring - ing cry a - long, "Christ for me! Christ for me!"

We are Out On the Ocean Sailing.

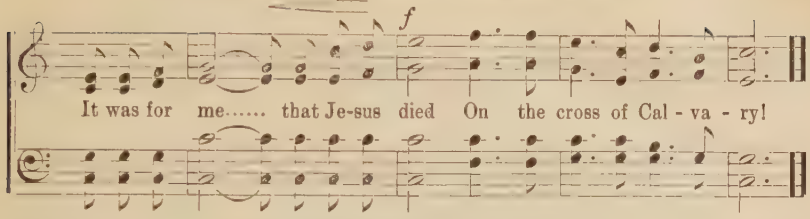
S's & T's. S. S. 845. B. M. I. 152.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we swift -ly glide;
2. Mill - ions now are safe - ly land - ed, O - ver on the gold- en shore;
3. Come on board and ship for glo - ry; Be in haste, make up your mind,
4. We have kin - dred o - ver yon - der, On that bright and hap- py shore;
We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be-yond the tide.
Mill- ions more are on their jour- ney, Yet there's room for mill - ions more.
For our ves - sel's weigh-ing an - chor; You will soon be left be - hind.
Ry - and - by we'll swell the num- ber, When the toils of life are o'er.
mf CHORUS.
All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har- bor;
We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be- yond the tide.
We are out on the o- cean sail- ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

On the Cross of Calvary.

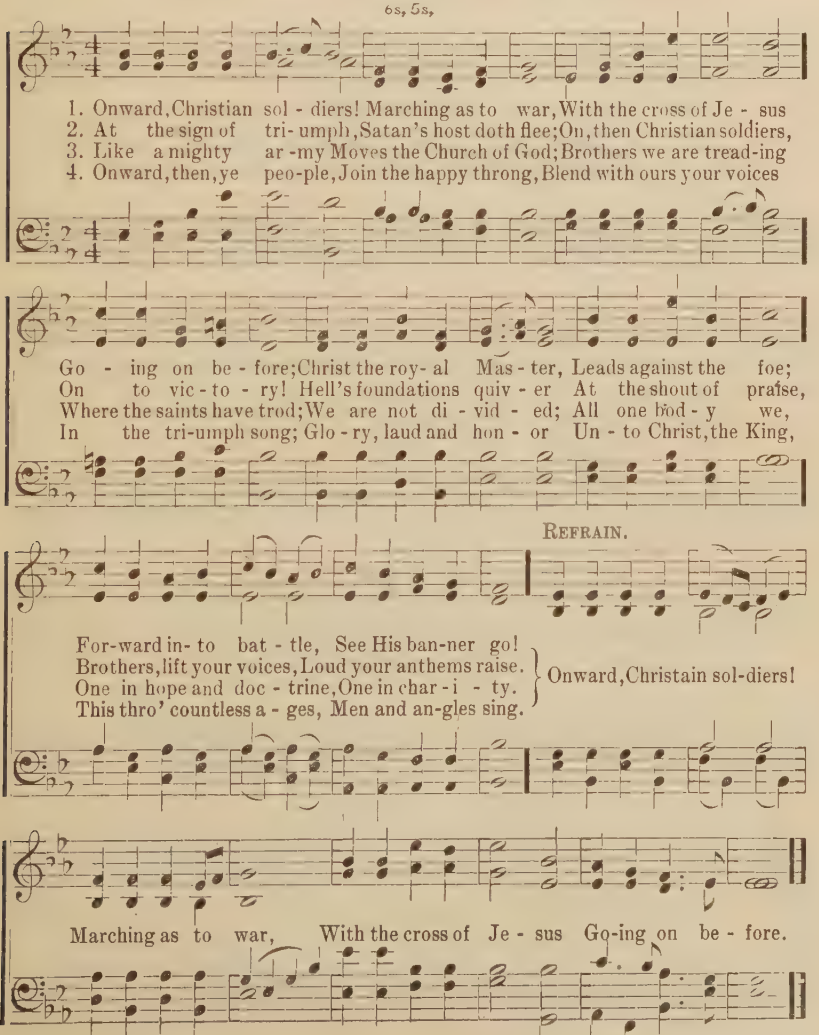
7s (8 lines).—S. S. 1. B. M. I. 93.

mp Andante.
1. On the cross of Cal-va - ry, Je - sus died for you and me;
2. Oh, what won - drous, wondrous love, Brought me down at Je-sus' feet!
3. Take me, Je - - sus, I am Thine, Wholly Thine for ev- er - more;
4. Clouds and dark - ness veil'd the sky, When the Lord was cru-ci - fied;
cres.
mf
There He shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free.
Oh, such won - drous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac - ri- fice com-plete!
Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine; Dwell with - in for ev - er - more;
"It is fin - ished!" was His cry, When He bowed His head and died.
mp
Oh, the cleans - ing stream does flow, And it washes white as snow!
Here I give my-self to Thee, Soul and bod-y, Thine to be;
Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in!
It is finished, it is finished, All the world may now go free;
f
It was for me that Je-sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
It was for me Thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
It was for this Thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
It was for this that Je-sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
mf CHORUS.
O Cal - va - ry, ... O Cal - va - ry! .....
O Cal - va - ry, O Cal - va - ry!

On the Cross of Calvary.—Concluded.

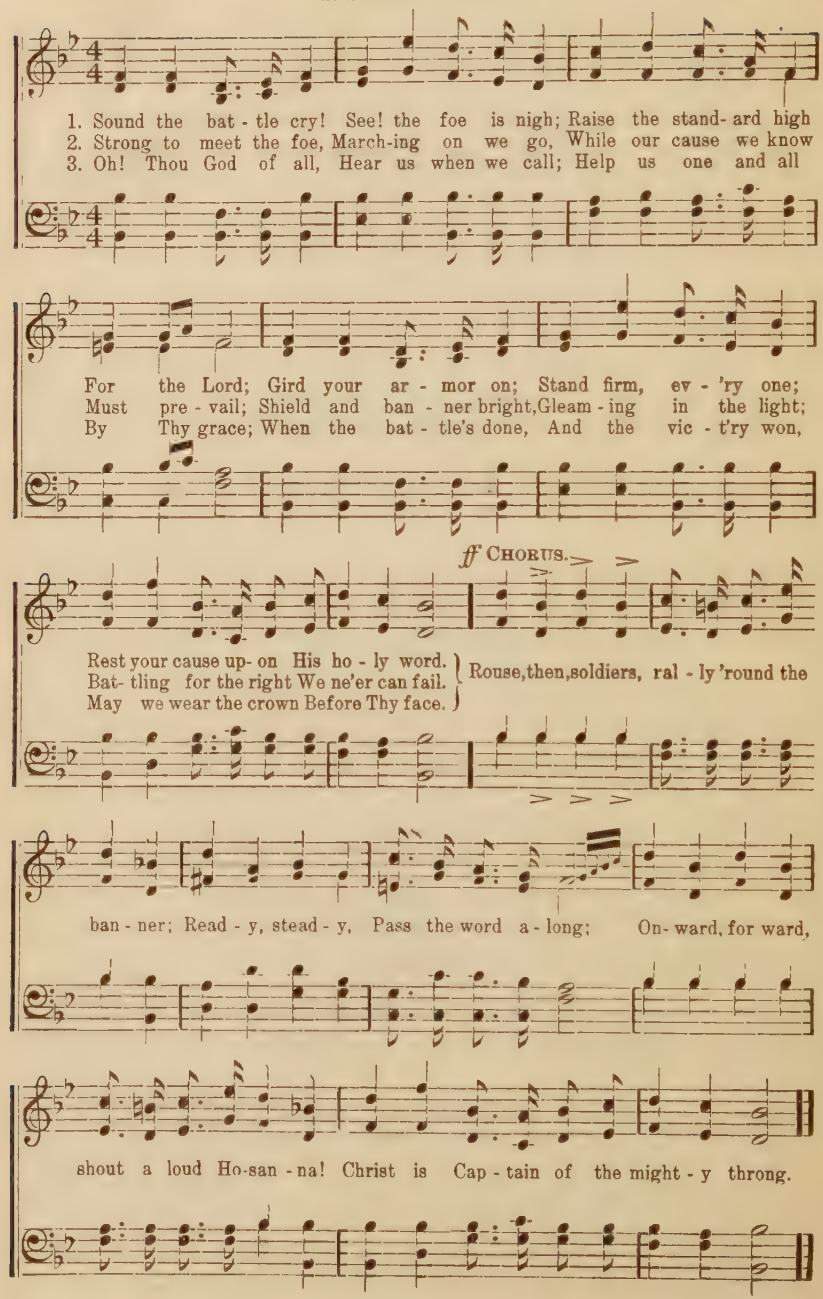


37 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

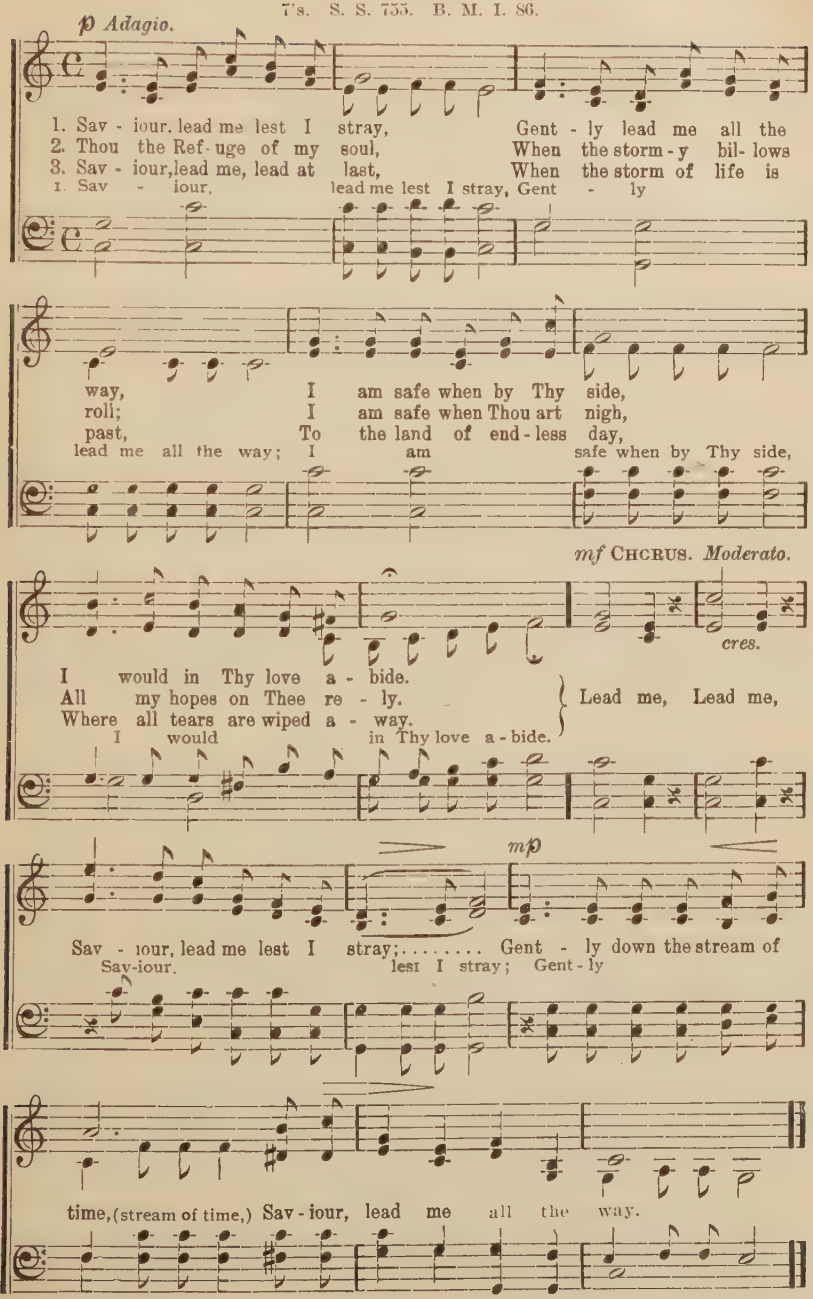
6s, 5s.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri- umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty ar -my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread-ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the roy- al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,
Refrain.
For-ward in- to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gles sing.
Onward, Christain sol-diers!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.

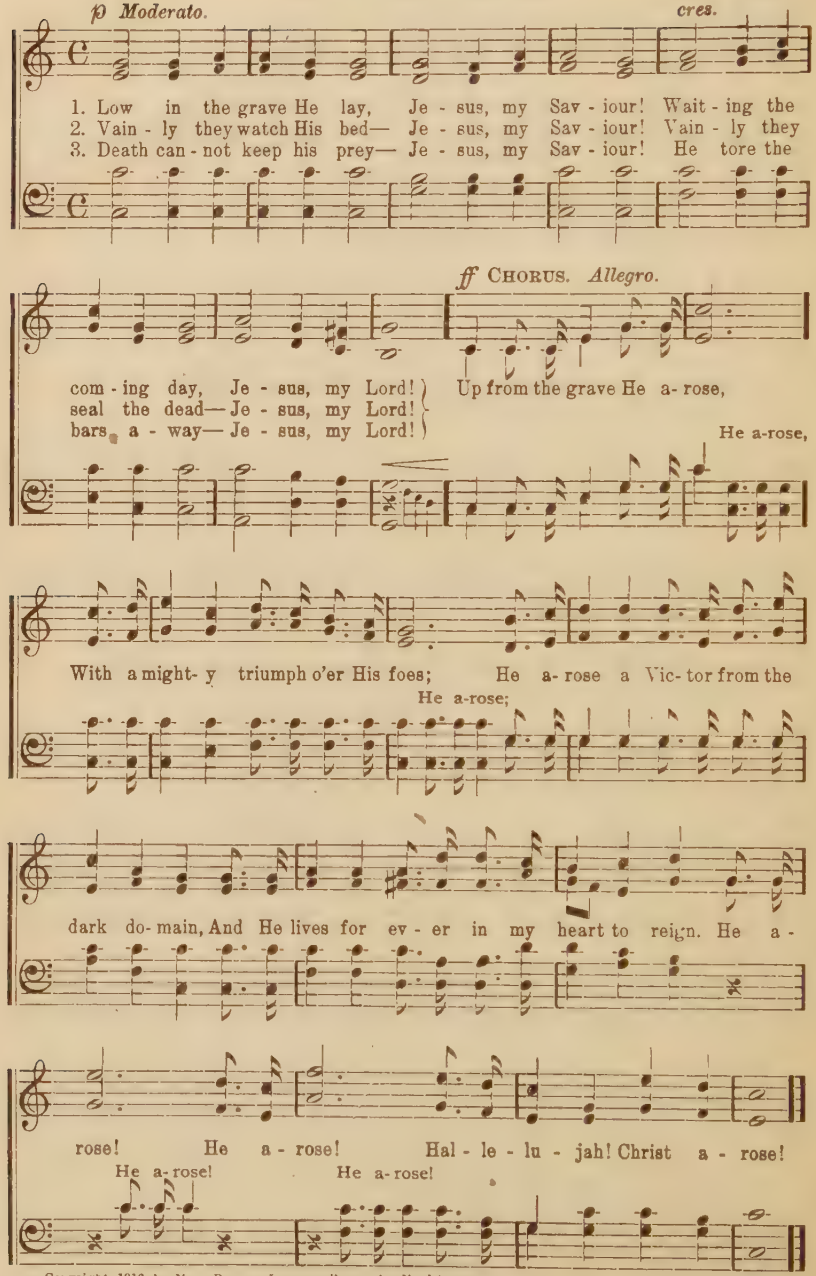
Sound the Battle Cry!

S. S. 554. B. B. 73.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stand- ard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause we know
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all
For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on; Stand firm, ev - 'ry one;
Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright, Gleam - ing in the light;
By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,
ff CHORUS.
Rest your cause up- on His ho - ly word.
Bat- tling for the right We ne'er can fail.
May we wear the crown Before Thy face.
Rouse, then, soldiers, ral - ly 'round the
ban - ner; Read - y, stead - y, Pass the word a - long; On- ward, for ward,
shout a loud Ho-san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

Saviour, Lead Me.

7's. S. S. 755. B. M. I. 86.

p Adagio.
1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the
2. Thou the Ref-uge of my soul, When the storm-y bil- lows
3. Sav - iour, lead me, lead at last, When the storm of life is
1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gent - ly
way, I am safe when by Thy side,
roll; I am safe when Thou art nigh,
past, To the land of end-less day,
lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,
mf CHORUS. Moderato.
cres.
I would in Thy love a - bide.
All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a - way.
I would in Thy love a - bide.
Lead me, Lead me,
mp
Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray; Gent - ly down the stream of
Sav-iour, lest I stray; Gent-ly
time, (stream of time,) Sav - iour, lead me all the way.

Christ Arose.

R. L. P. M. S. S. 799. B. M. I. 283. Robert Lowry.

p Moderato.
cres.
1. Low in the grave He lay, Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the
ff CHORUS. Allegro.
com - ing day, Je - sus, my Lord!
seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord!
bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord!
Up from the grave He a - rose,
He a-rose,
With a might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
He a-rose;
dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er in my heart to reign. He a -
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

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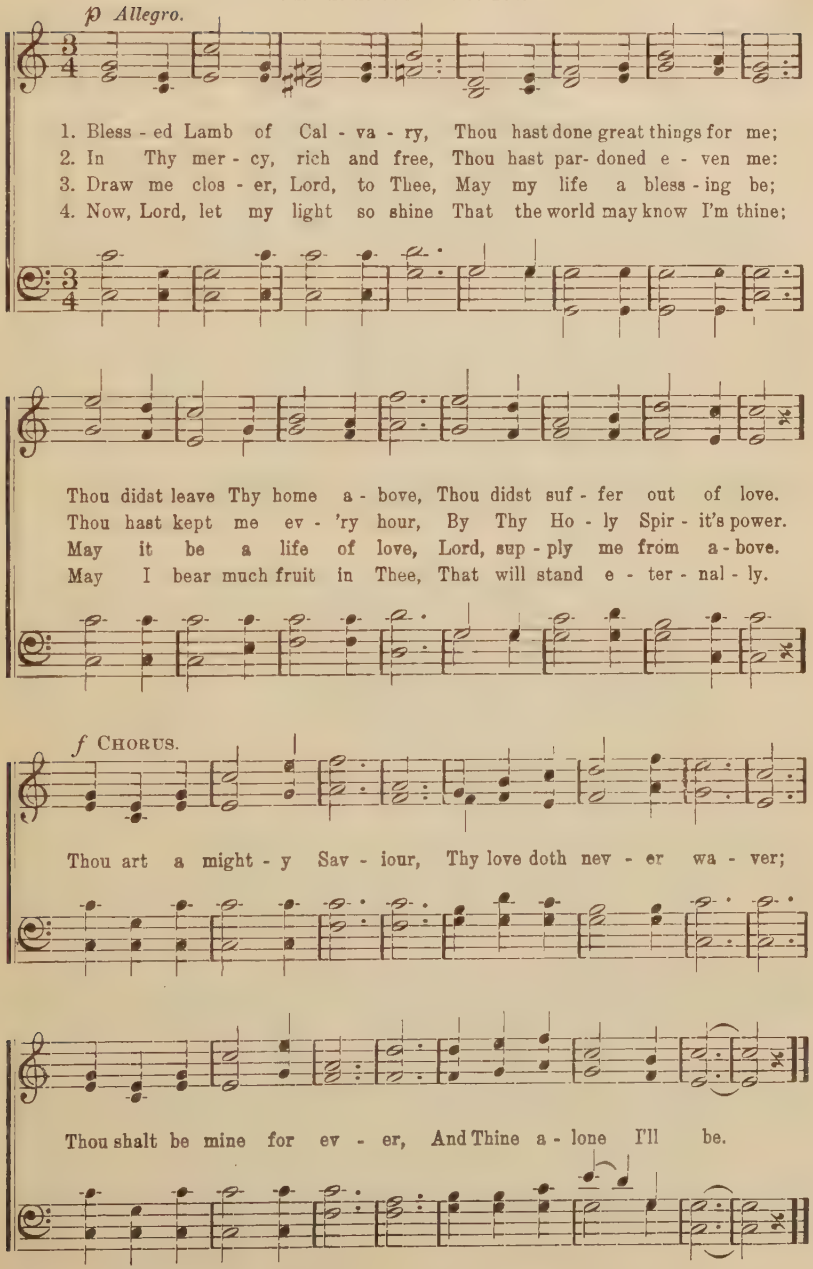
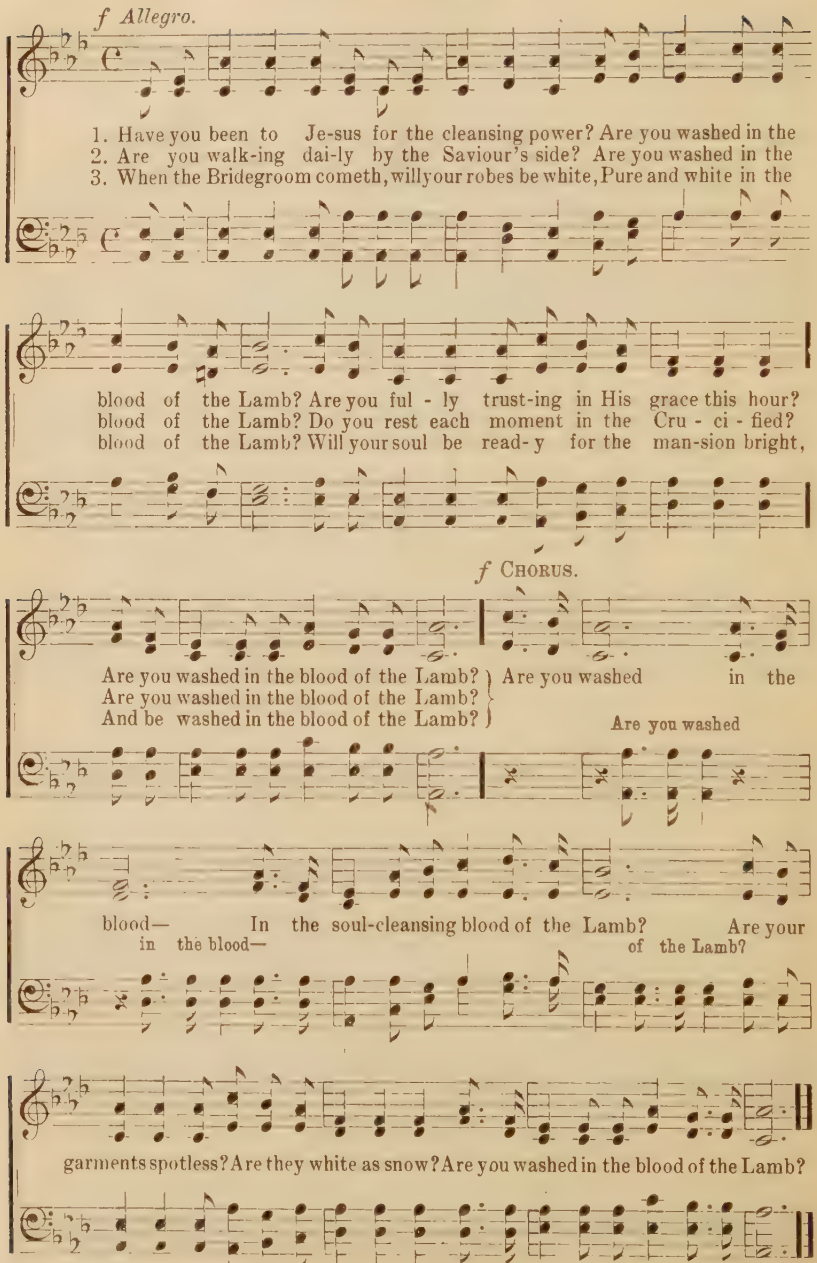
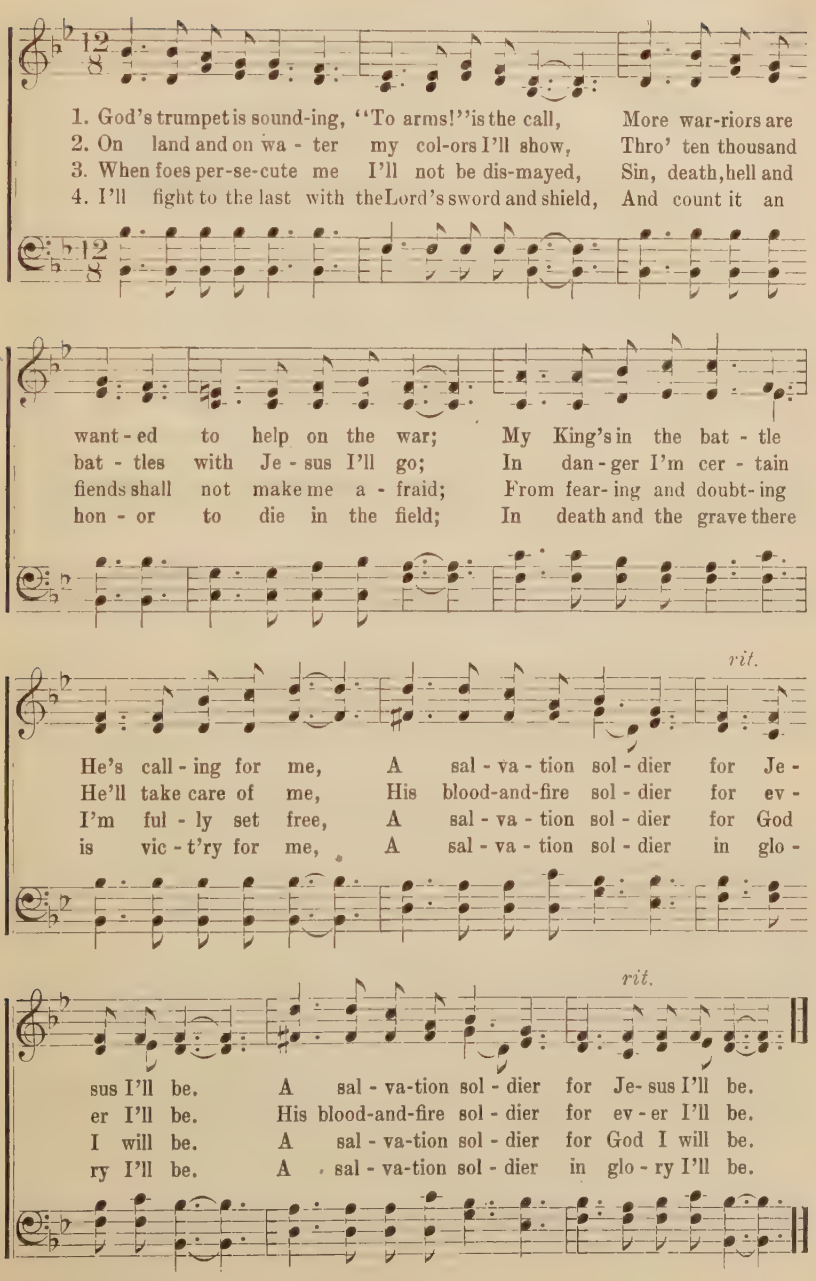
Thou Art a Mighty Saviour.

7's. S. S. 503. B. J. 175.

p Allegro.
1. Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Thou hast done great things for me;
2. In Thy mer - cy, rich and free, Thou hast par- doned e - ven me:
3. Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee, May my life a bless - ing be;
4. Now, Lord, let my light so shine That the world may know I'm thine;
Thou didst leave Thy home a - bove, Thou didst suf - fer out of love.
Thou hast kept me ev - 'ry hour, By Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's power.
May it be a life of love, Lord, sup - ply me from a - bove.
May I bear much fruit in Thee, That will stand e - ter - nal - ly.
f CHORUS.
Thou art a might - y Sav - iour, Thy love doth nev - er wa - ver;
Thou shalt be mine for ev - er, And Thine a - lone I'll be.

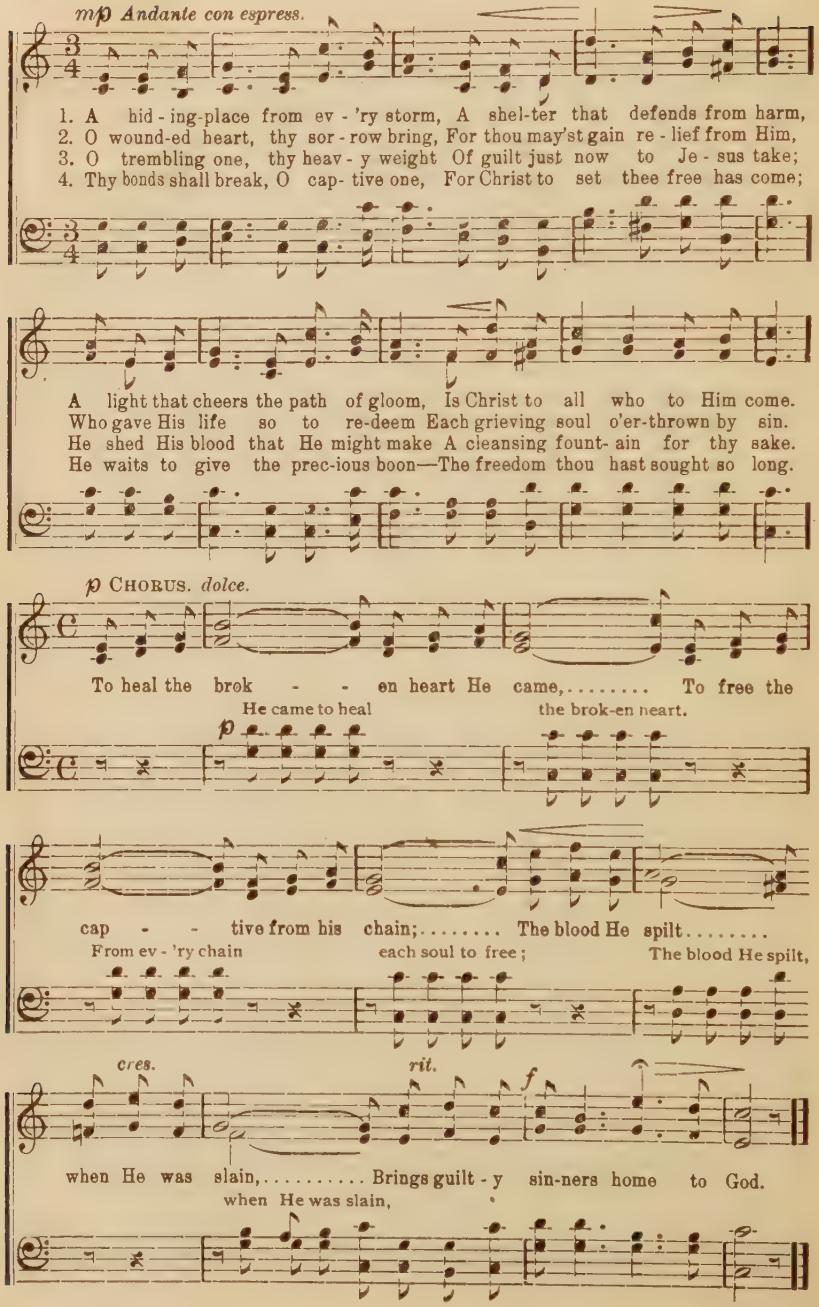
Are You Washed?

C. M.—S. S. 355. B. M. I. 207.

f Allegro.
1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour?
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied?
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the man-sion bright,
f Chorus.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the
Are you washed
blood— In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
in the blood— of the Lamb?
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

God's Trumpet is Sounding.

11s.—S. S. 540.

1. God's trumpet is sound-ing, "To arms!" is the call, More war-riors are
2. On land and on wa - ter my col-ors I'll show, Thro' ten thousand
3. When foes per-se-cute me I'll not be dis-mayed, Sin, death, hell and
4. I'll fight to the last with the Lord's sword and shield, And count it an
want - ed to help on the war; My King's in the bat - tle
bat - tles with Je - sus I'll go; In dan - ger I'm cer - tain
fiends shall not make me a - fraid; From fear - ing and doubt - ing
hon - or to die in the field; In death and the grave there
rit.
He's call - ing for me, A sal - va - tion sol - dier for Je -
He'll take care of me, His blood-and-fire sol - dier for ev -
I'm ful - ly set free, A sal - va - tion sol - dier for God
is vic - t'ry for me, A sal - va - tion sol - dier in glo -
rit.
sus I'll be. A sal - va-tion sol - dier for Je- sus I'll be.
er I'll be. His blood-and-fire sol - dier for ev - er I'll be.
I will be. A sal - va-tion sol - dier for God I will be.
ry I'll be. A sal - va-tion sol - dier in glo - ry I'll be.

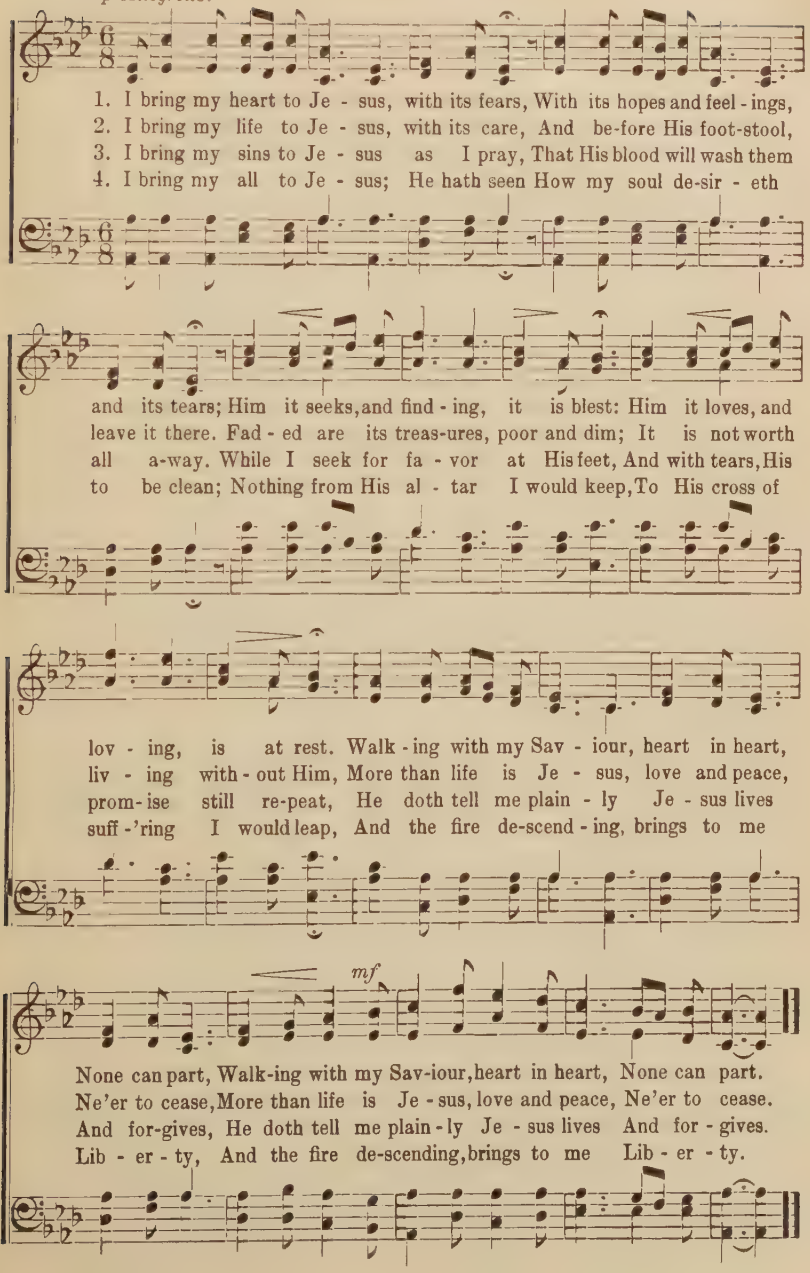
To Heal the Broken Heart He Came.


mp Andante con espress.
1. A hid - ing-place from ev - 'ry storm, A shel-ter that defends from harm,
2. O wound-ed heart, thy sor - row bring, For thou may'st gain re - lief from Him,
3. O trembling one, thy heav - y weight Of guilt just now to Je - sus take;
4. Thy bonds shall break, O cap- tive one, For Christ to set thee free has come;
A light that cheers the path of gloom, Is Christ to all who to Him come.
Who gave His life so to re-deem Each grieving soul o'er-thrown by sin.
He shed His blood that He might make A cleansing fount- ain for thy sake.
He waits to give the prec-ious boon—The freedom thou hast sought so long.
p CHORUS. dolce.
To heal the brok - - en heart He came, ... To free the
He came to heal
the brok-en heart.
p
cap - - tive from his chain; . . . . . The blood He spilt . . . . . .
From ev - 'ry chain
each soul to free;
The blood He spilt,
cres.
rit.
f
when He was slain, ... Brings guilt - y sin-ners home to God.
when He was slain,

I Bring My Heart to Jesus.

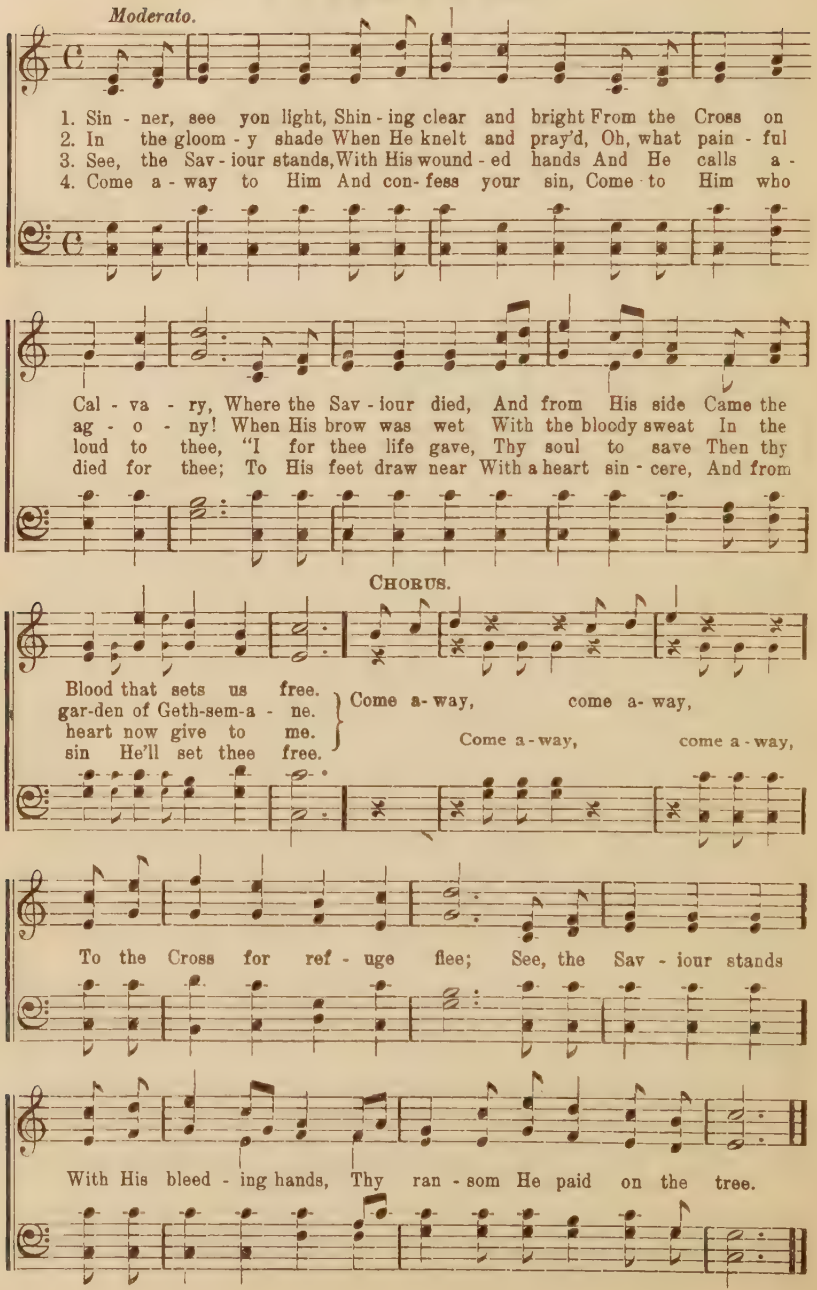
P. M. S. S. 372. B. M. I. 242.

mp Allegretto.


1. I bring my heart to Je - sus, with its fears, With its hopes and feel - ings,
2. I bring my life to Je - sus, with its care, And be-fore His foot-stool,
3. I bring my sins to Je - sus as I pray, That His blood will wash them
4. I bring my all to Je - sus; He hath seen How my soul de-sir - eth
and its tears; Him it seeks, and find - ing, it is blest: Him it loves, and
leave it there. Fad - ed are its treas-ures, poor and dim; It is not worth
all a-way. While I seek for fa - vor at His feet, And with tears, His
to be clean; Nothing from His al - tar I would keep, To His cross of
lov - ing, is at rest. Walk - ing with my Sav - iour, heart in heart,
liv - ing with - out Him, More than life is Je - sus, love and peace,
prom-ise still re-peat, He doth tell me plain - ly Je - sus lives
suff -'ring I would leap, And the fire de-scend - ing, brings to me
mf
None can part, Walk-ing with my Sav-iour, heart in heart, None can part.
Ne'er to cease, More than life is Je - sus, love and peace, Ne'er to cease.
And for-gives, He doth tell me plain - ly Je - sus lives And for - gives.
Lib - er - ty, And the fire de-scending, brings to me Lib - er - ty.

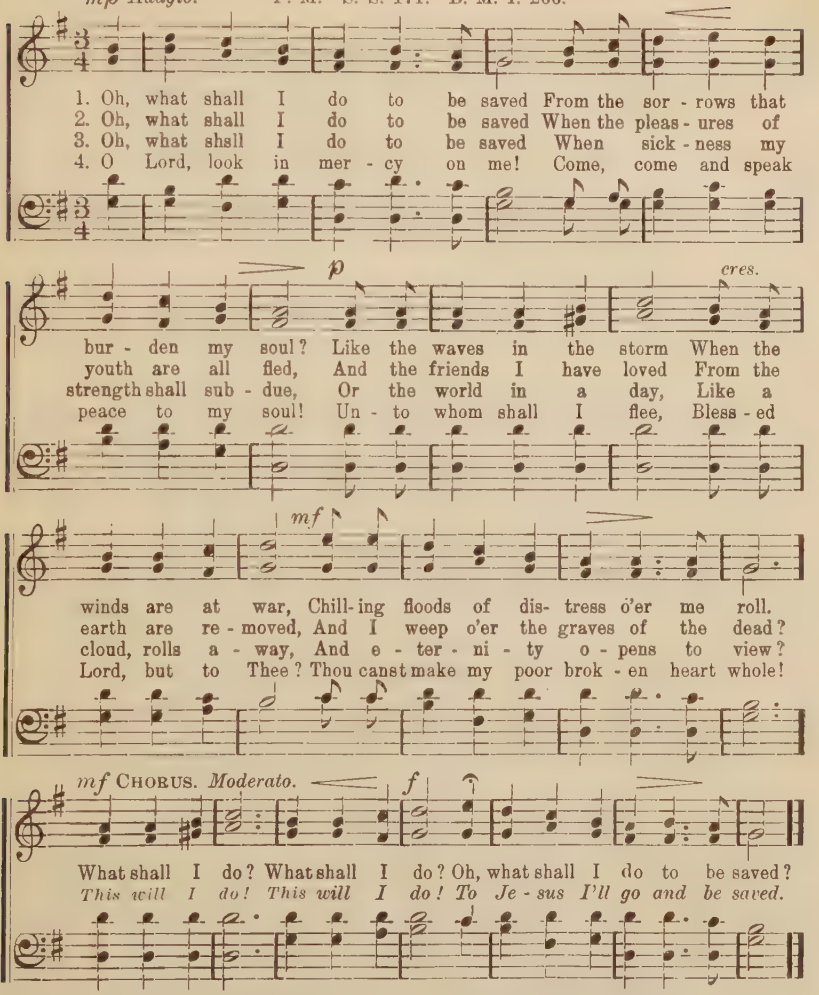
Sinner, See Yon Light.

P. M. S. S. 29. B. M. I. 271.

Moderato.

1. Sin - ner, see yon light, Shin - ing clear and bright From the Cross on
2. In the gloom - y shade When He knelt and pray'd, Oh, what pain - ful
3. See, the Sav - iour stands, With His wound - ed hands And He calls a -
4. Come a - way to Him And con - fess your sin, Come to Him who
Cal - va - ry, Where the Sav - iour died, And from His side Came the
ag - o - ny! When His brow was wet With the bloody sweat In the
loud to thee, "I for thee life gave, Thy soul to save Then thy
died for thee; To His feet draw near With a heart sin - cere, And from
CHORUS.
Blood that sets us free.
gar-den of Geth-sem-a - ne.
heart now give to me.
sin He'll set thee free.
Come a-way, come a-way,
Come a-way, come a-way,
To the Cross for ref - uge flee; See, the Sav - iour stands
With His bleed - ing hands, Thy ran - som He paid on the tree.

47 Oh, What Shall I Do to Be Saved?

P. M. S. S. 171. B. M. I. 266.


mp Adagio.
1. Oh, what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that
2. Oh, what shall I do to be saved When the pleas - ures of
3. Oh, what shall I do to be saved When sick - ness my
4. O Lord, look in mer - cy on me! Come, come and speak
p
cres.
bur - den my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the
youth are all fled, And the friends I have loved From the
strength shall sub - due, Or the world in a day, Like a
peace to my soul! Un - to whom shall I flee, Bless - ed
mf
winds are at war, Chill-ing floods of dis- tress o'er me roll.
earth are re - moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?
cloud, rolls a - way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view?
Lord, but to Thee? Thou canst make my poor brok - en heart whole!
mf CHORUS. Moderato.
f
What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
This will I do! This will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved.

48 Oh, What Will You Do Without Christ?

Tune,—47.—S. S. 151

1 Oh, what will you do without Christ
When the stars of the elements fall?
When you stand all alone
Before the whole throne,
Oh, what will you do without Christ?

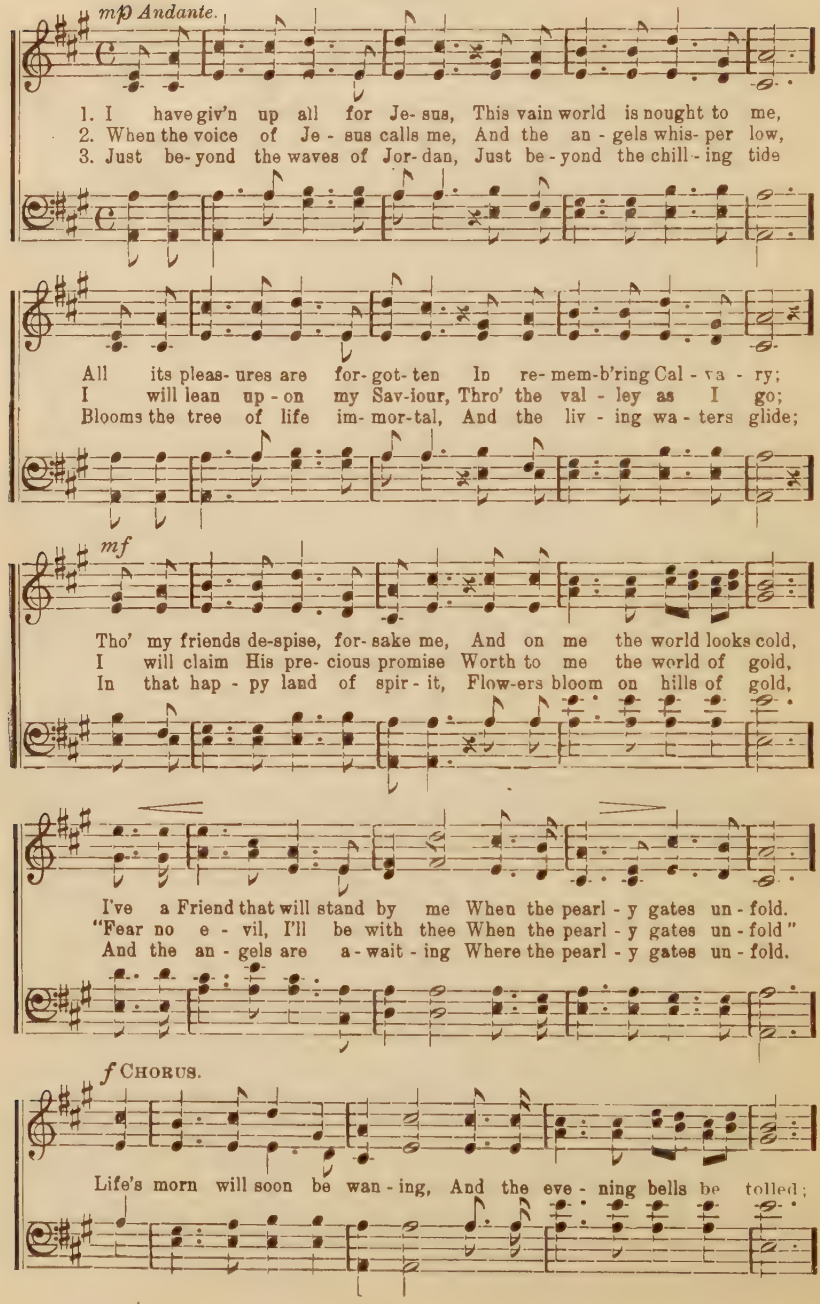
CHO.—What will you do?
What will you do?
Oh, what will you do without Christ?

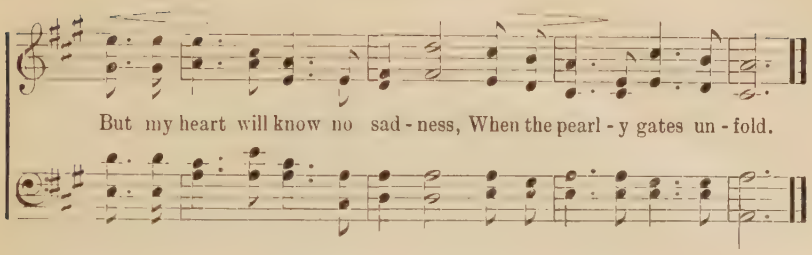
2 Oh, what will you do without Christ
When eternity bursts on your view?
When to judgment you go,
What, what will you do?
Oh, what will you do without Christ?

3 Oh, what will you do without Christ,
Who have often admitted His love?
But you've wandered from Him,
And your heart's filled with sin,
Oh, what will you do without Christ?

4 Oh, what will you do without Christ,
If to-night you are summoned to die?
If you have to meet God
Unwashed in the blood,
Oh, what will you do without Christ?

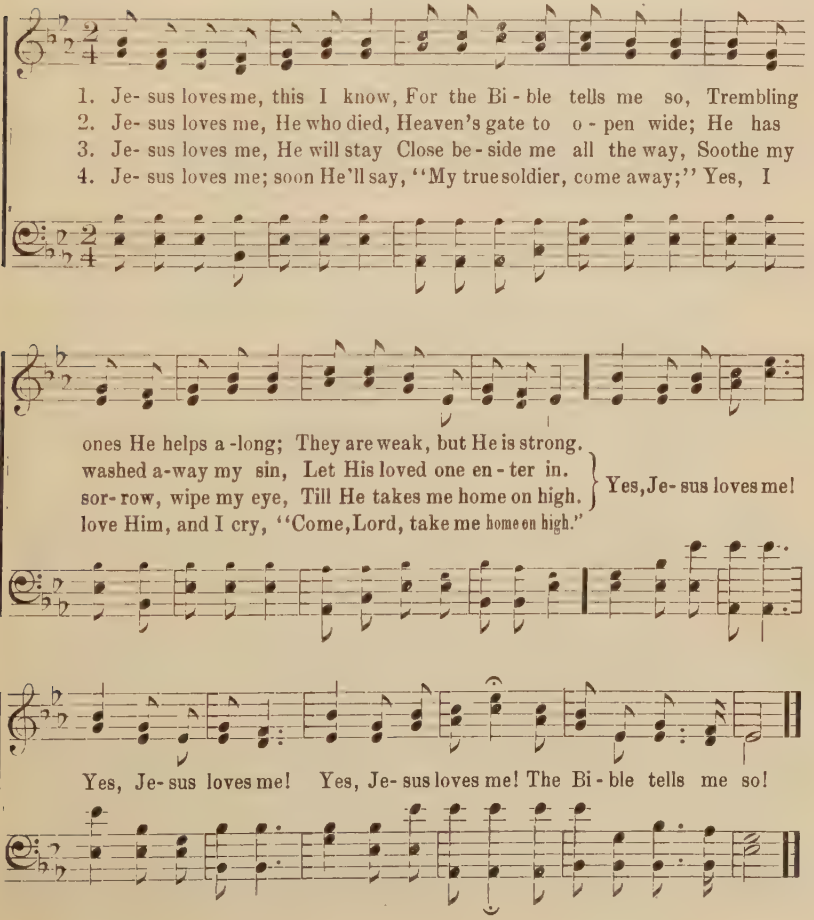
When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

S. S. 626.

mp Andante.
1. I have giv'n up all for Je- sus, This vain world is nought to me,
2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels whis- per low,
3. Just be- yond the waves of Jor- dan, Just be - yond the chill - ing tide
All its pleas- ures are for- got- ten In re- mem-b'ring Cal - va - ry;
I will lean up - on my Sav-iour, Thro' the val - ley as I go;
Blooms the tree of life im- mor-tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters glide;
mf
Tho' my friends de-spise, for- sake me, And on me the world looks cold,
I will claim His pre- cious promise Worth to me the world of gold,
In that hap - py land of spir - it, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold,
I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl - y gates un - fold.
"Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl - y gates un - fold"
And the an - gels are a - wait - ing Where the pearl - y gates un - fold.
f CHORUS.
Life's morn will soon be wan - ing, And the eve - ning bells be tolled;

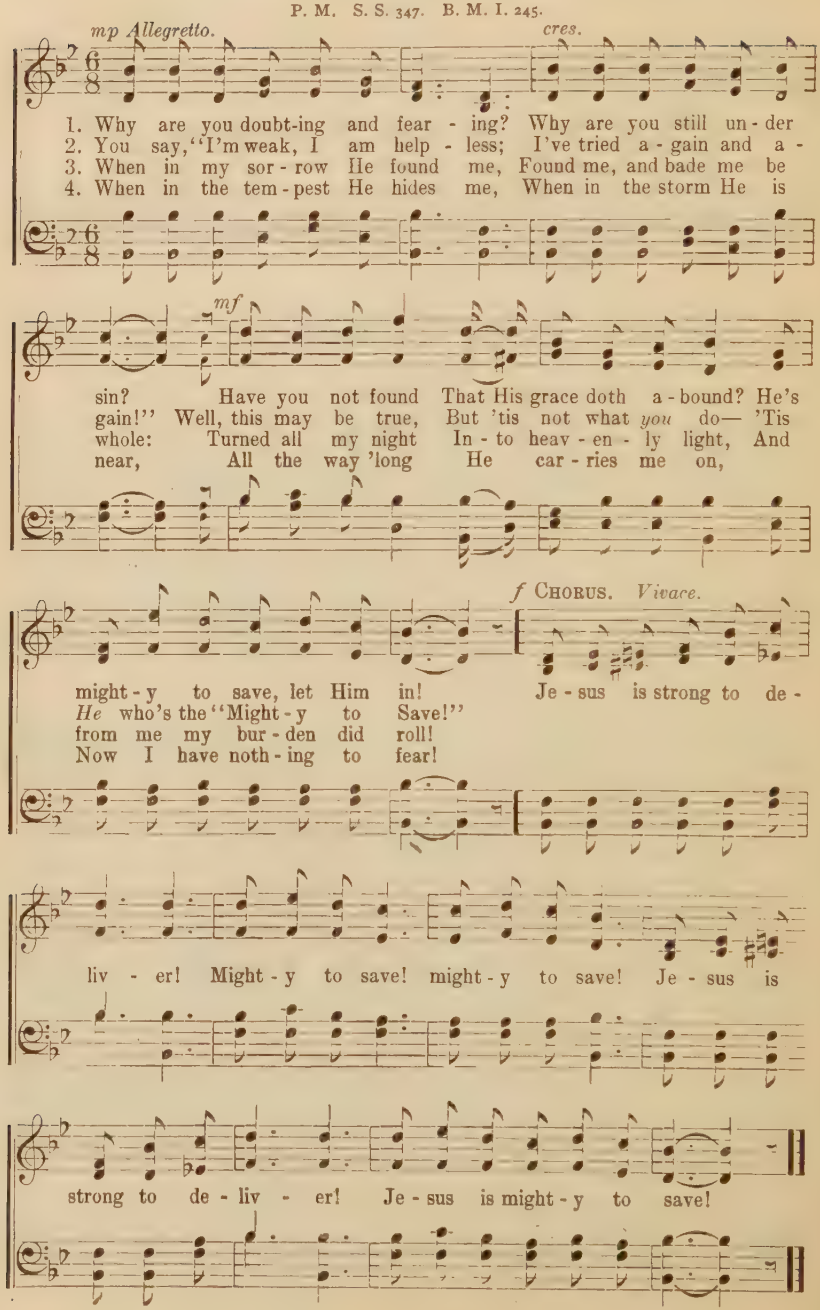


50 Jesus Loves Me!

7's. S. S. 743.

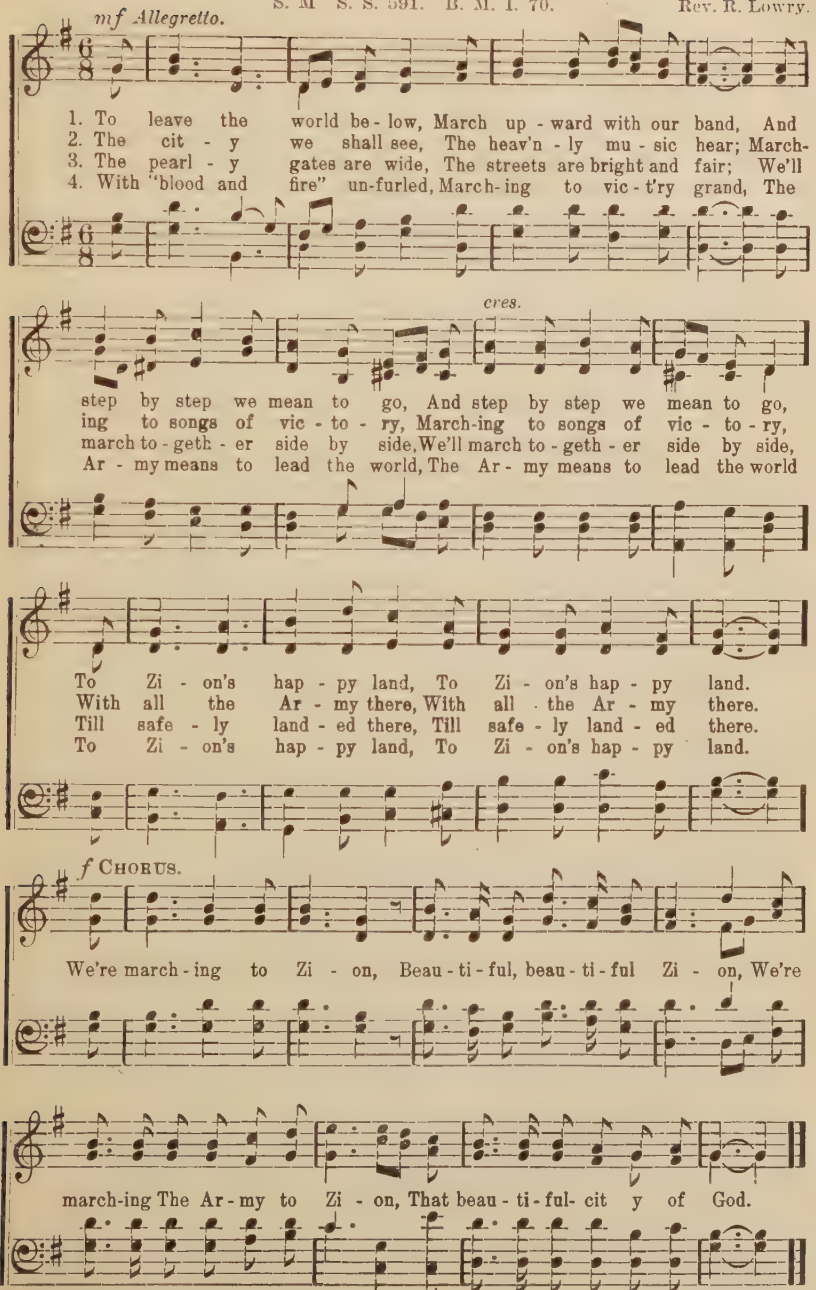

1. Je- sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so, Trembling
2. Je- sus loves me, He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He has
3. Je- sus loves me, He will stay Close be - side me all the way, Soothe my
4. Je- sus loves me; soon He'll say, "My true soldier, come away;" Yes, I
ones He helps a -long; They are weak, but He is strong.
washed a-way my sin, Let His loved one en - ter in.
sor- row, wipe my eye, Till He takes me home on high.
love Him, and I cry, "Come, Lord, take me home on high."
Yes, Je- sus loves me!
Yes, Je- sus loves me! Yes, Je- sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so!

Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

P. M. S. S. 347. B. M. I. 245.

mp Allegretto.
cres.
1. Why are you doubt-ing and fear - ing? Why are you still un - der
2. You say, "I'm weak, I am help - less; I've tried a - gain and a -
3. When in my sor - row He found me, Found me, and bade me be
4. When in the tem - pest He hides me, When in the storm He is
mf
sin? Have you not found That His grace doth a - bound? He's
gain!" Well, this may be true, But 'tis not what you do— 'Tis
whole: Turned all my night In - to heav - en - ly light, And
near, All the way 'long He car - ries me on,
f CHORUS. Vivace.
might - y to save, let Him in!
He who's the "Might - y to Save!"
from me my bur - den did roll!
Now I have noth - ing to fear!
Je - sus is strong to de -
liv - er! Might - y to save! might - y to save! Je - sus is
strong to de - liv - er! Je - sus is might - y to save!

We're Marching to Zion.

S. M S. S. 591. B. M. I. 70. Rev. R. Lowry.


mf Allegretto.
1. To leave the world be - low, March up - ward with our band, And
2. The cit - y we shall see, The heav'n - ly mu - sic hear; March-
3. The pearl - y gates are wide, The streets are bright and fair; We'll
4. With "blood and fire" un-furled, March - ing to vic - t'ry grand, The
cres.
step by step we mean to go, And step by step we mean to go,
ing to songs of vic - to - ry, March-ing to songs of vic - to - ry,
march to - geth - er side by side, We'll march to - geth - er side by side,
Ar - my means to lead the world, The Ar - my means to lead the world
To Zi - on's hap - py land, To Zi - on's hap - py land.
With all the Ar - my there, With all the Ar - my there.
Till safe - ly land - ed there, Till safe - ly land - ed there.
To Zi - on's hap - py land, To Zi - on's hap - py land.
f CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, We're
march-ing The Ar - my to Zi - on, That beau - ti - ful - cit y of God.

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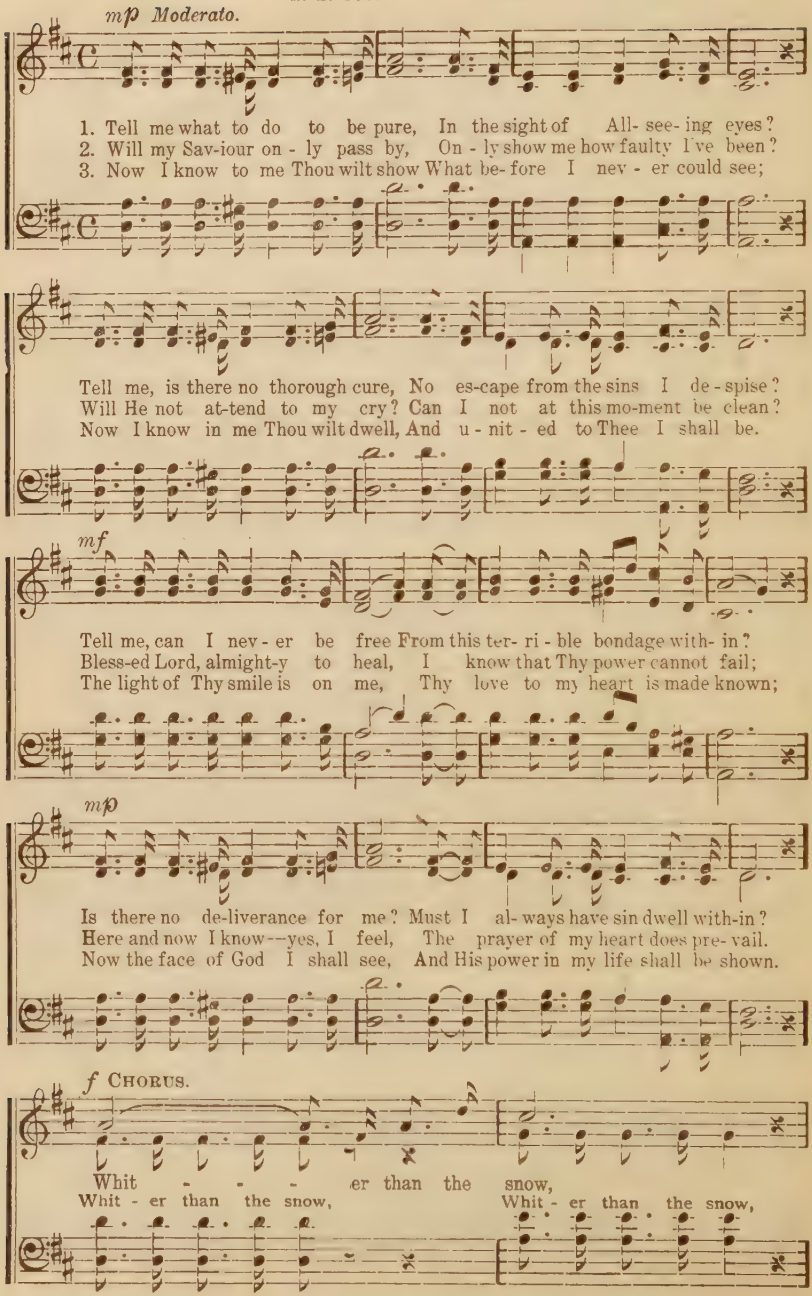
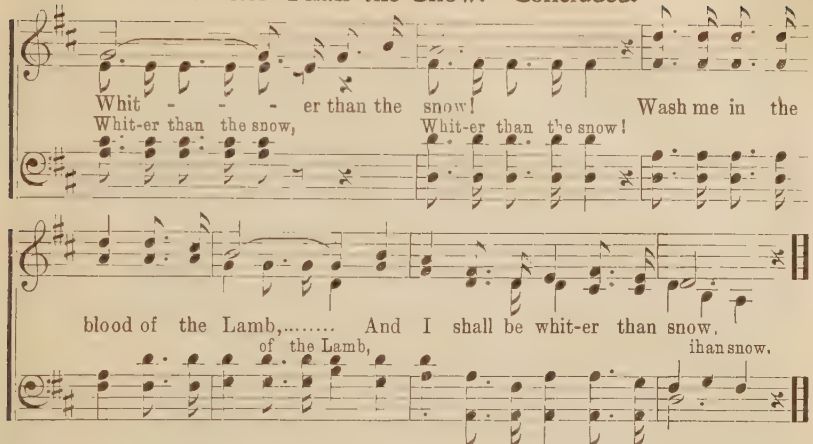
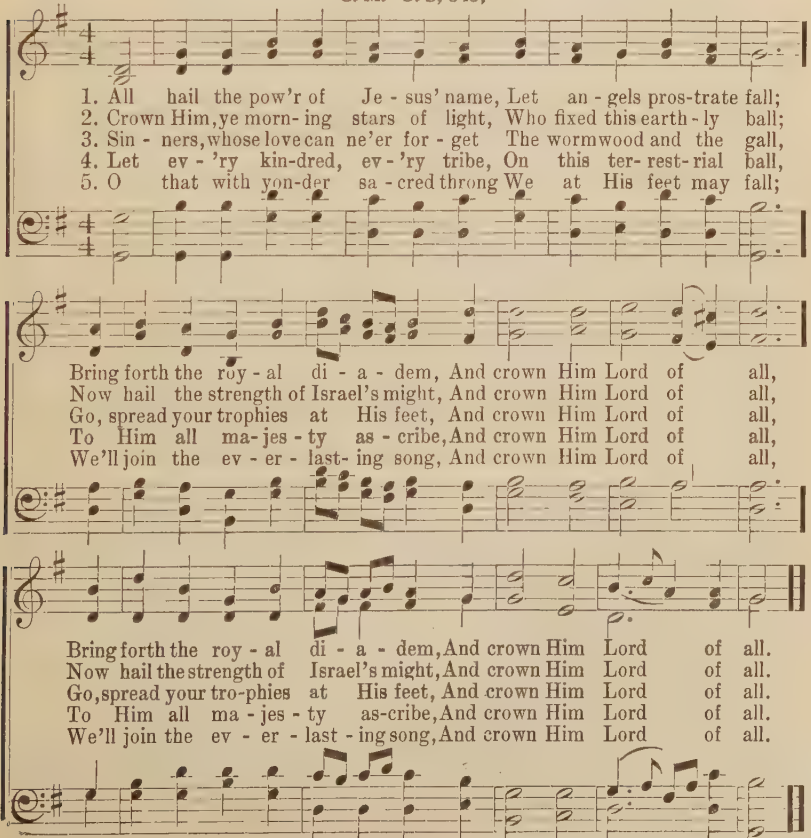
Whiter Than the Snow.

S. S. 380. B. M. I. 292.

mp Moderato.
1. Tell me what to do to be pure, In the sight of All- see- ing eyes?
2. Will my Sav-iour on - ly pass by, On - ly show me how faulty I've been?
3. Now I know to me Thou wilt show What be- fore I nev - er could see;
Tell me, is there no thorough cure, No es-cape from the sins I de - spise?
Will He not at-tend to my cry? Can I not at this mo-ment be clean?
Now I know in me Thou wilt dwell, And u - nit - ed to Thee I shall be.
mf
Tell me, can I nev - er be free From this ter- ri - ble bondage with- in?
Bless-ed Lord, almight-y to heal, I know that Thy power cannot fail;
The light of Thy smile is on me, Thy love to my heart is made known;
mp
Is there no de-liverance for me? Must I al- ways have sin dwell with-in?
Here and now I know--yes, I feel, The prayer of my heart does pre- vail.
Now the face of God I shall see, And His power in my life shall be shown.
f CHORUS.
Whit - - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow,

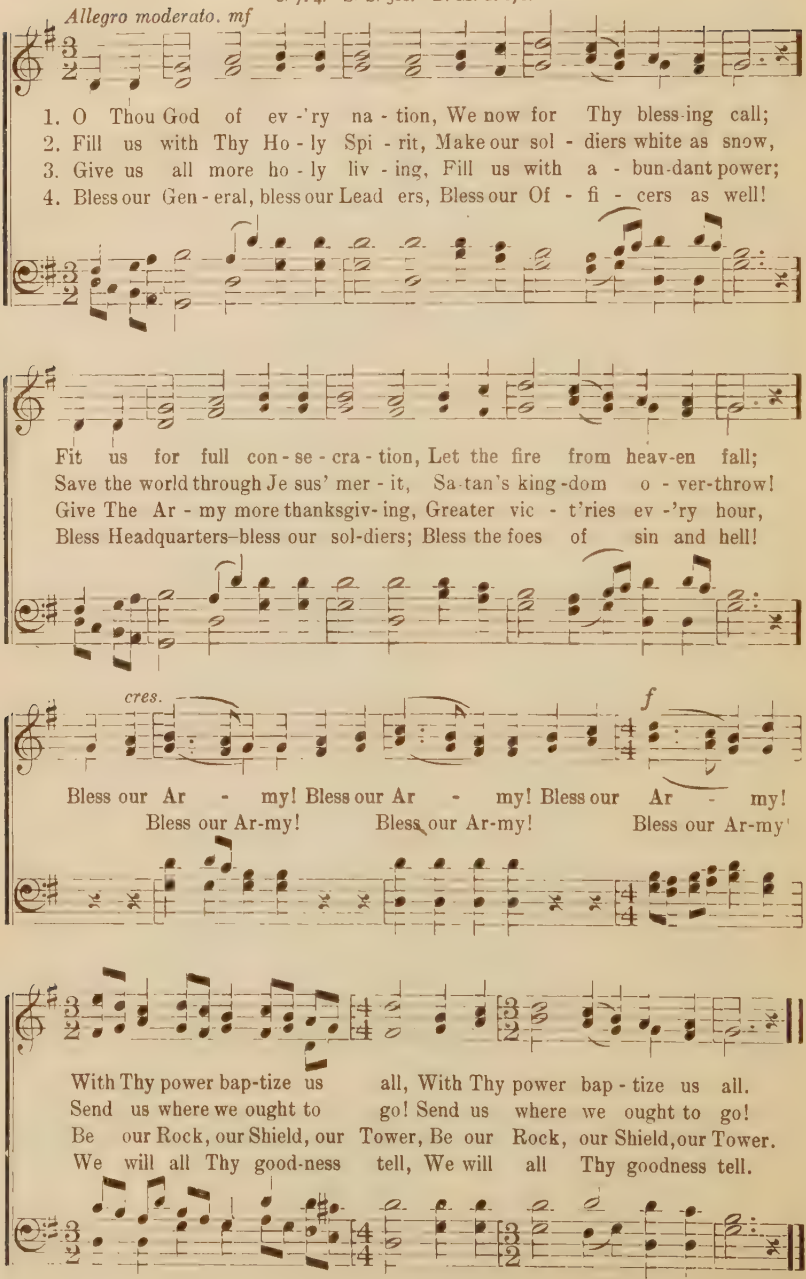

Whit - - - - er than the snow! Wash me in the
Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow!
blood of the Lamb,..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.
of the Lamb, than snow.

54 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

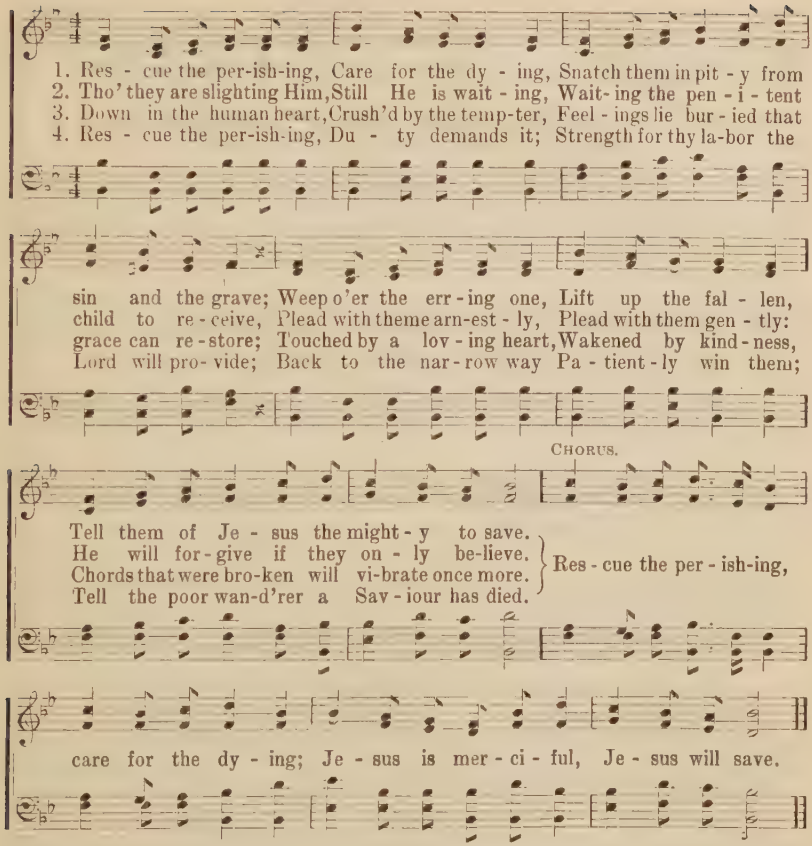
C. M.—S. S, 345.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn- ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter- rest- rial ball,
5. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all ma-jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last- ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma - jes - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

O Thou God of Every Nation.

8. 7. 4. S. S. 508. B. M. I. 170.


Allegro moderato. mf
1. O Thou God of ev -'ry na - tion, We now for Thy bless-ing call;
2. Fill us with Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit, Make our sol - diers white as snow,
3. Give us all more ho - ly liv - ing, Fill us with a - bun-dant power;
4. Bless our Gen - eral, bless our Lead ers, Bless our Of - fi - cers as well!
Fit us for full con - se - cra - tion, Let the fire from heav-en fall;
Save the world through Je sus' mer - it, Sa-tan's king-dom o - ver-throw!
Give The Ar - my more thanksgiv- ing, Greater vic - t'ries ev -'ry hour,
Bless Headquarters–bless our sol-diers; Bless the foes of sin and hell!
cres.
f
Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my!
Bless our Ar-my! Bless our Ar-my! Bless our Ar-my!
With Thy power bap-tize us all, With Thy power bap - tize us all.
Send us where we ought to go! Send us where we ought to go!
Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tower, Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tower.
We will all Thy good-ness tell, We will all Thy goodness tell.

Rescue the Perishing.

S. S. 858.

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait- ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the temp-ter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len,
child to re - ceive, Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has died.
Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

57 Full Salvation!

8s. 7s. 4s.—S. S. 494. Tune 55. B. M. I. 170.

1 Full salvation! Full salvation:
Lo! the fountain, opened wide,
Streams through every land and nation
From the Saviour's wounded side.
Full salvation!
Streams an endless crimson tide.

2 Oh, the glorious revelation!
See the cleansing current flow
Washing stains of condemnation
Whiter than the driven snow.
Full salvation!
Oh, the rapturous bliss to know!

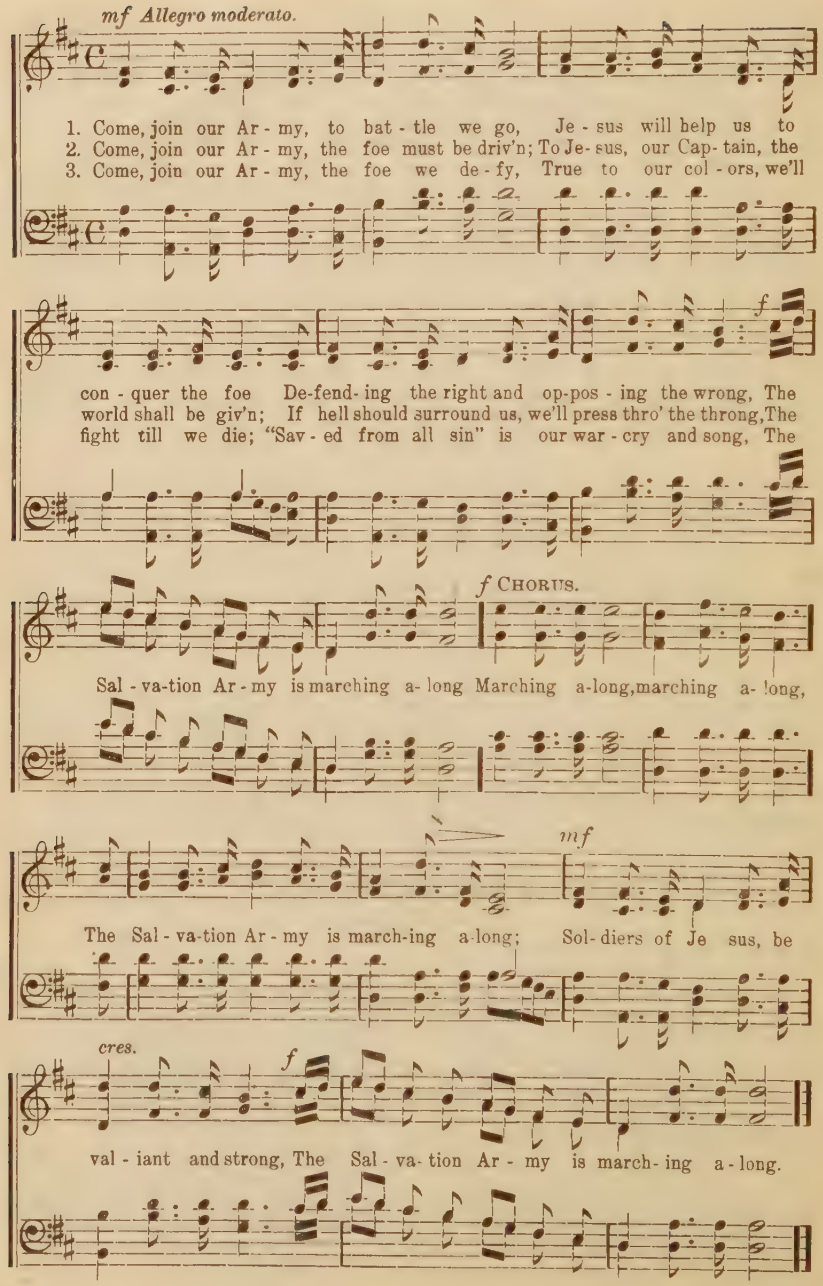
3 Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within;
Thought, and wish, and senses keeping
Now and every instant clean!
Full salvation!
From the guilt and power of sin.

4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
Oh, what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation!
Raised in Christ to life divine!

5 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
Fear and grief are mine no more;
Faith knows nought of dark to-morrow,
For my Saviour goes before!
Full salvation!
Full and free for evermore.

Come, Join Our Army.

P. M. S. S. 528. B. M. I. 269.


mf Allegro moderato.
1. Come, join our Ar - my, to bat - tle we go, Je - sus will help us to
2. Come, join our Ar - my, the foe must be driv'n; To Je - sus, our Cap - tain, the
3. Come, join our Ar - my, the foe we de - fy, True to our col - ors, we'll
f
con - quer the foe De-fend- ing the right and op-pos - ing the wrong, The
world shall be giv'n; If hell should surround us, we'll press thro' the throng, The
fight till we die; "Sav - ed from all sin" is our war - cry and song, The
f CHORUS.
Sal - va-tion Ar - my is marching a- long Marching a-long, marching a- long,
mf
The Sal - va-tion Ar - my is march-ing a-long; Sol-diers of Je sus, be
cres.
f
val - iant and strong, The Sal - va- tion Ar - my is march- ing a - long.

In the Garden.

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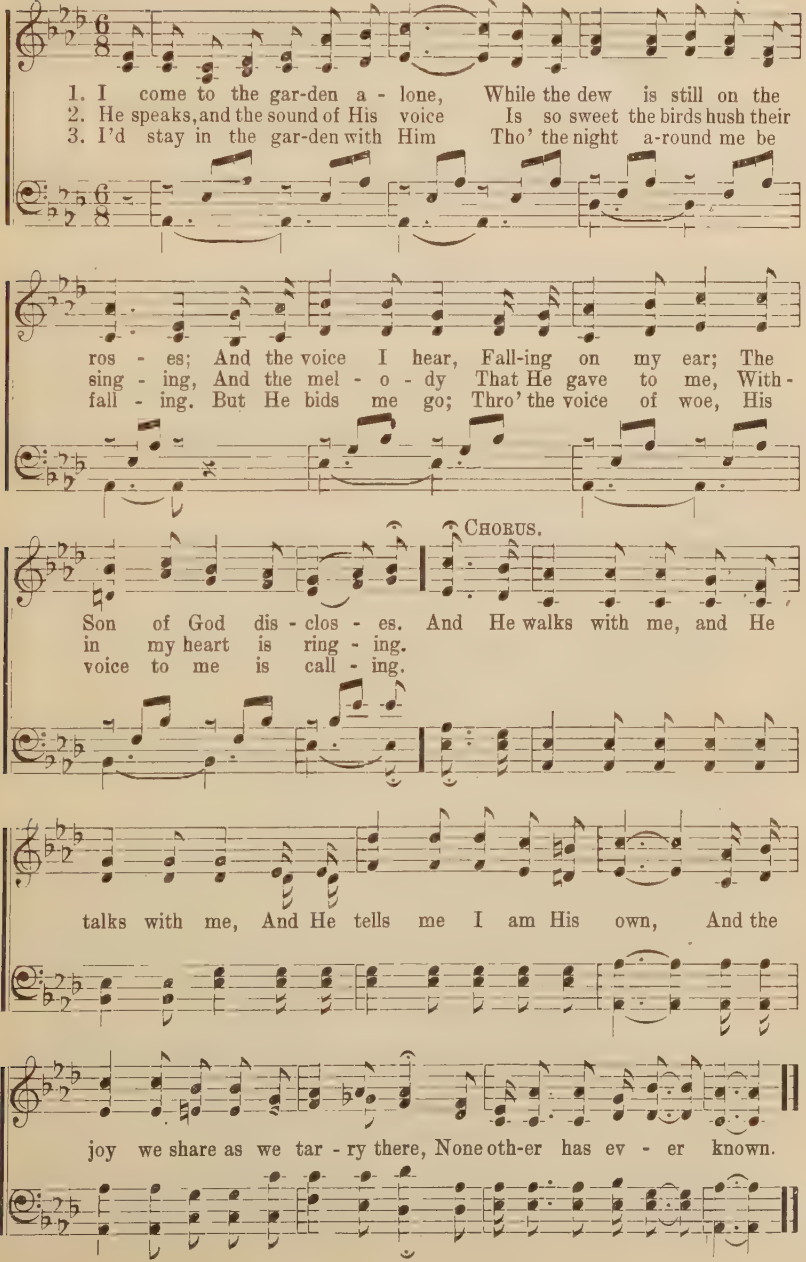
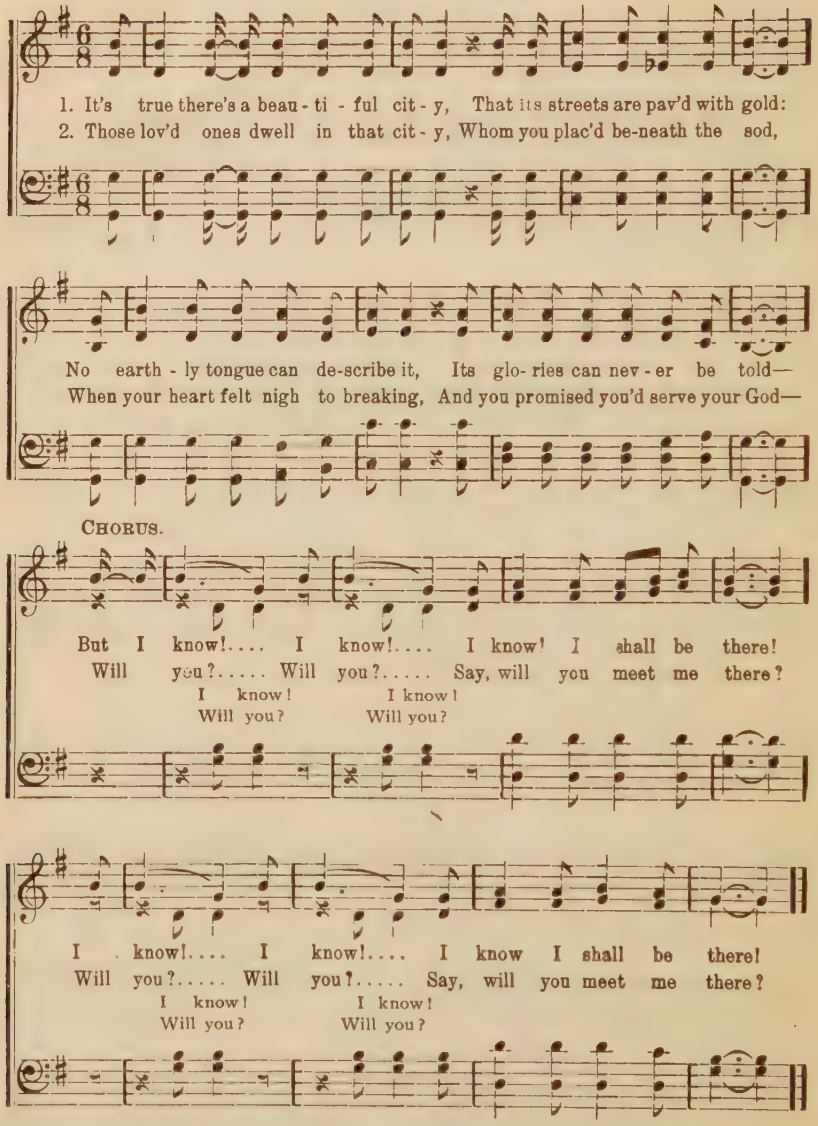
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be
ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With -
fall - ing. But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His
Chorus.
Son of God dis - clos - es. And He walks with me, and He
in my heart is ring - ing.
voice to me is call - ing.
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the
joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

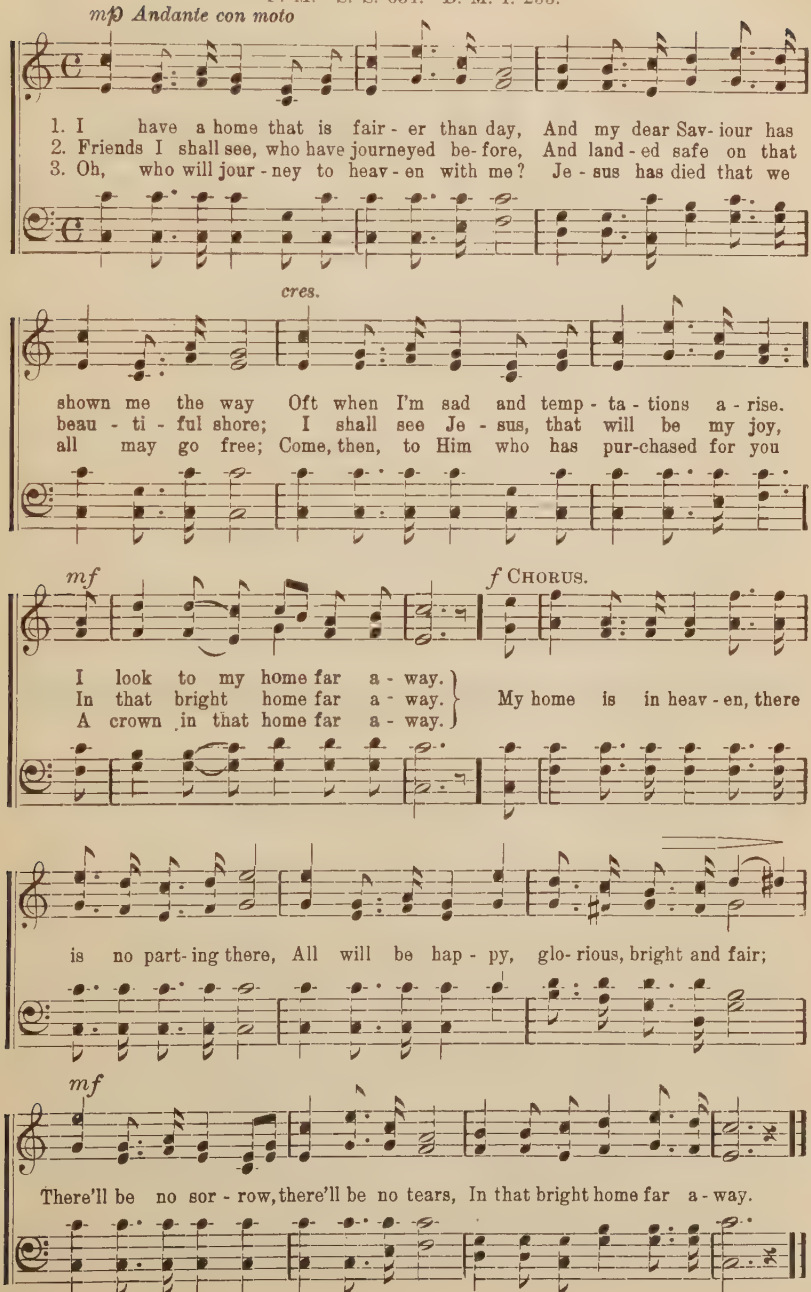
It's True There's a Beautiful City.

S. S. 666.

1. It's true there's a beau - ti - ful cit - y, That its streets are pav'd with gold:
2. Those lov'd ones dwell in that cit - y, Whom you plac'd be-neath the sod,
No earth - ly tongue can de-scribe it, Its glo-ries can nev - er be told—
When your heart felt nigh to breaking, And you promised you'd serve your God—
CHORUS.
But I know!.... I know!.... I know! I shall be there!
Will you?..... Will you?..... Say, will you meet me there?
I know! I know!
Will you? Will you?
I know!.... I know!.... I know I shall be there!
Will you?..... Will you?..... Say, will you meet me there?
I know! I know!
Will you? Will you?

3 There is none but the pure and holy
Can ever enter in;
You have no hope of its Glory,
If still you're the servant of sin—
Bless God! Bless God!
Bless God, you may be there!

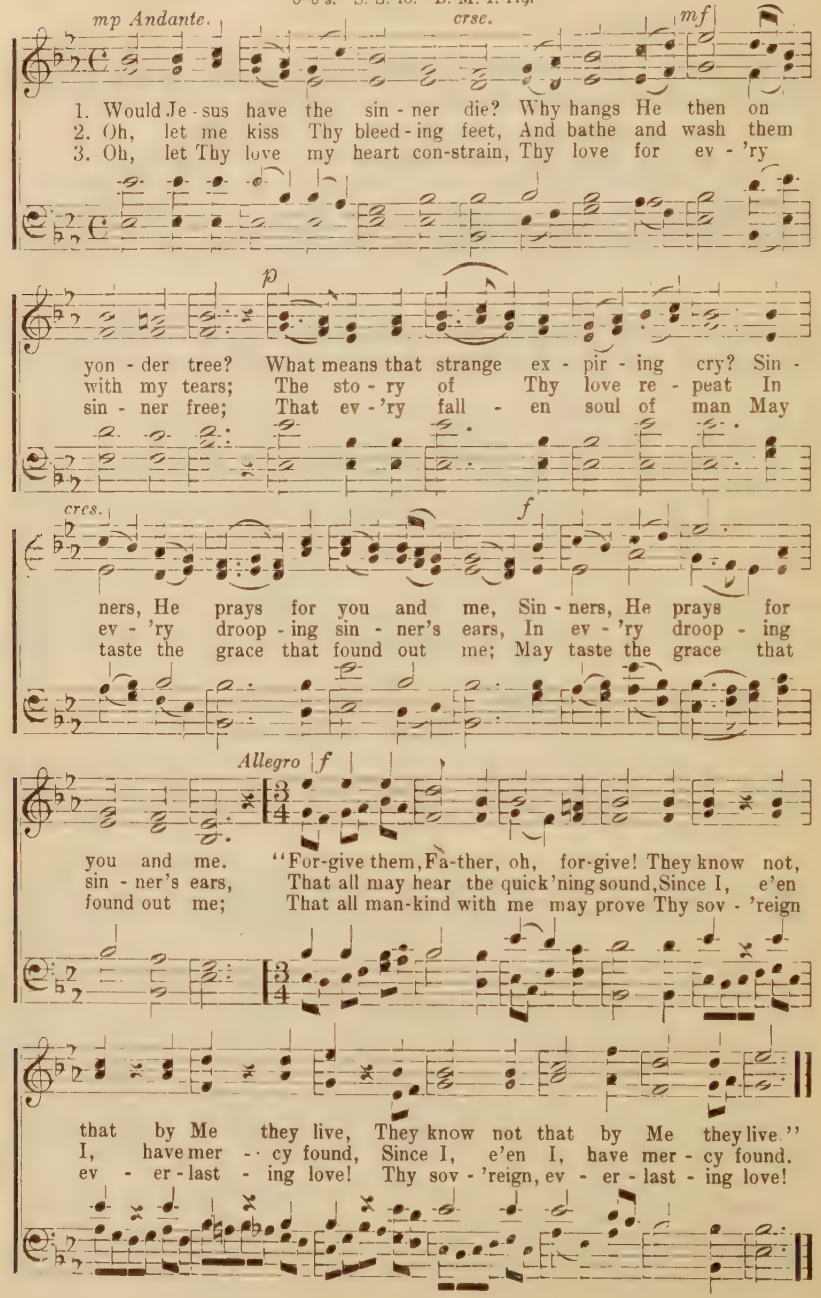
4 Yes, you can go there, my brother,
For Jesus has died on the tree; [ing,
And that same precious Blood is now flow-
That washed a poor sinner like me—
Will you? Will you?
Will you now wash and be clean?

My Home is in Heaven.

P. M. S. S. 634. B. M. I. 253.

mp Andante con moto
1. I have a home that is fair - er than day, And my dear Sav - iour has
2. Friends I shall see, who have journeyed be - fore, And land - ed safe on that
3. Oh, who will jour - ney to heav - en with me? Je - sus has died that we
cres.
shown me the way Oft when I'm sad and temp - ta - tions a - rise.
beau - ti - ful shore; I shall see Je - sus, that will be my joy,
all may go free; Come, then, to Him who has pur-chased for you
mf
f CHORUS.
I look to my home far a - way.
In that bright home far a - way.
A crown in that home far a - way.
My home is in heav - en, there
is no part - ing there, All will be hap - py, glo - rious, bright and fair;
mf
There'll be no sor - row, there'll be no tears, In that bright home far a - way.

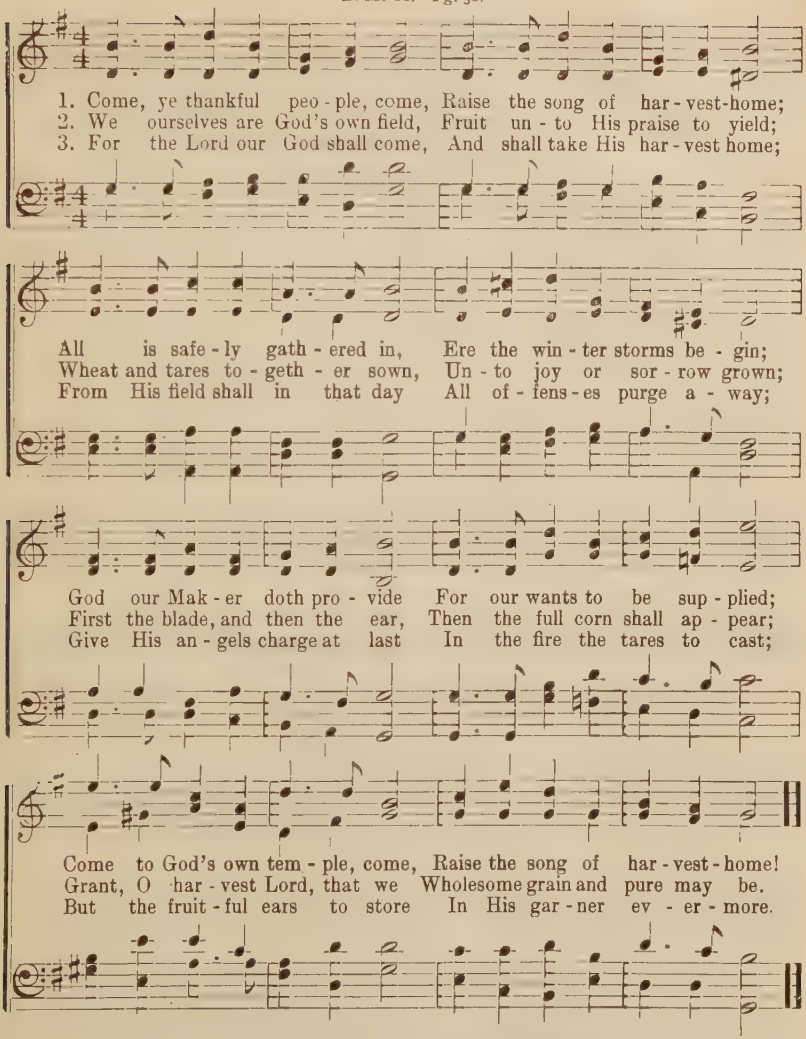
Would Jesus Have the Sinner Die?

6–8's. S. S. 16. B. M. I. 119.


mp Andante.
cresc.
mf
1. Would Je - sus have the sin - ner die? Why hangs He then on
2. Oh, let me kiss Thy bleed - ing feet, And bathe and wash them
3. Oh, let Thy love my heart con-strain, Thy love for ev - 'ry
p
yon - der tree? What means that strange ex - pir - ing cry? Sin -
with my tears; The sto - ry of Thy love re - peat In
sin - ner free; That ev - 'ry fall - en soul of man May
cres.
f
ners, He prays for you and me, Sin - ners, He prays for
ev - 'ry droop - ing sin - ner's ears, In ev - 'ry droop - ing
taste the grace that found out me; May taste the grace that
Allegro
f
you and me. "For-give them, Fa-ther, oh, for-give! They know not,
sin - ner's ears, That all may hear the quick'ning sound, Since I, e'en
found out me; That all man-kind with me may prove Thy sov - 'reign
that by Me they live, They know not that by Me they live."
I, have mer - - cy found, Since I, e'en I, have mer - cy found.
ev - er - last - ing love! Thy sov - 'reign, ev - er - last - ing love!

63 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

B. M. II. Pg. 32.


1. Come, ye thankful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home;
2. We ourselves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
From His field shall in that day All of - fens - es purge a - way;
God our Mak - er doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home!
Grant, O har - vest Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.

64 Thou Lamb of God, Whose Precious Blood.

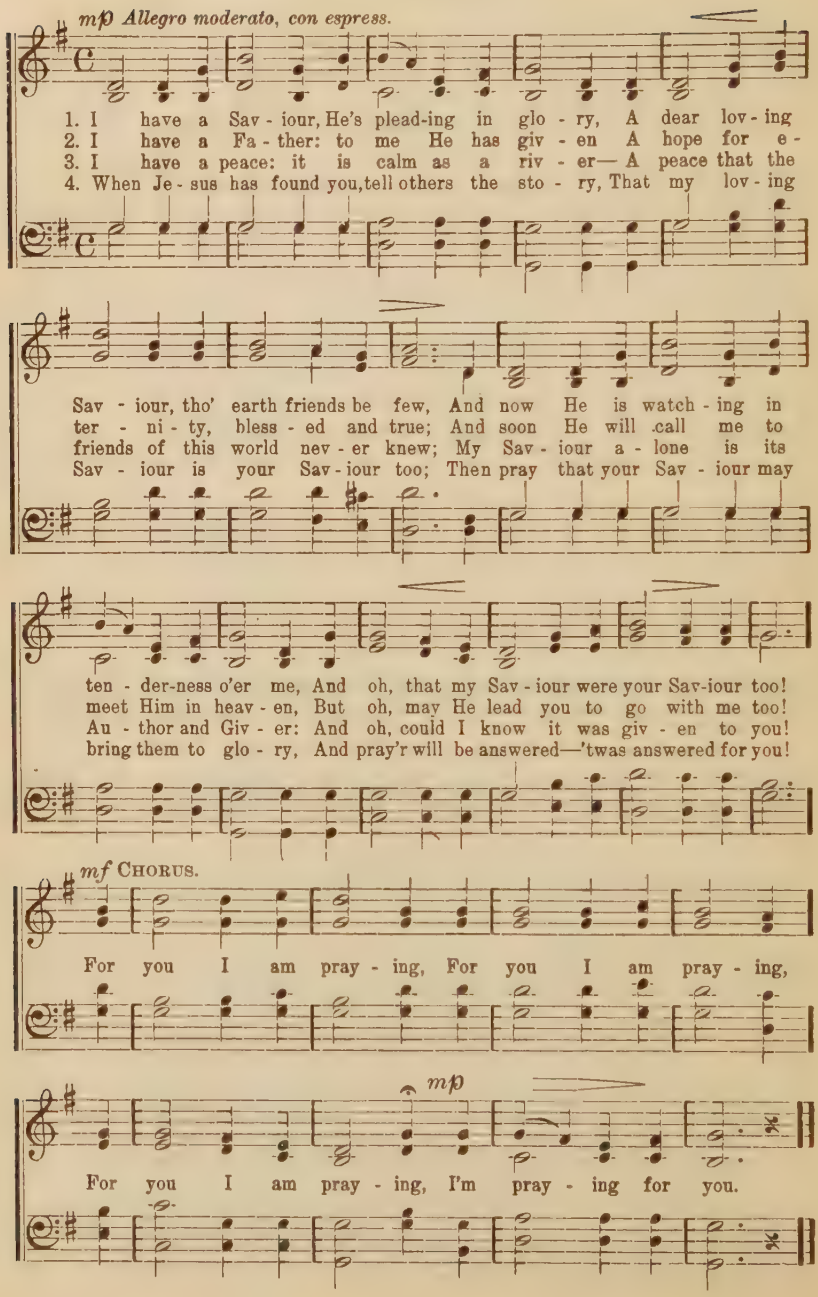
6–8's. Tune—62. S. S. 18 B. M. I. 119.

1 Thou Lamb of God, whose precious blood
For every guilty sinner flows,
A cleansing, efficacious flood,
A healing stream for human woes.
Now let us feel its quickening power,
Oh, cleanse our souls this very hour!

2 Assembled here with one accord,
We claim Thy promised blessing now,
And dare believe Thy precious word,
As down before Thy throne we bow.
Oh, fill us with Thy mighty power,
And save, O Lord, this very hour!

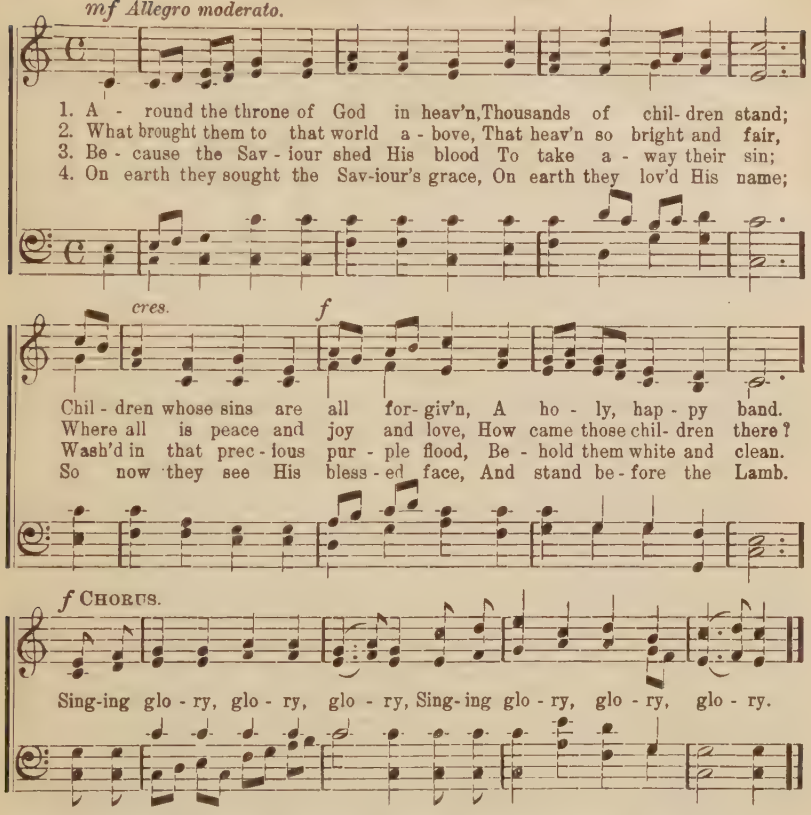
3 Oh, solemnize our every heart,
And let us feel Thy presence now.
Subdue, dear Lord, each stubborn heart,
That all in penitence may bow.
Convict us by Thy mighty power,
And save, dear Lord, this very hour.

For You I Am Praying.

P. M. S. S. 20. B. M. I. 227.

mp Allegro moderato, con espress.
1. I have a Sav - iour, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the
4. When Je - sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing
Sav - iour, tho' earth friends be few, And now He is watch - ing in
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to
friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its
Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may
ten - der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - iour were your Sav-iour too!
meet Him in heav - en, But oh, may He lead you to go with me too!
Au - thor and Giv - er: And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
mf CHORUS.
For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,
mp
For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

66 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

C. M. S. S. 716. B. M. I. 21.


mf Allegro moderato.
1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of chil- dren stand;
2. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
3. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To take a - way their sin;
4. On earth they sought the Sav-iour's grace, On earth they lov'd His name;
cres.
f
Chil - dren whose sins are all for- giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band.
Where all is peace and joy and love, How came those chil- dren there?
Wash'd in that prec - ious pur - ple flood, Be - hold them white and clean.
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb.
f CHORUS.
Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.

67 We Have a Message.

Tune,—65.—S. S. 60.

1 We have a message,
A message from Jesus,
And time is now hastening,
Its moments are few;
He's seeking poor sinners,
Make haste to receive Him.
The Master is come
And He calleth for you.

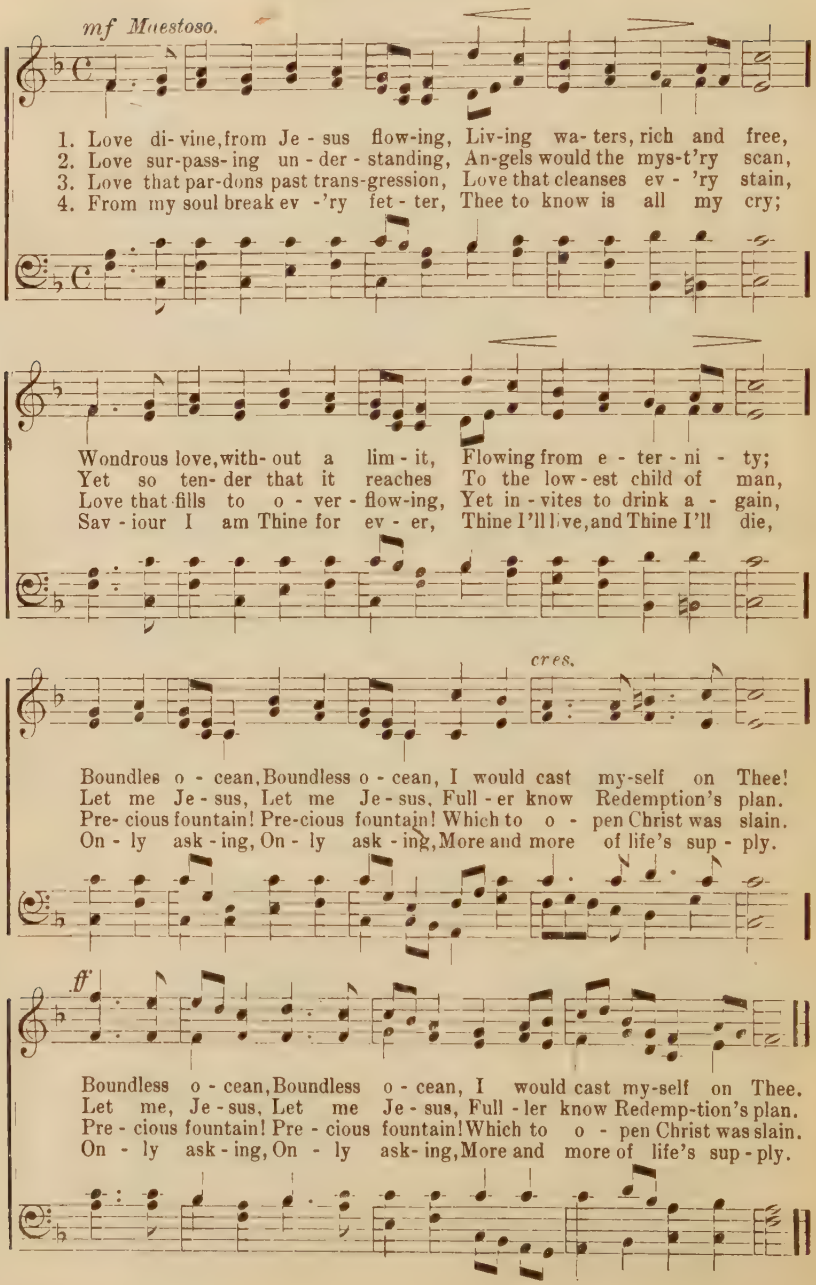
For you He is calling,
For you He is calling,
Yes, Jesus is calling,
Is calling for you.

2 We have a message,
A message from Jesus,
A message of hope
To the poor, weary heart;
The love of my Saviour,
There's nothing so precious.
The friendship of Jesus
Will never depart.

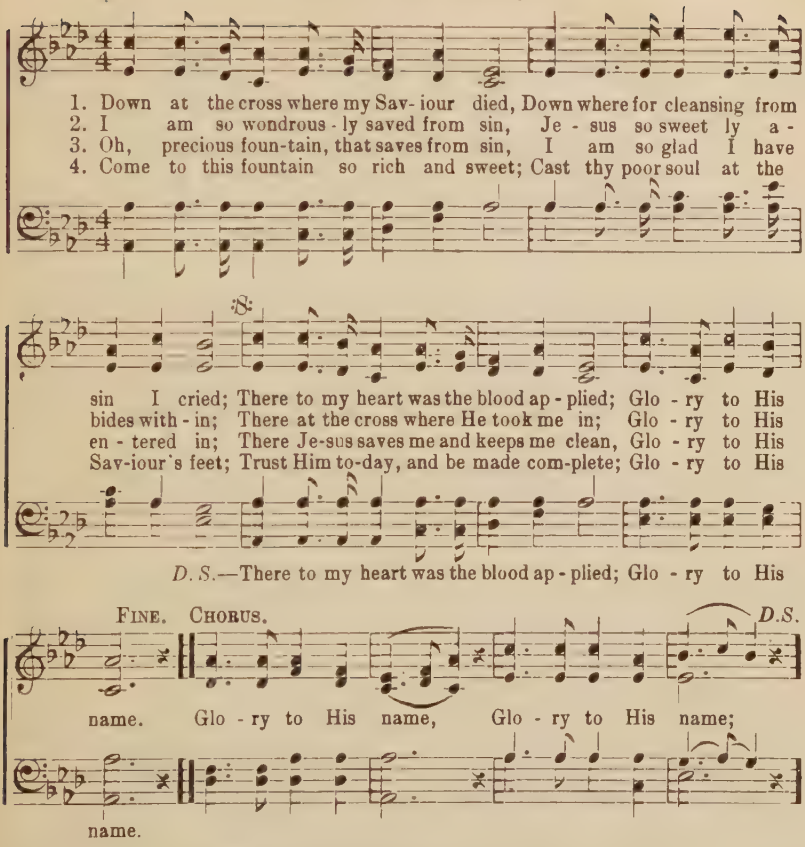
3 We have a message,
A message from Jesus,
A message of love
To the poor drunkard's soul;
The love of my Jesus
Will snap all his fetters.
The blood of my Saviour
Makes perfectly whole.

4 We have a message,
A message from Jesus;
O poor, wretched scoffer,
You're selling your soul!
But Jesus invites you
Just now to receive Him.
And He will forgive you
And pardon the whole.

Love Divine, from Jesus Flowing.

8s. 7s. 4s.—S. S. 414. B. M. I. 162.

mf Maestoso.
1. Love di- vine, from Je - sus flow-ing, Liv-ing wa- ters, rich and free,
2. Love sur-pass- ing un - der - standing, An-gels would the mys-t'ry scan,
3. Love that par-dons past trans-gression, Love that cleanses ev - 'ry stain,
4. From my soul break ev -'ry fet - ter, Thee to know is all my cry;
Wondrous love, with- out a lim - it, Flowing from e - ter - ni - ty;
Yet so ten- der that it reaches To the low - est child of man,
Love that fills to o - ver - flow-ing, Yet in - vites to drink a - gain,
Sav - iour I am Thine for ev - er, Thine I'll live, and Thine I'll die,
cres.
Boundless o - cean, Boundless o - cean, I would cast my-self on Thee!
Let me Je - sus, Let me Je - sus, Full - er know Redemption's plan.
Pre- cious fountain! Pre-cious fountain! Which to o - pen Christ was slain.
On - ly ask - ing, On - ly ask - ing, More and more of life's sup - ply.
ff
Boundless o - cean, Boundless o - cean, I would cast my-self on Thee.
Let me, Je - sus, Let me Je - sus, Full - ler know Redemp-tion's plan.
Pre - cious fountain! Pre - cious fountain! Which to o - pen Christ was slain.
On - ly ask - ing, On - ly ask- ing, More and more of life's sup - ply.

69 Glory to His Name.

P. M. S. S 506. B. M. I, 230.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav- iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet ly a -
3. Oh, precious foun-tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His
Sav-iour's feet; Trust Him to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His
FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;
name.

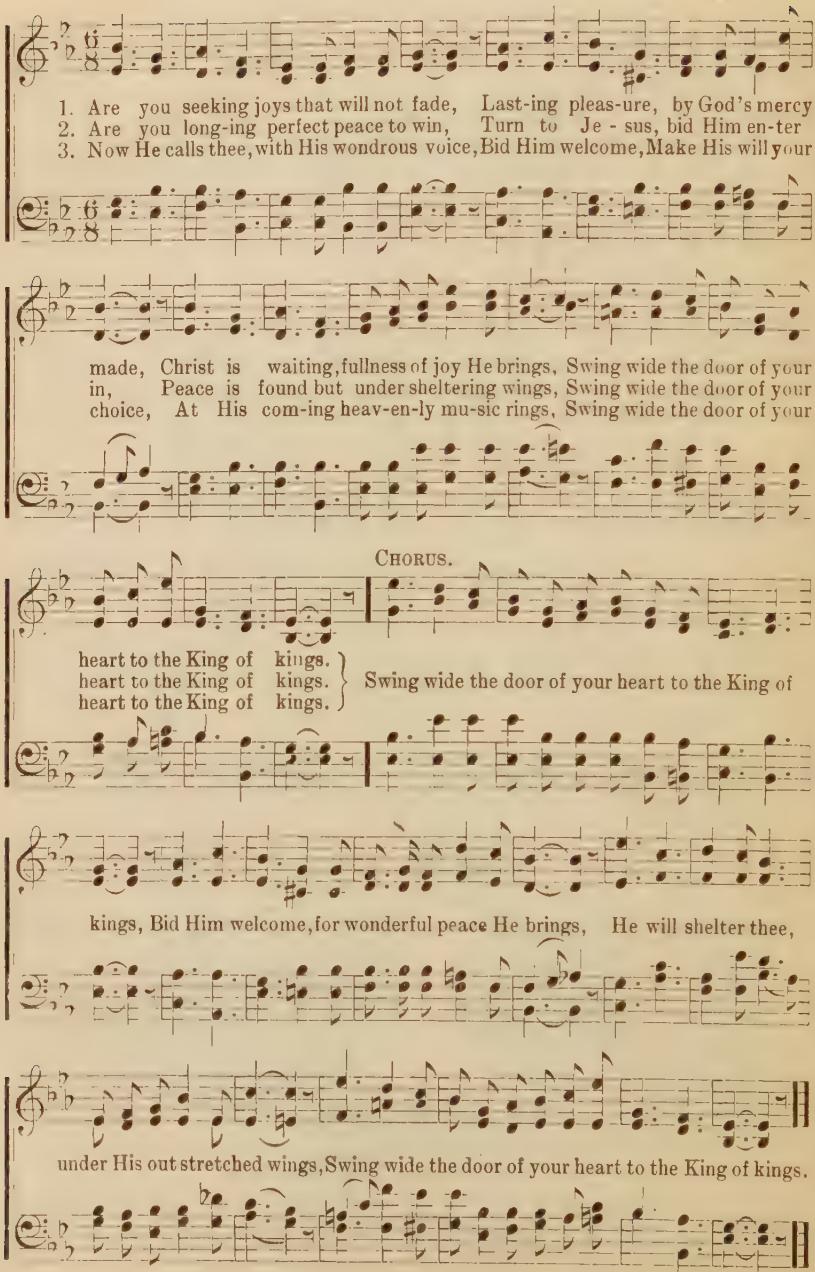
70 Saviour, while My Heart is Tender.

Tune – 68.

1 Saviour, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine to be.
Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine:
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.

2 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do Thy will, or bear it,
I would know no will, but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

3 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no alteration,
Published and confirmed on high.
Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never,
Seal Thine image on my heart.

Swing Wide the Door of Your Heart.

1. Are you seeking joys that will not fade, Last-ing pleas-ure, by God's mercy
2. Are you long-ing perfect peace to win, Turn to Je - sus, bid Him en-ter
3. Now He calls thee, with His wondrous voice, Bid Him welcome, Make His will your
made, Christ is waiting, fullness of joy He brings, Swing wide the door of your
in, Peace is found but under sheltering wings, Swing wide the door of your
choice, At His com-ing heav-en-ly mu-sic rings, Swing wide the door of your
CHORUS.
heart to the King of kings.
heart to the King of kings.
heart to the King of kings.
Swing wide the door of your heart to the King of
kings, Bid Him welcome, for wonderful peace He brings, He will shelter thee,
under His out stretched wings, Swing wide the door of your heart to the King of kings.

Never Alone.

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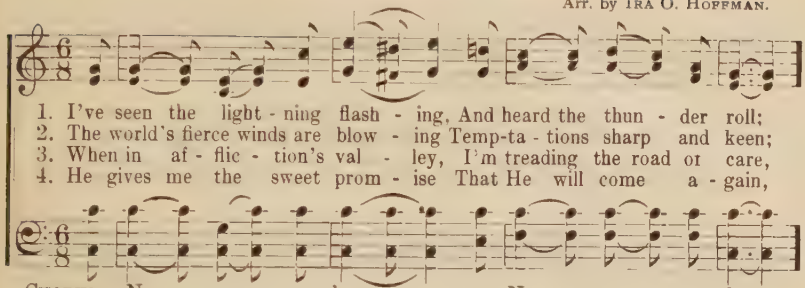
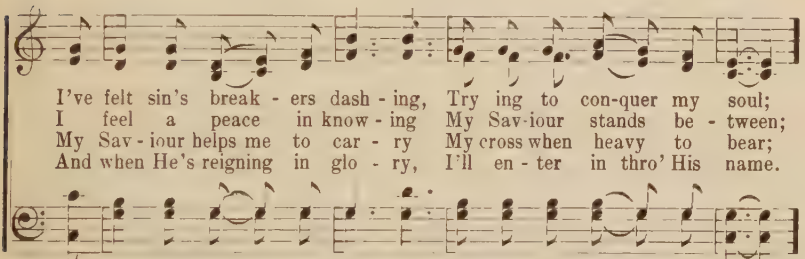
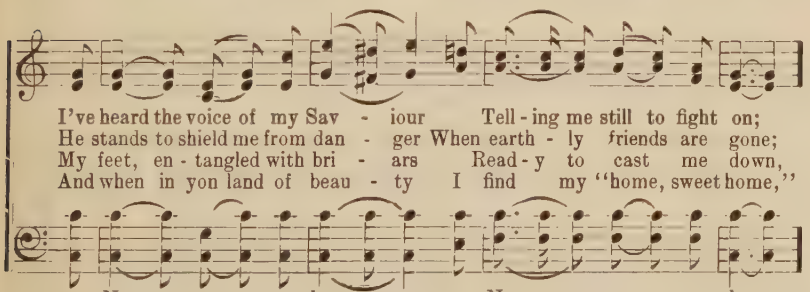
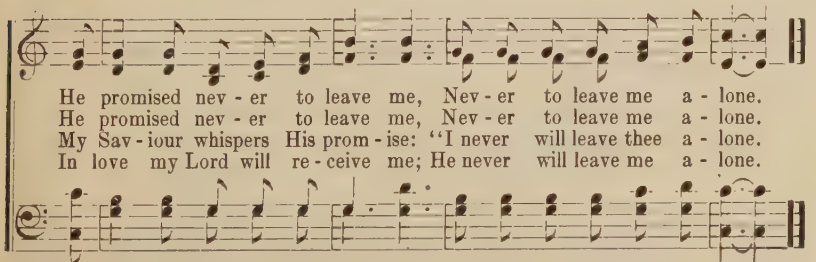
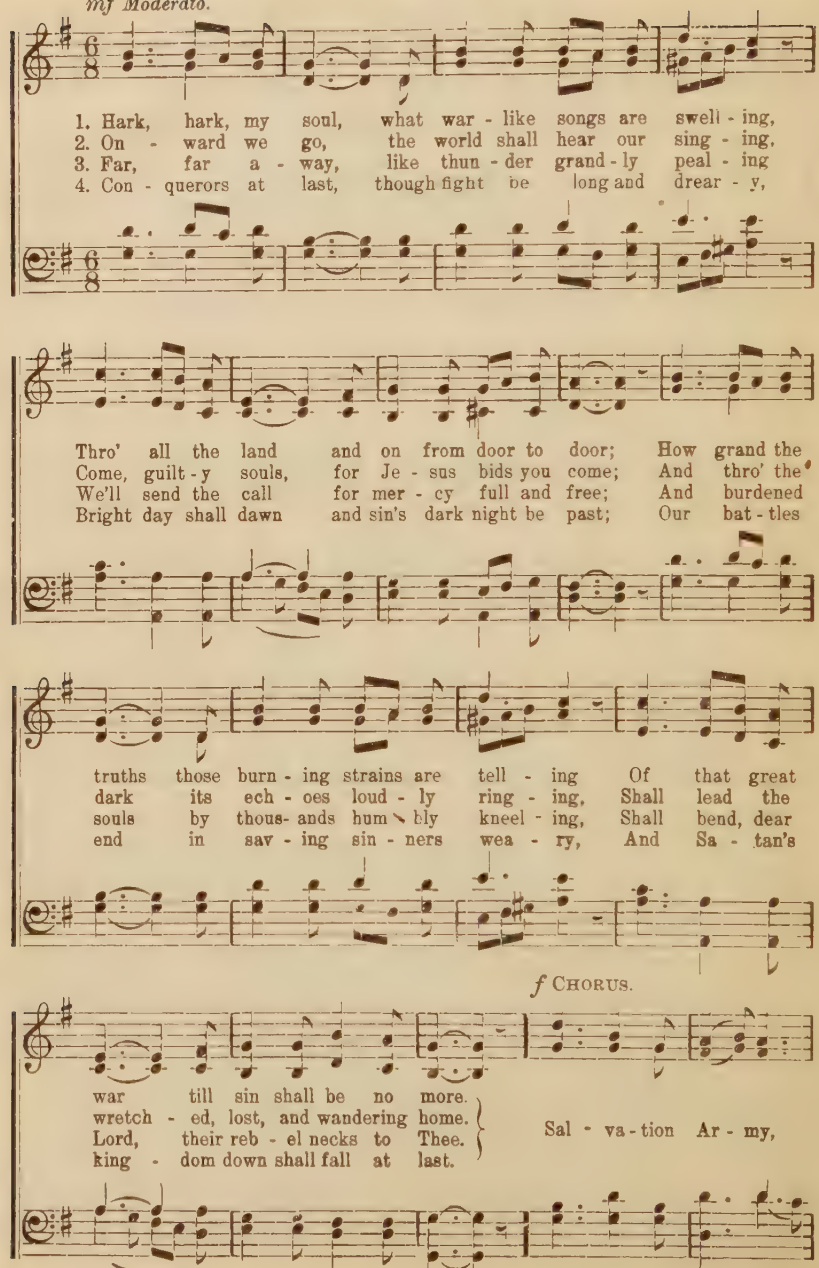
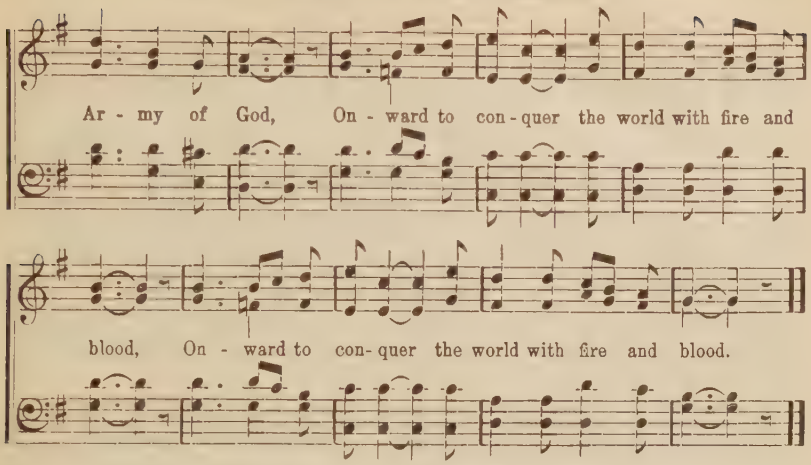

1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing Temp-ta - tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He gives me the sweet prom - ise That He will come a - gain,
Chorus.—No, nev-er a - lone,..... No, nev - er a - lone;


I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try ing to con-quer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav-iour stands be - tween;
My Sav - iour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
And when He's reigning in glo - ry, I'll en - ter in thro' His name.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

I've heard the voice of my Sav - iour Tell - ing me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, en - tangled with bri - ars Read - y to cast me down,
And when in yon land of beau - ty I find my "home, sweet home,"
No, nev - er a- lone,..... No,..... nev - er a - lone;

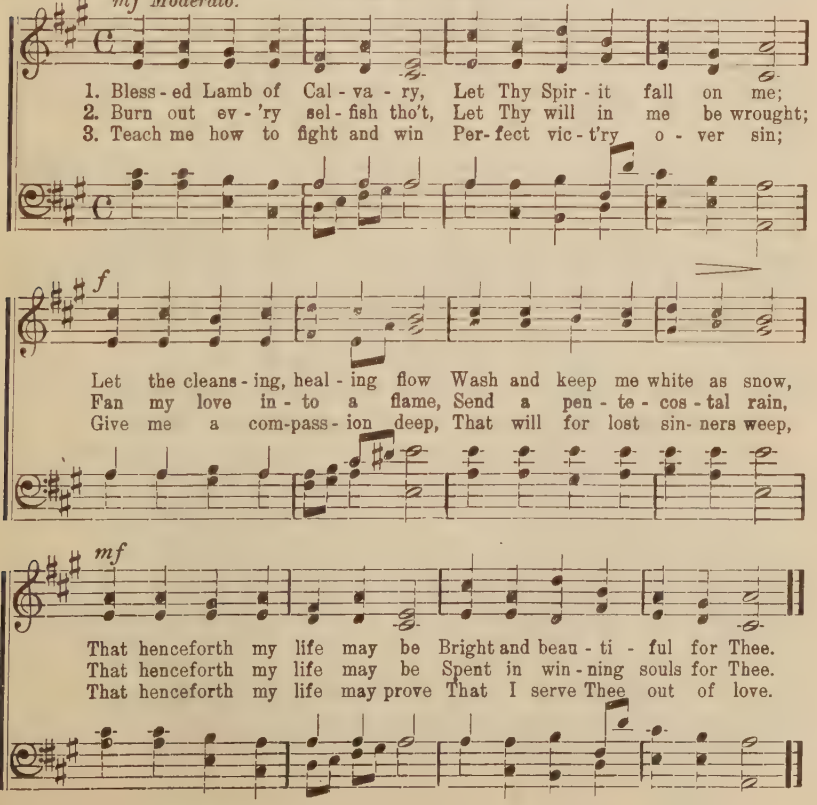
D. C. Chorus.

He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - iour whispers His prom - ise: "I never will leave thee a - lone.
In love my Lord will re - ceive me; He never will leave me a - lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

Hark, Hark, My Soul.

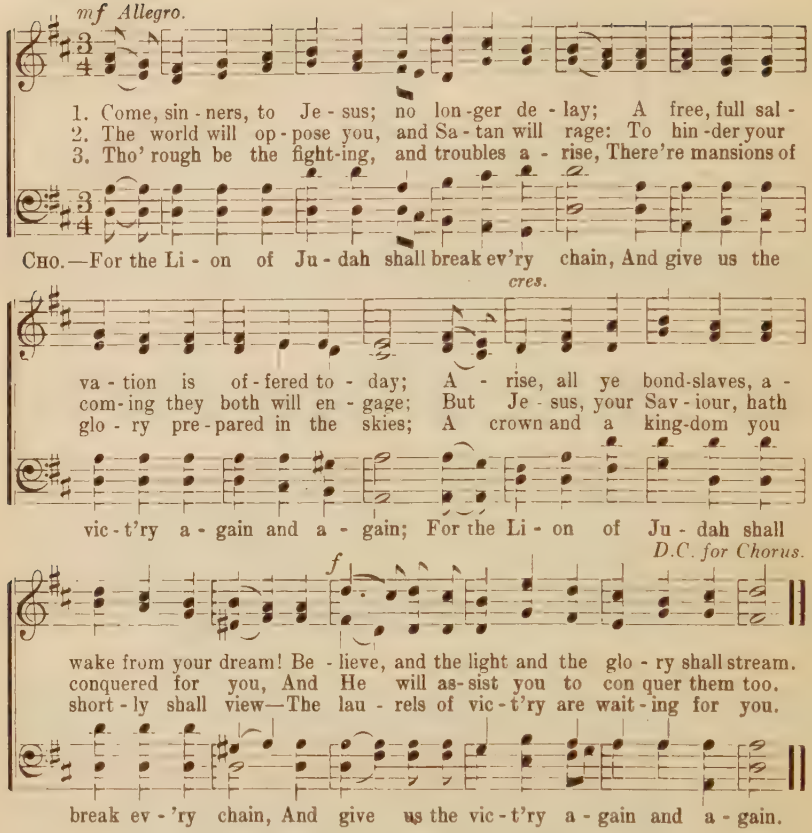
P. M. S. S. 564. B. M. I. 236.

mf Moderato.

1. Hark, hark, my soul, what war - like songs are swell - ing,
2. On - ward we go, the world shall hear our sing - ing,
3. Far, far a - way, like thun - der grand - ly peal - ing
4. Con - querors at last, though fight be long and drear - y,
Thro' all the land and on from door to door; How grand the
Come, guilt - y souls, for Je - sus bids you come; And thro' the
We'll send the call for mer - cy full and free; And burdened
Bright day shall dawn and sin's dark night be past; Our bat - tles
truths those burn - ing strains are tell - ing Of that great
dark its ech - oes loud - ly ring - ing, Shall lead the
souls by thous- ands hum - bly kneel - ing, Shall bend, dear
end in sav - ing sin - ners wea - ry, And Sa - tan's
f CHORUS.
war till sin shall be no more.
wretch - ed, lost, and wandering home.
Lord, their reb - el necks to Thee.
king - dom down shall fall at last.
Sal - va - tion Ar - my,

74

Blessed Lamb of Calvary.

7's. S. S. 375. B. M. I. 90.

mf Moderato.
1. Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Let Thy Spir - it fall on me;
2. Burn out ev - 'ry sel - fish tho't, Let Thy will in me be wrought;
3. Teach me how to fight and win Per - fect vic - t'ry o - ver sin;
f
Let the cleans - ing, heal - ing flow Wash and keep me white as snow,
Fan my love in - to a flame, Send a pen - te - cos - tal rain,
Give me a com-pass - ion deep, That will for lost sin- ners weep,
mf
That henceforth my life may be Bright and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
That henceforth my life may be Spent in win - ning souls for Thee.
That henceforth my life may prove That I serve Thee out of love.

75 The Lion of Judah.

11's y. S. S. B. M. I. 190.

mf Allegro.
1. Come, sin - ners, to Je - sus; no lon-ger de - lay; A free, full sal -
2. The world will op - pose you, and Sa - tan will rage: To hin -der your
3. Tho' rough be the fight-ing, and troubles a - rise, There're mansions of
Cho.—For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the
cres.
va - tion is of - fered to - day; A - rise, all ye bond-slaves, a -
com - ing they both will en - gage; But Je - sus, your Sav - iour, hath
glo - ry pre - pared in the skies; A crown and a king-dom you
vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain; For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall
D.C. for Chorus.
f
wake from your dream! Be - lieve, and the light and the glo - ry shall stream.
conquered for you, And He will as-sist you to con quer them too.
short - ly shall view—The lau - rels of vic - t'ry are wait - ing for you.
break ev - 'ry chain, And give us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain.

76 So Near to the Kingdom.

11's y. Tune 75. S. S. 104. B. M. I 190.

1 So near to the kingdom,
Oh, what dost thou lack?
What is it, poor sinner,
That's keeping thee back?
The Master is waiting
To set thy soul free,
Oh, come to the Saviour,
He's calling for thee.

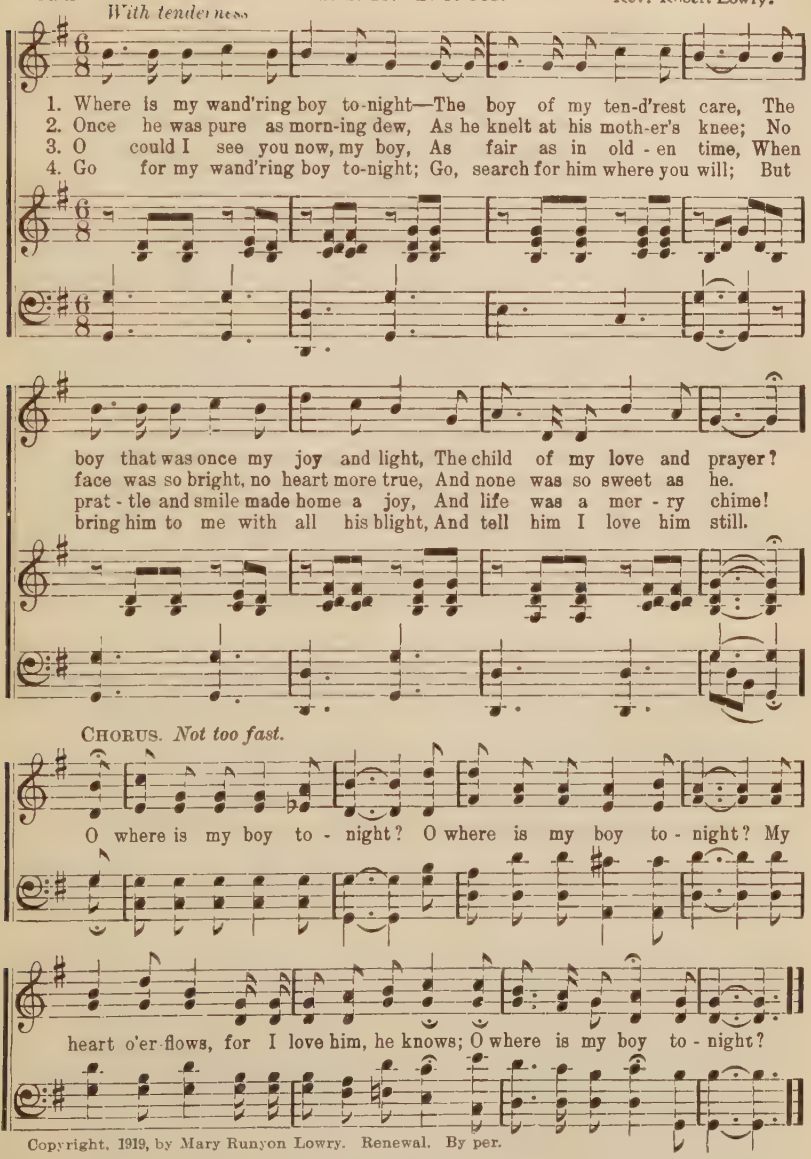
Calling for thee, sinner, calling for thee!
Our Saviour is calling, is calling for thee!

2 So near to the fountain,
But not yet plunged in—
So near, but unwilling
To let go your sin.
Men slip in before you,
Will you not come too?
The Saviour is calling,
Is calling for you.

3 So near that thou hearest
Him saying to thee,
"What wilt thou, poor sinner.
I should do for thee?
I gave up My life
For the soul which is lost,
Oh, come and get down
At the foot of the cross."

4 What is it, my brother,
That's keeping thee back?
What is it makes Christ say,
"There's one thing you lack?"
Renounce every idol,
Though dear it may be,
And come to the Saviour,
He's calling for thee!

77 Where is My Boy To-Night?

R. L. S. S. 19. B. J. 368. Rev. Robert Lowry.

With tenderness
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But
boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat - tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.
CHORUS. Not too fast.
O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My
heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

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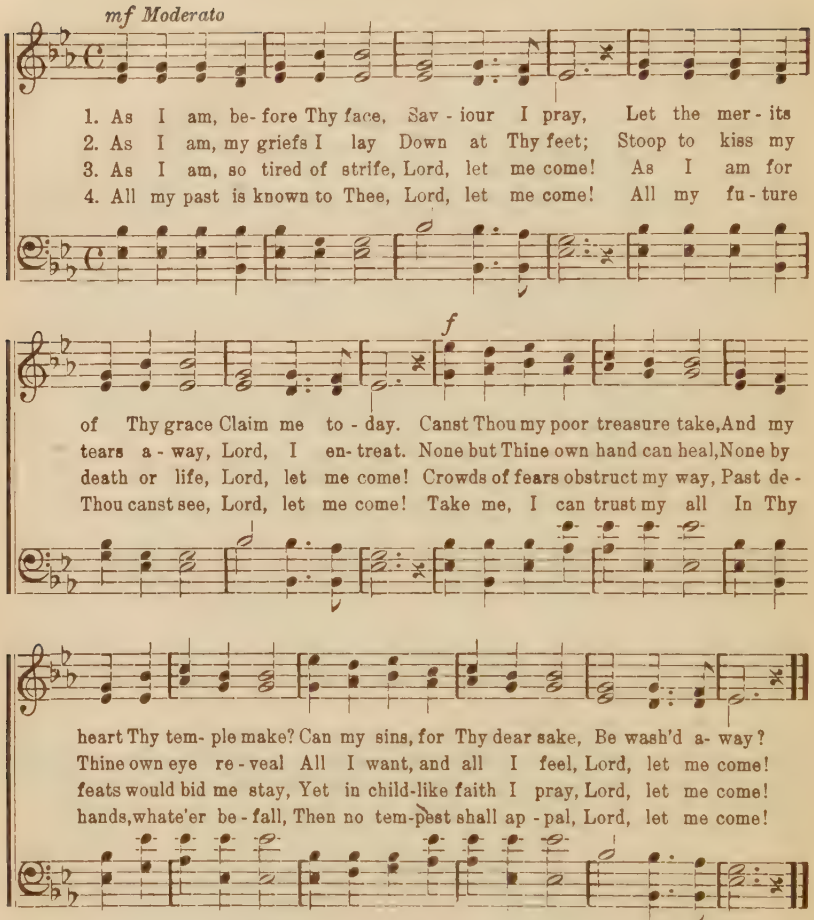
78 Oh, Come to My Saviour.

Chorus,—Tune,—77.

CHORUS.—Oh, come to my Saviour now,
Oh, come to my Saviour now,
Behold, He stands with out-stretched hands,
Oh, come to my Saviour now

79 As I Am, Before Thy Face.

7's & 4's. S. S. 183. B. M. I. 95.


mf Moderato
1. As I am, be- fore Thy face, Sav - iour I pray, Let the mer - its
2. As I am, my griefs I lay Down at Thy feet; Stoop to kiss my
3. As I am, so tired of strife, Lord, let me come! As I am for
4. All my past is known to Thee, Lord, let me come! All my fu - ture
f
of Thy grace Claim me to - day. Canst Thou my poor treasure take, And my
tears a - way, Lord, I en- treat. None but Thine own hand can heal, None by
death or life, Lord, let me come! Crowds of fears obstruct my way, Past de -
Thou canst see, Lord, let me come! Take me, I can trust my all In Thy
heart Thy tem- ple make? Can my sins, for Thy dear sake, Be wash'd a- way?
Thine own eye re - veal All I want, and all I feel, Lord, let me come!
feats would bid me stay, Yet in child-like faith I pray, Lord, let me come!
hands, whate'er be - fall, Then no tem-pest shall ap - pal, Lord, let me come!

80 Be the Matter What it May.

7's & 4's. Tune—79. S. S. 720. B. M. I. 95.

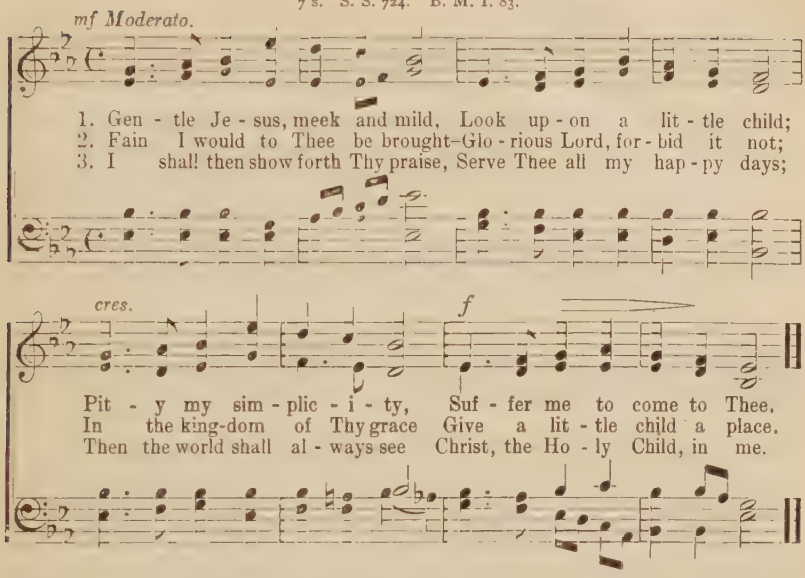
1 Be the matter what it may,
Always speak the truth;"
Whether work or whether play,
Always speak the truth.
Never from this rule depart,
'Grave it deeply on your heart,
Written 'tis in God's own chart,
Always speak the truth.

2 Falsehoods seldom stand alone,
Always speak the truth;
One begets another one,
Always speak the truth.
Falsehood all the soul degrades,
'Tis a sin from which proceeds
Greater sins and darker deeds,
Always speak the truth.

3 When you're wrong the folly own,
Always speak the truth;
Here's a victory to be won,
Always speak the truth.
He who speaks with lying tongue,
Adds to wrong a greater wrong;
Then, with courage true and strong,
Always speak the truth.

81 Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

7's. S. S. 724. B. M. I. 83.


mf Moderato.
1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
2. Fain I would to Thee be brought–Glo - rious Lord, for - bid it not;
3. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my hap - py days;
cres.
f
Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty, Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
In the king-dom of Thy grace Give a lit - tle child a place.
Then the world shall al - ways see Christ, the Ho - ly Child, in me.

82 Hear we not a Voice from Heaven.

Tune—81. S. S. 712.

1 Hear we not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?
"Children, come!" it seems to say;
"Give your hearts to Me to-day."

2 Lord, we would remember Thee,
While from pain and sorrow free;
While our day is in its dew.
And the clouds of life are few.

3 Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious Leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

4 Now to Thee, O Lord, we come,
In the morning's early bloom
Breathe on us Thy grace divine,
Touch our hearts and make them Thine.

83 There is a Happy Land.

Tune 79. S. S. 728.

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King!"
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

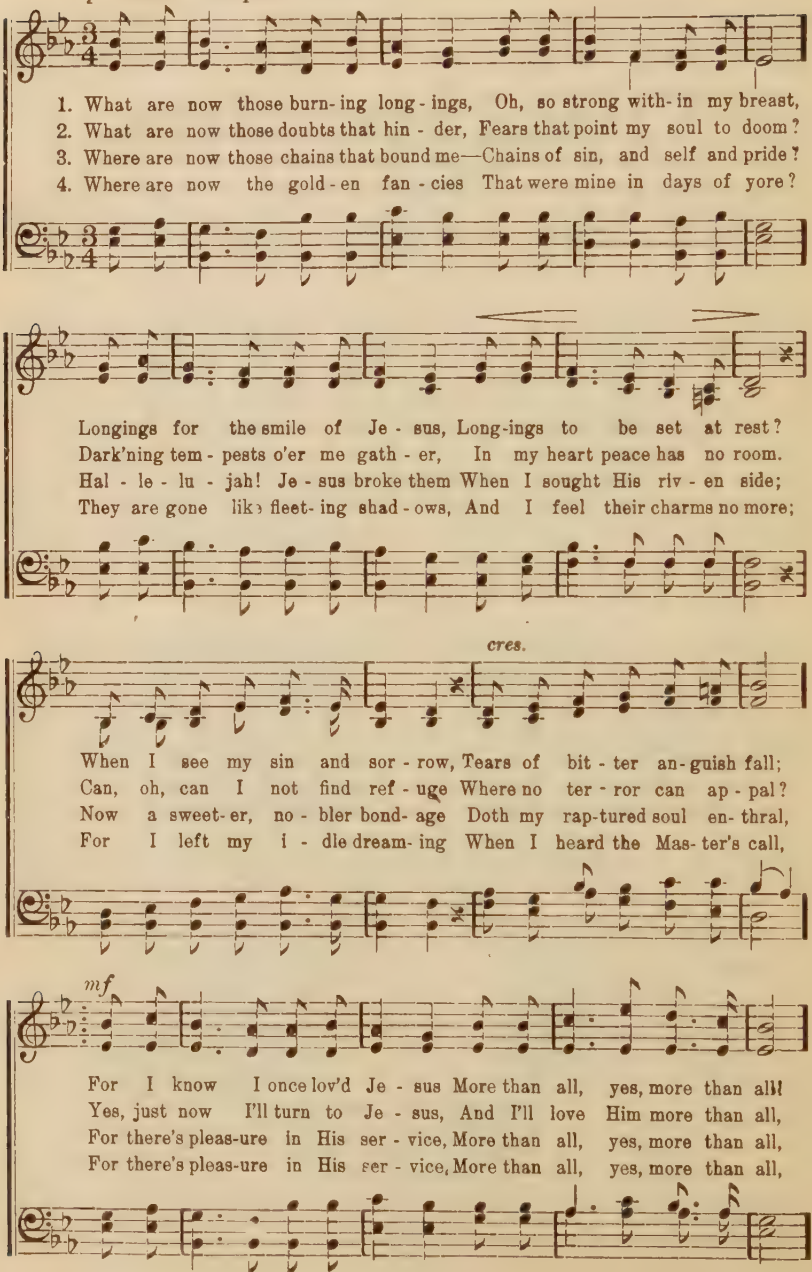
2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
On, then to glory run!
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

I Have Pleasure in His Service.

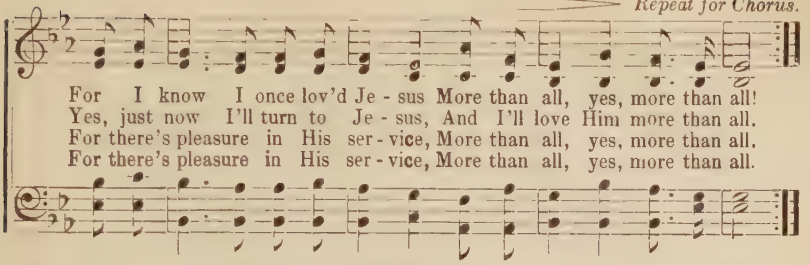
8's & 7's. S. S. 435. B. M. I. 171.

p Andante con espress.


1. What are now those burn- ing long - ings, Oh, so strong with- in my breast,
2. What are now those doubts that hin - der, Fears that point my soul to doom?
3. Where are now those chains that bound me—Chains of sin, and self and pride?
4. Where are now the gold - en fan - cies That were mine in days of yore?
Longings for the smile of Je - sus, Long-ings to be set at rest?
Dark'ning tem - pests o'er me gath - er, In my heart peace has no room.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus broke them When I sought His riv - en side;
They are gone like fleet- ing shad - ows, And I feel their charms no more;
cres.
When I see my sin and sor - row, Tears of bit - ter an- guish fall;
Can, oh, can I not find ref - uge Where no ter - ror can ap - pal?
Now a sweet- er, no - bler bond- age Doth my rap-tured soul en- thral,
For I left my i - dle dream- ing When I heard the Mas- ter's call,
mf
For I know I once lov'd Je - sus More than all, yes, more than all!
Yes, just now I'll turn to Je - sus, And I'll love Him more than all,
For there's pleas-ure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all,
For there's pleas-ure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all,

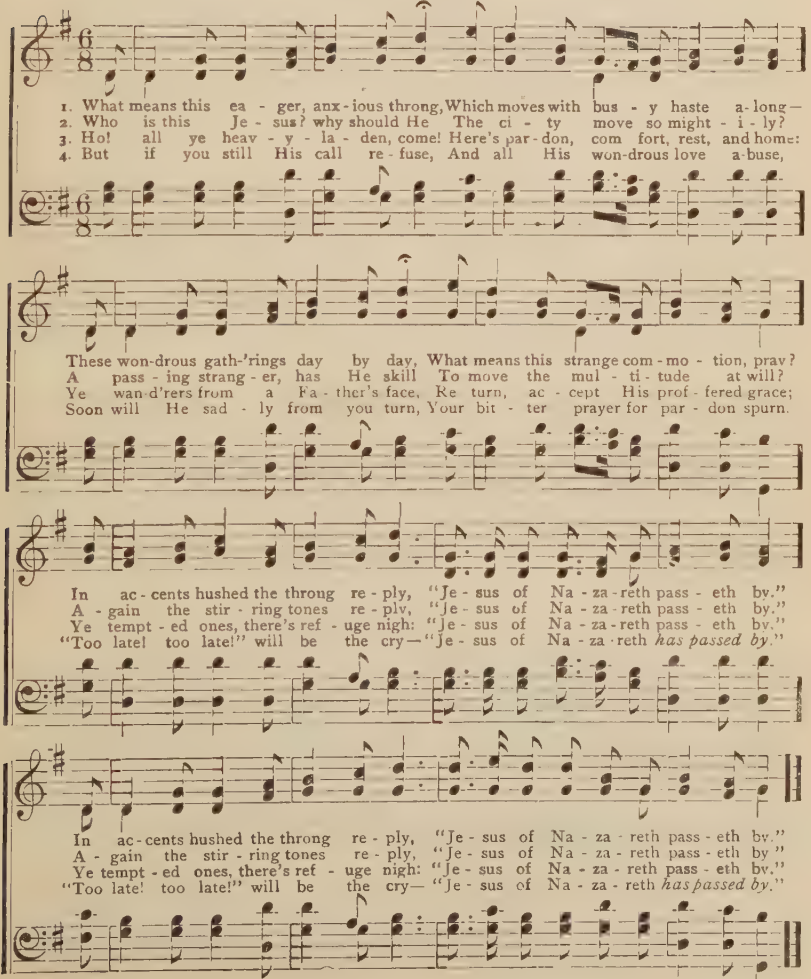
I have Pleasure in His Service.—Concluded.

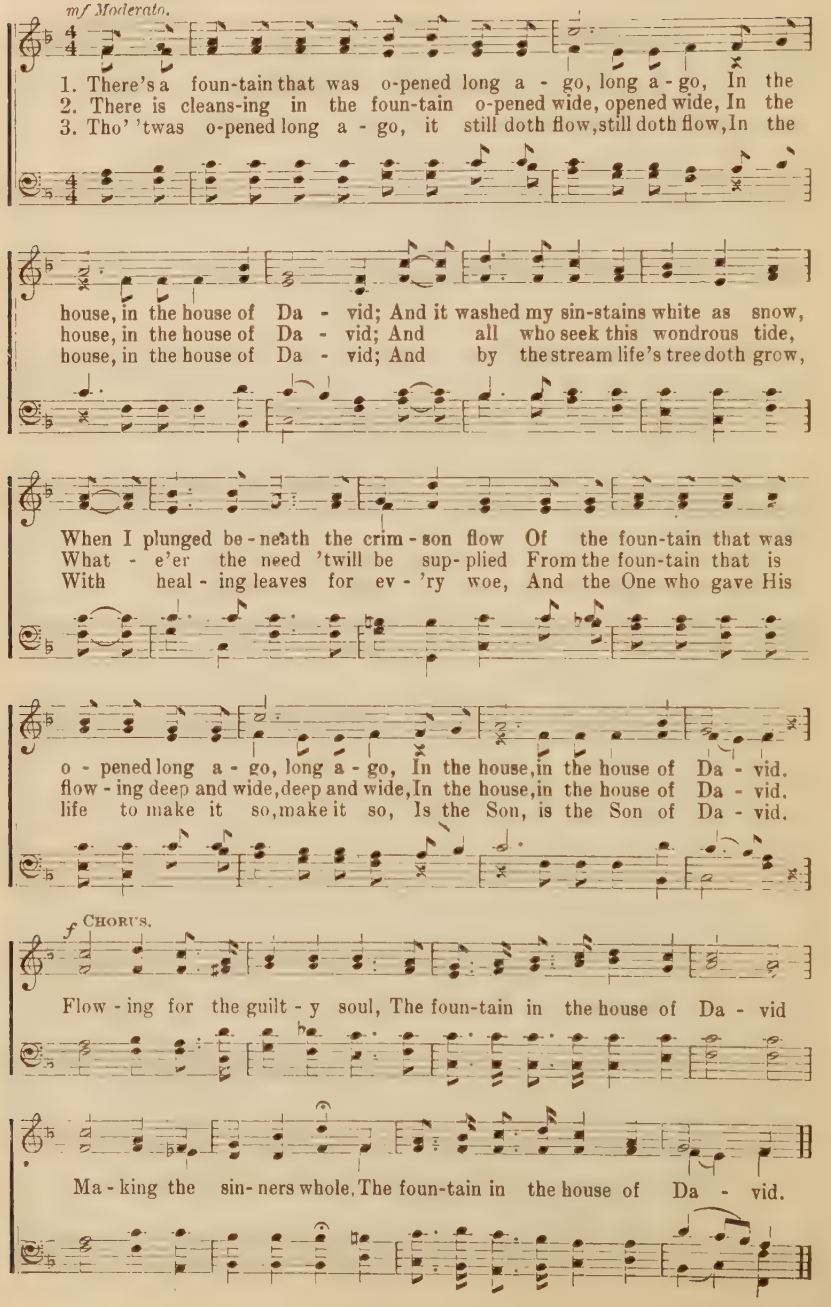
Repeat for Chorus.


For I know I once lov'd Je - sus More than all, yes, more than all!
Yes, just now I'll turn to Je - sus, And I'll love Him more than all.
For there's pleasure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all.
For there's pleasure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all.

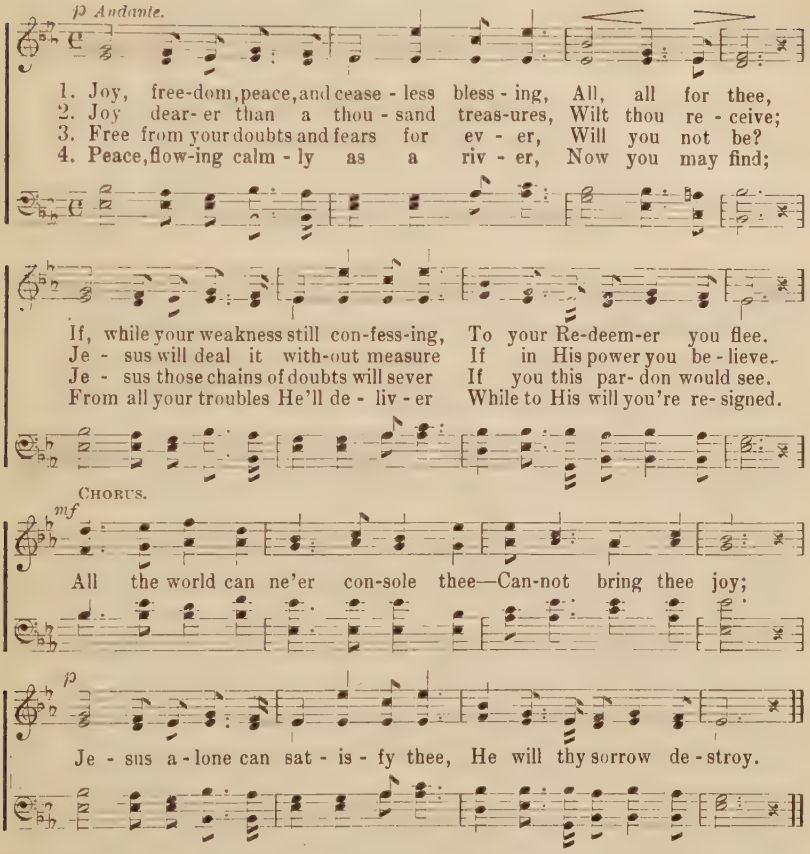
85 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.

6—8's. S. S. 85.


1. What means this ea - ger, anx - ious throng, Which moves with bus - y haste a - long—
2. Who is this Je - sus? why should He The ci - ty move so might - i - ly?
3. Ho! all ye heav - y - la - den, come! Here's par - don, com fort, rest, and home:
4. But if you still His call re - fuse, And all His won-drous love a - buse,
These won-drous gath-'rings day by day, What means this strange com - mo - tion, pray?
A pass - ing strang - er, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
Ye wan-d'rers from a Fa - ther's face, Re turn, ac - cept His prof - fered grace;
Soon will He sad - ly from you turn, Your bit - ter prayer for par - don spurn.
In ac - cents hushed the throng re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
Ye tempt - ed ones, there's ref - uge nigh: "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—"Je - sus of Na - za - reth *has passed by*."
In ac - cents hushed the throng re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
Ye tempt - ed ones, there's ref - uge nigh: "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry— "Je - sus of Na - za - reth *has passed by*."

The Fountain in the House of David.

mf Moderato.
1. There's a foun-tain that was o-pened long a - go, long a - go, In the
2. There is cleans-ing in the foun-tain o-pened wide, opened wide, In the
3. Tho' 'twas o-pened long a - go, it still doth flow, still doth flow, In the
house, in the house of Da - vid; And it washed my sin-stains white as snow,
house, in the house of Da - vid; And all who seek this wondrous tide,
house, in the house of Da - vid; And by the stream life's tree doth grow,
When I plunged be-neath the crim-son flow Of the foun-tain that was
What - e'er the need 'twill be sup-plied From the foun-tain that is
With heal - ing leaves for ev - 'ry woe, And the One who gave His
o - pened long a - go, long a - go, In the house, in the house of Da - vid.
flow - ing deep and wide, deep and wide, In the house, in the house of Da - vid.
life to make it so, make it so, Is the Son, is the Son of Da - vid.
f CHORUS.
Flow - ing for the guilt - y soul, The foun-tain in the house of Da - vid
Ma - king the sin-ners whole, The foun-tain in the house of Da - vid.

87 Joy, Freedom, Peace.

P. M.—S. S. 95. B. M. I. 246.

p Andante.
1. Joy, free-dom, peace, and cease - less bless - ing, All, all for thee,
2. Joy dear- er than a thou - sand treas-ures, Wilt thou re - ceive;
3. Free from your doubts and fears for ev - er, Will you not be?
4. Peace, flow-ing calm - ly as a riv - er, Now you may find;
If, while your weakness still con-fess-ing, To your Re-deem-er you flee.
Je - sus will deal it with-out measure If in His power you be - lieve.
Je - sus those chains of doubts will sever If you this par- don would see.
From all your troubles He'll de - liv - er While to His will you're re- signed.
CHORUS.
mf
All the world can ne'er con-sole thee—Can-not bring thee joy;
p
Je - sus a - lone can sat - is - fy thee, He will thy sorrow de - stroy.

88 Old Folks at Home.

P. M.—Tune 87. B. M. I. 246.

1 Way down upon the Sw'anee riber,
Far, far away;
Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber,
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'ry whar I roam
Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

2 All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder
Dere let me live and die.

3 One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love;
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming
All 'round de comb;
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

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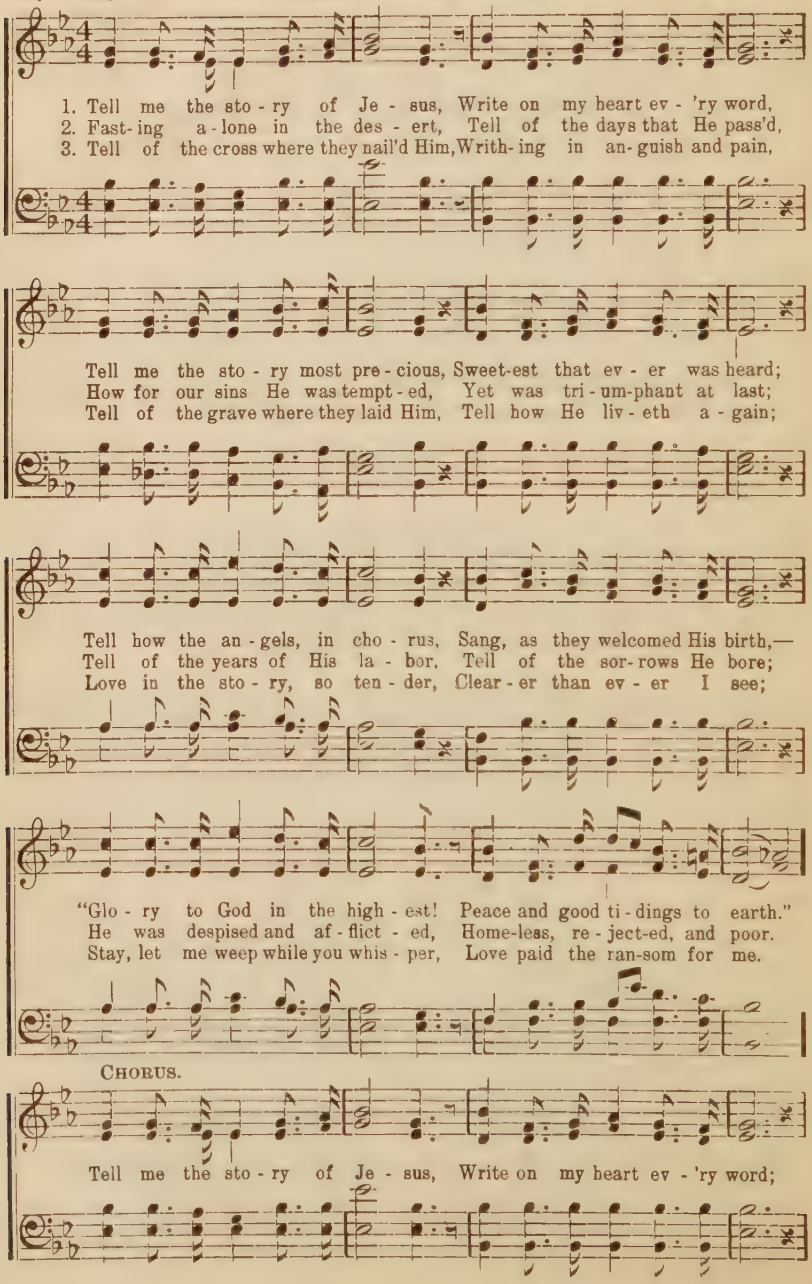
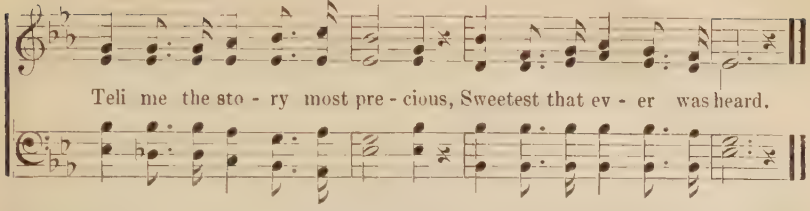
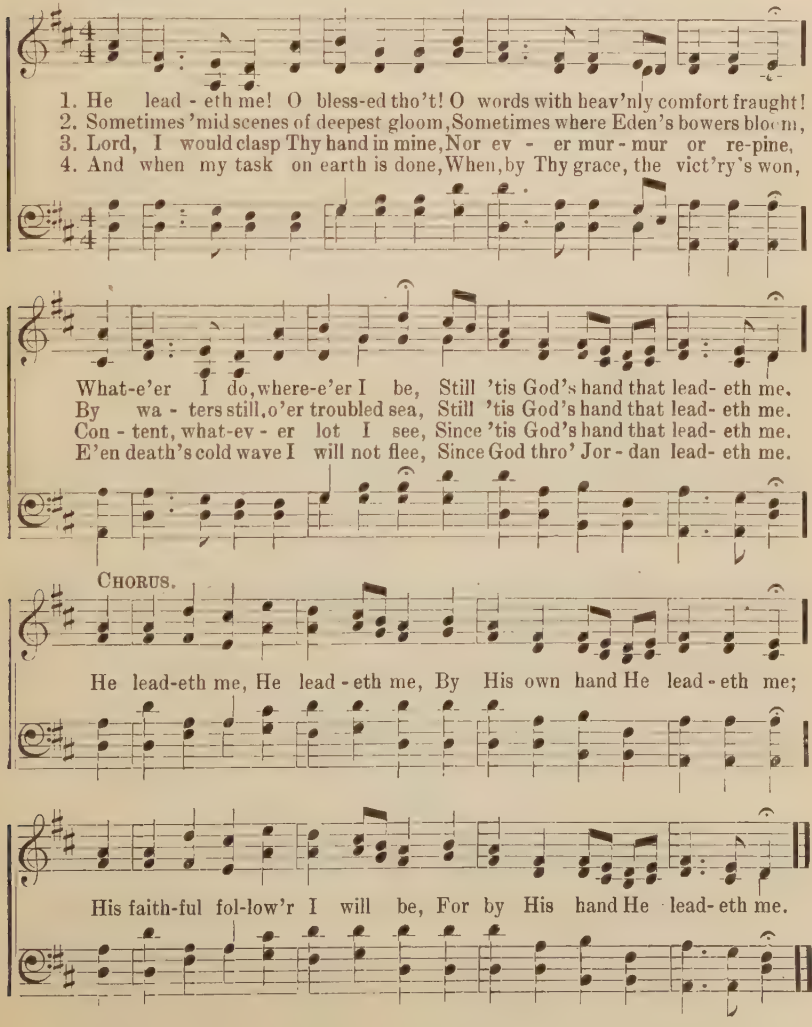
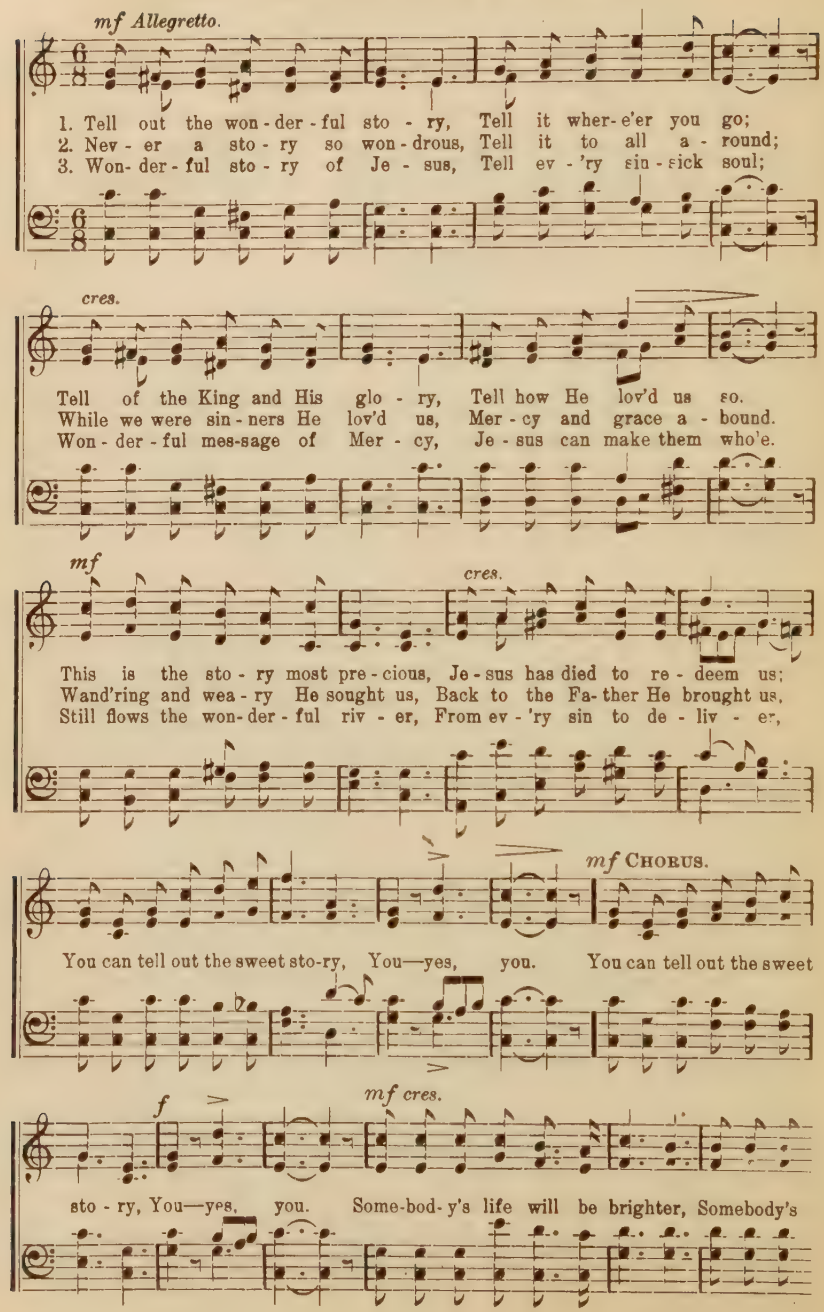
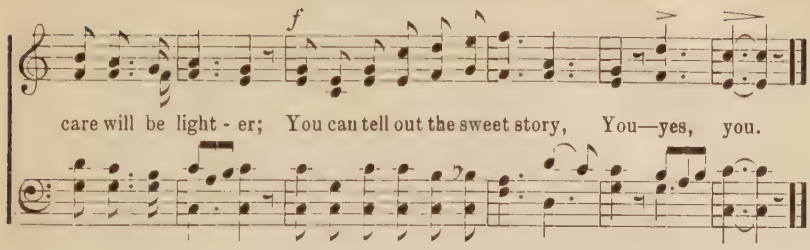
Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1917, Homer A. Rodeheaver. Used by Permission. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast - ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He pass'd,
3. Tell of the cross where they nail'd Him, Writh - ing in an - guish and pain,
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang, as they welcomed His birth,—
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - rows He bore;
Love in the sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed, and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.
CHORUS.
Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;

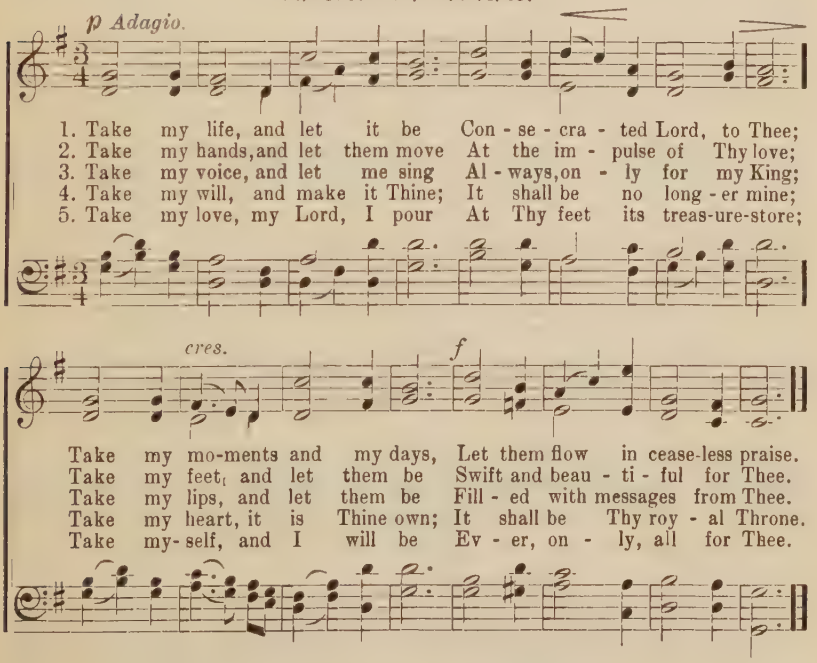


90 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmour. L. M. S. S. 699.


1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead- eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead- eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead- eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead- eth me.
Chorus.
He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me;
His faith-ful fol-low'r I will be, For by His hand He lead- eth me.

You Can Tell Out the Story.

mf Allegretto.
1. Tell out the won - der - ful sto - ry, Tell it wher-e'er you go;
2. Nev - er a sto - ry so won - drous, Tell it to all a - round;
3. Won- der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, Tell ev - 'ry sin - sick soul;
cres.
Tell of the King and His glo - ry, Tell how He lov'd us so.
While we were sin - ners He lov'd us, Mer - cy and grace a - bound.
Won - der - ful mes-sage of Mer - cy, Je - sus can make them whole.
mf
cres.
This is the sto - ry most pre - cious, Je - sus has died to re - deem us;
Wand'ring and wea - ry He sought us, Back to the Fa- ther He brought us.
Still flows the won - der - ful riv - er, From ev - 'ry sin to de - liv - er,
mf CHORUS.
You can tell out the sweet sto-ry, You—yes, you. You can tell out the sweet
f
mf cres.
sto - ry, You—yes, you. Some-bod- y's life will be brighter, Somebody's

92 Take My Life.

7s.—S. S. 781. B. M. I. 85.

p Adagio.
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure-store;
cres.
f
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
Take my lips, and let them be Fill - ed with messages from Thee.
Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al Throne.
Take my-self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

93 Holy Bible.

7s. Tune 92.—S. S. 707. B. M. I. 85.

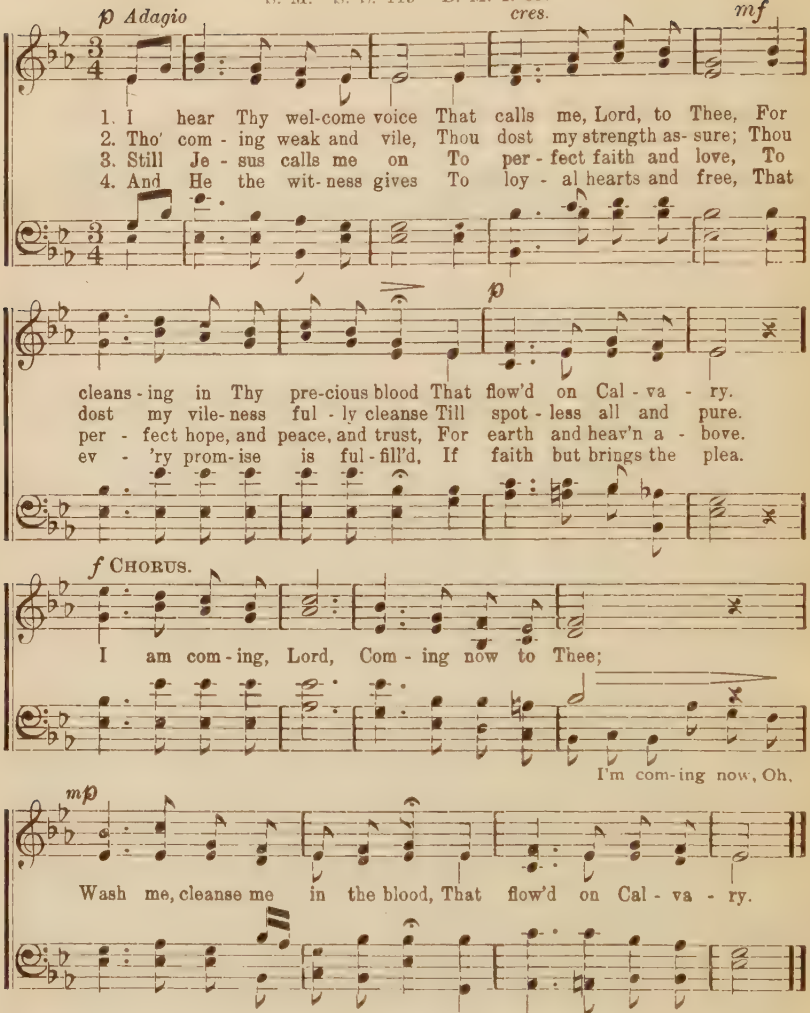
1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show my Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condem, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

S. M. S. S. 419 B. M. I. 69.

p Adagio
cres.
mf
1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as- sure; Thou
3. Still Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
4. And He the wit- ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That
p
cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile- ness ful - ly cleanse Till spot - less all and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
ev - 'ry prom- ise is ful - fill'd, If faith but brings the plea.
f CHORUS.
I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee;
I'm com- ing now, Oh,
mp
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

95 Before Thy Face Dear Lord.

Tune,—94.—S. S. 362.

1 Before Thy face, dear Lord,
Myself I want to see;
And while I every question sing,
I want to answer Thee.

While I speak to Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness show;
Am I what I ought to be?
O Saviour, let me know!

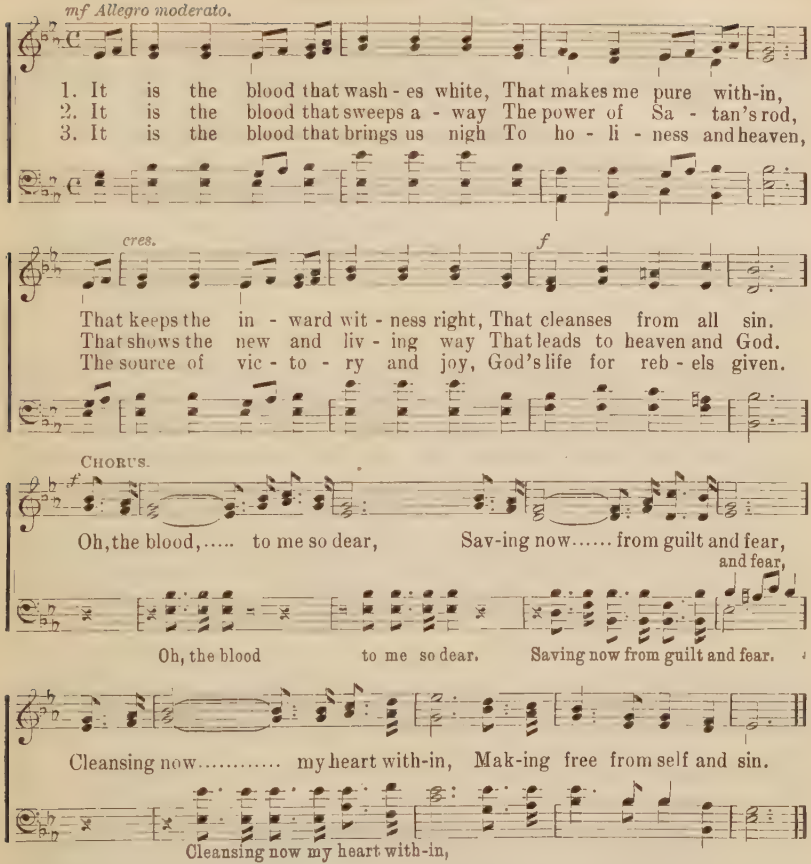
2 Am I what once I was?
Have I that ground maintained
Wherein I walked in power with Thee,
And Thou my soul sustained?

3 Do I possess a heart
In thought and action clean?
From Monday morn till Sunday eve
Has my salvation been?

4 Have I the zeal I had
When Thou didst me ordain
To preach Thy word and seek Thy lost?
Or do I feel it pain?

96 It is the Blood.

C. M.—S. S. 495. B. M. I. 56.


mf Allegro moderato.
1. It is the blood that wash - es white, That makes me pure with-in,
2. It is the blood that sweeps a - way The power of Sa - tan's rod,
3. It is the blood that brings us nigh To ho - li - ness and heaven,
cres.
f
That keeps the in - ward wit - ness right, That cleanses from all sin.
That shows the new and liv - ing way That leads to heaven and God.
The source of vic - to - ry and joy, God's life for reb - els given.
CHORUS.
Oh, the blood,..... to me so dear, Sav-ing now..... from guilt and fear,
and fear,
Oh, the blood to me so dear. Saving now from guilt and fear.
Cleansing now..... my heart with-in, Mak-ing free from self and sin.
Cleansing now my heart with-in,

97 Oh, the Voice.

C. M. Tune 96.—S. S. 269. B. M. I. 56.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest.
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.

CHO.—Oh, the voice to me so dear,
Breathing gently on my ear;
Happy soul, look up and see—
'Tis the Saviour speaks to thee.

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

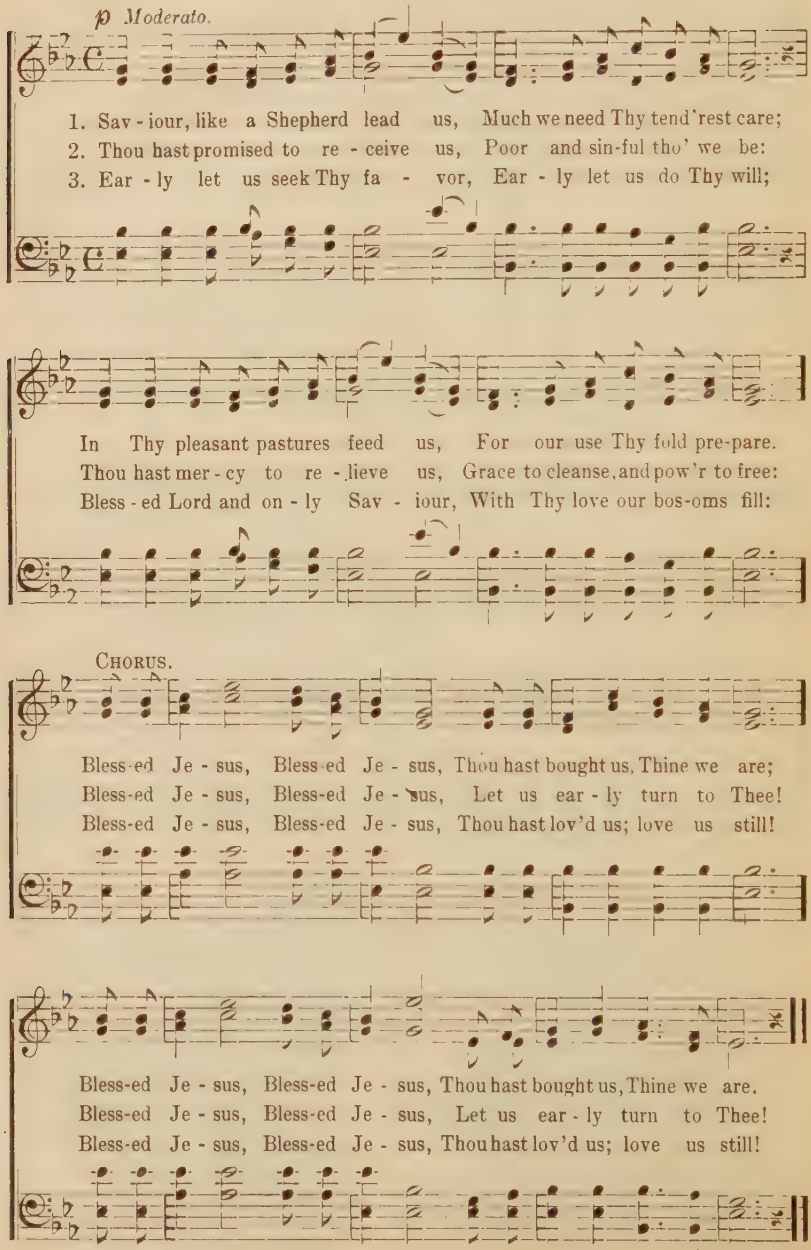
4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright.

6 I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

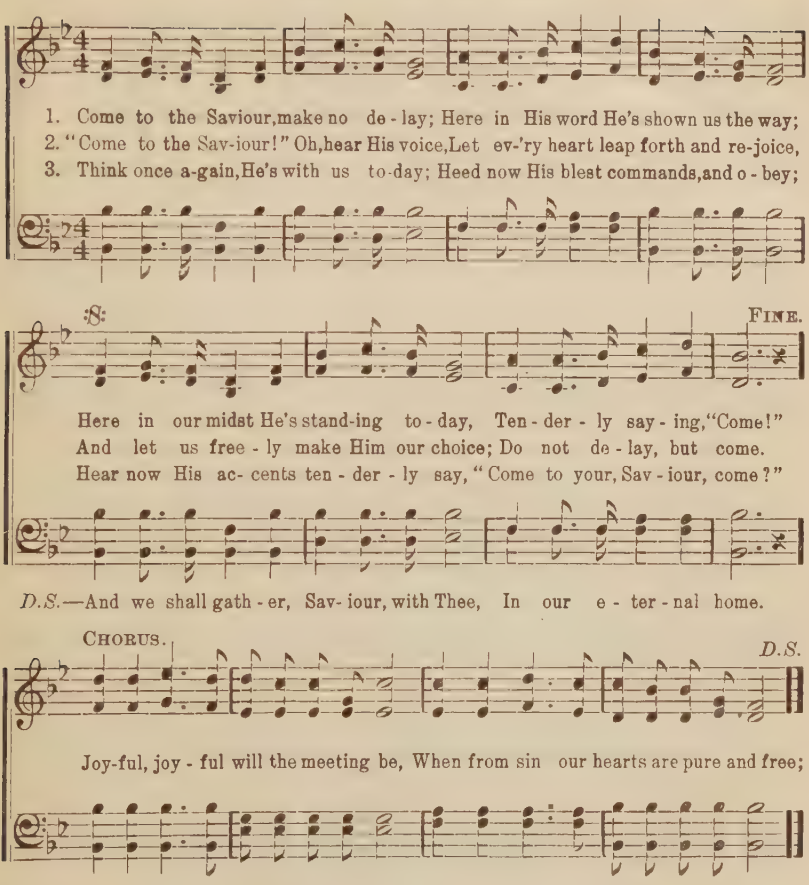
Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

8. 7. & 4's. S. S. 735. B. M. I. 169.


p Moderato.
1. Sav - iour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
2. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be:
3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy fold pre-pare.
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:
Chorus.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee!
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast lov'd us; love us still!
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee!
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast lov'd us; love us still!

99 Come to the Saviour.

P. M. S. S. 64. B. M. I. 222.


1. Come to the Saviour, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way;
2. "Come to the Sav-iour!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev-'ry heart leap forth and re-joice,
3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest commands, and o - bey;
:S:
FINE.
Here in our midst He's stand-ing to - day, Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!"
And let us free - ly make Him our choice; Do not de - lay, but come.
Hear now His ac- cents ten - der - ly say, "Come to your, Sav - iour, come?"
D.S.—And we shall gath - er, Sav- iour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Joy-ful, joy - ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

---

100 Blessed Jesus, Save Our Children.

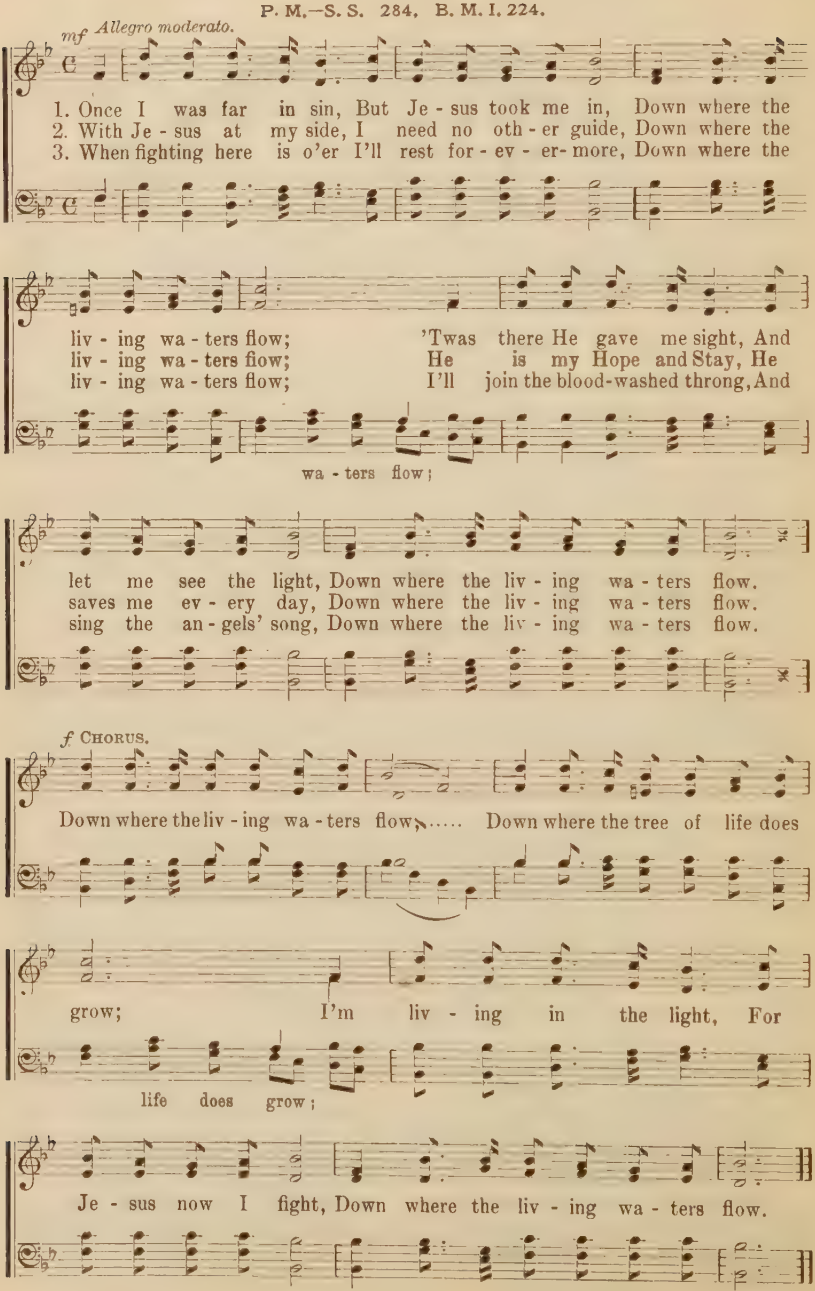
Tune,—98.—S. S. 745.

1 Blessed Jesus, save our children,
Be their guardian through life's way;
From all evil e'er protect them,
Walk Thou with them, come what may.
In white raiment
Let us meet them,
When earth's shadows flee away.

2 Blessed Jesus, lead our children
Into paths of service sweet;
Up the hill of Calvary climbing,
May they and the sinner meet!
More than conquerors
Let us see them
Bring their jewels to Thy feet!

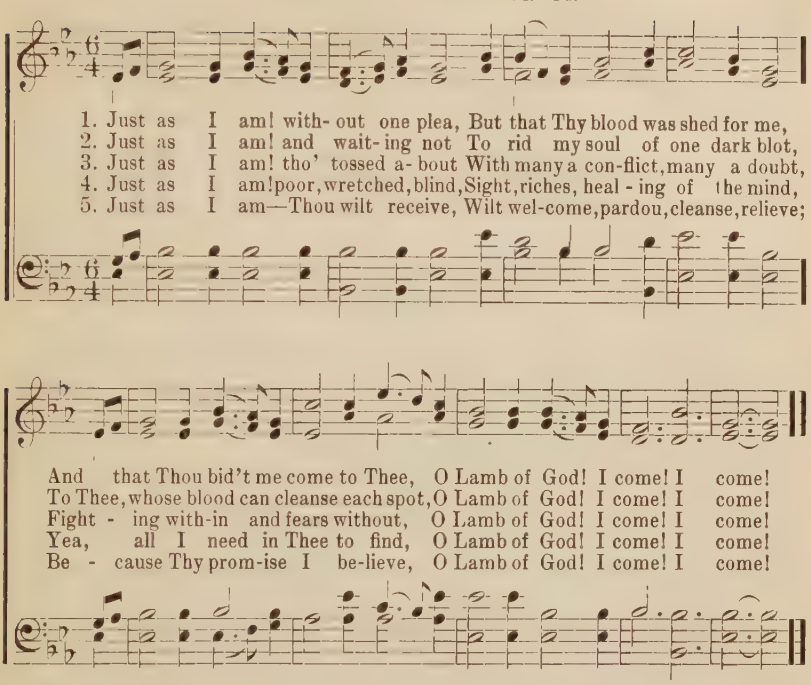
3 Blessed Jesus, make our children
Thine for life and Thine for aye!
When death's waters overtake them,
Be their Rock, their Light, their Stay!
Tender Shepherd,
Let us find them
On Thy breast in realms of day!

Down Where the Living Waters Flow.

P. M.—S. S. 284. B. M. I. 224.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. Once I was far in sin, But Je - sus took me in, Down where the
2. With Je - sus at my side, I need no oth - er guide, Down where the
3. When fighting here is o'er I'll rest for - ev - er - more, Down where the
liv - ing wa - ters flow; 'Twas there He gave me sight, And
liv - ing wa - ters flow; He is my Hope and Stay, He
liv - ing wa - ters flow; I'll join the blood-washed throng, And
wa - ters flow;
let me see the light, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
saves me ev - ery day, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
sing the an - gels' song, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
f CHORUS.
Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow, Down where the tree of life does
grow; I'm liv - ing in the light, For
life does grow;
Je - sus now I fight, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

102 Just As I Am.

8s. & 6.—S. S. 165. B. M. I. 134.


1. Just as I am! with- out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait- ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a- bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt wel-come, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
And that Thou bid't me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight - ing with-in and fears without, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

103 We'll Be the Army-By-and-By!

P. M.—Tune 101. B. M. I. 224.

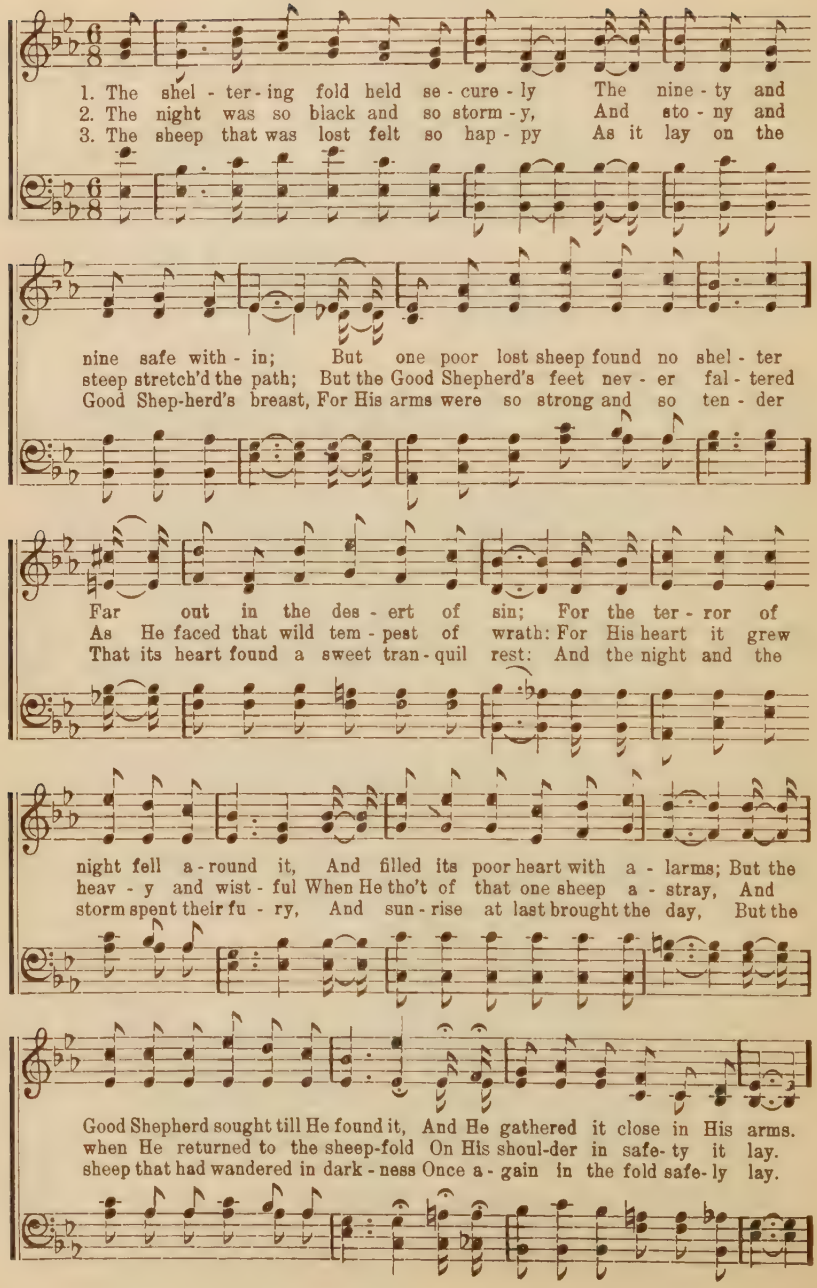
1 Though we're but girls and boys, you should not us despise,
We'll be The Army by-and-by!
For War we shall be strong, through training while we're young—
We'll be The Army by-and-by!

CHORUS.

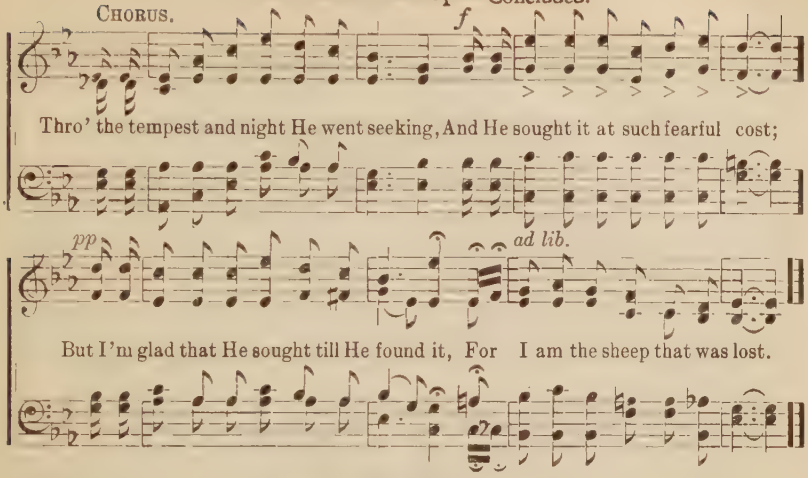
We'll be The Army by-and-by!
We'll be The Army by-and-by!
When the veterans have gone, and their crowns of victory won,
We'll be The Army by-and-by!

2 With the bodies clean and pure, and footsteps firm and sure—
We'll be The Army by-and-by!
And saved in youth from sin, we shall great vict'ries win,
We'll be The Army by-and-by!

3 But we won't wait till then to fight with voice and pen;
We'll be The Army now, yes now!
We'll sing and speak and pray while it is called to-day;
We'll be The Army now, yes now!

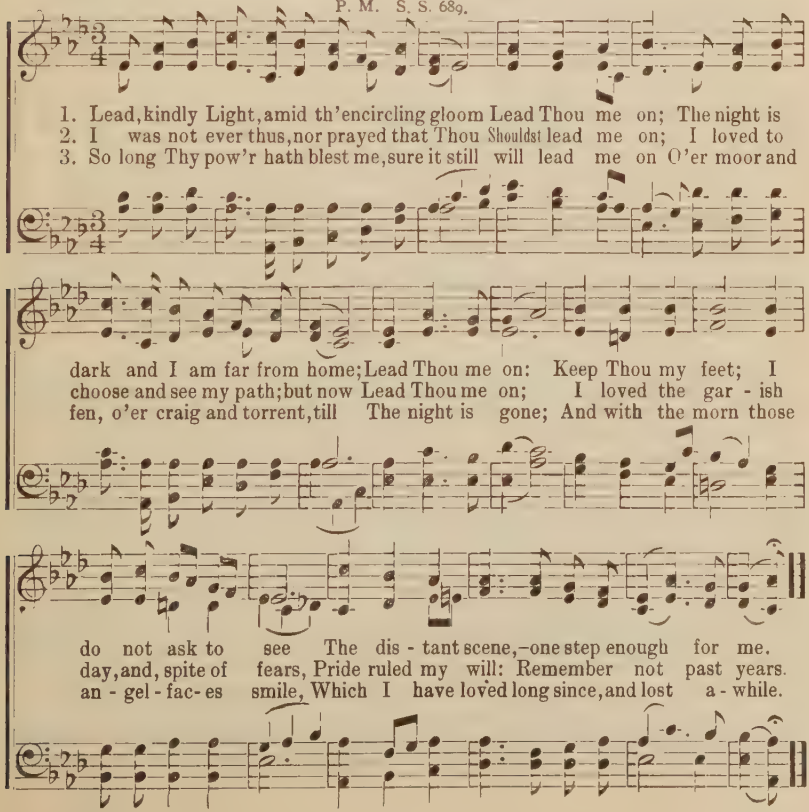

1. The shel - ter - ing fold held se - cure - ly The nine - ty and
2. The night was so black and so storm - y, And sto - ny and
3. The sheep that was lost felt so hap - py As it lay on the
nine safe with - in; But one poor lost sheep found no shel - ter
steep stretch'd the path; But the Good Shepherd's feet nev - er fal - tered
Good Shep-herd's breast, For His arms were so strong and so ten - der
Far out in the des - ert of sin; For the ter - ror of
As He faced that wild tem - pest of wrath: For His heart it grew
That its heart found a sweet tran - quil rest: And the night and the
night fell a - round it, And filled its poor heart with a - larms; But the
heav - y and wist - ful When He tho't of that one sheep a - stray, And
storm spent their fu - ry, And sun - rise at last brought the day, But the
Good Shepherd sought till He found it, And He gathered it close in His arms.
when He returned to the sheep-fold On His shoul-der in safe - ty it lay.
sheep that had wandered in dark - ness Once a - gain in the fold safe - ly lay.

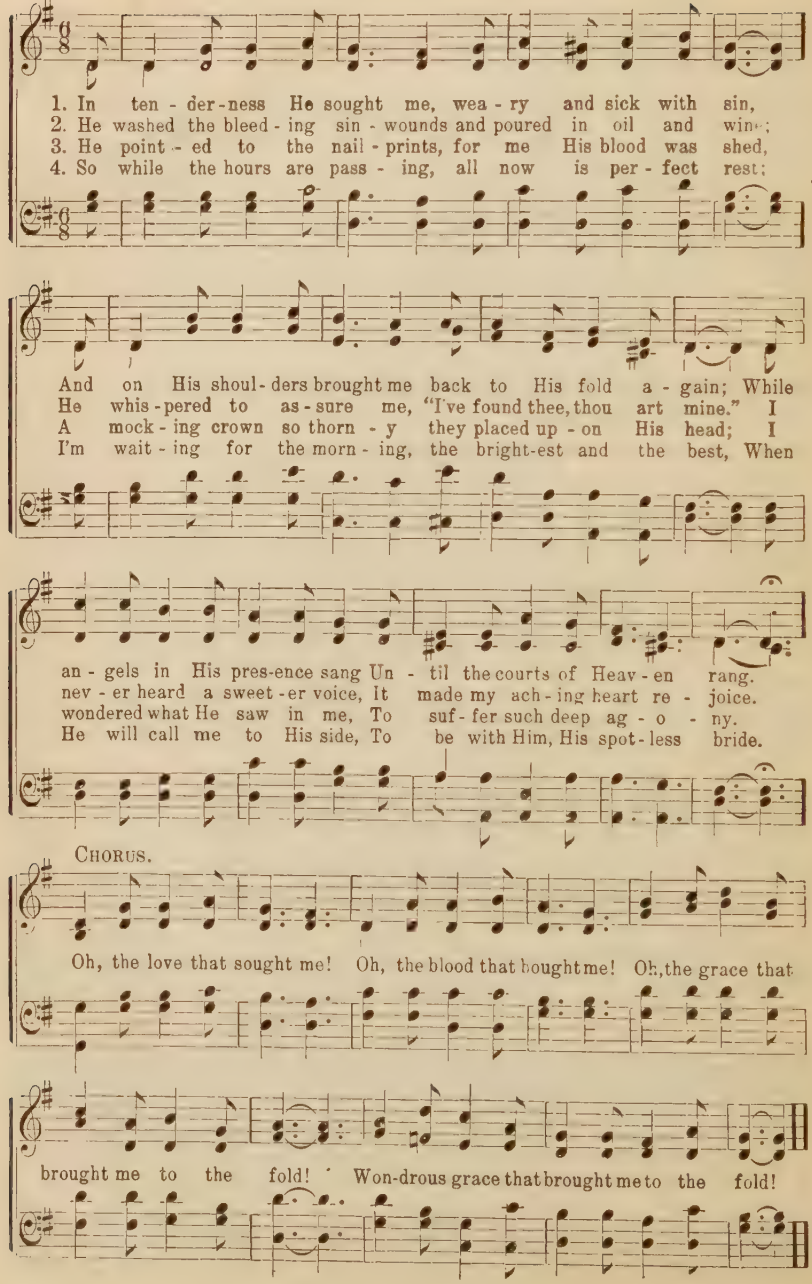
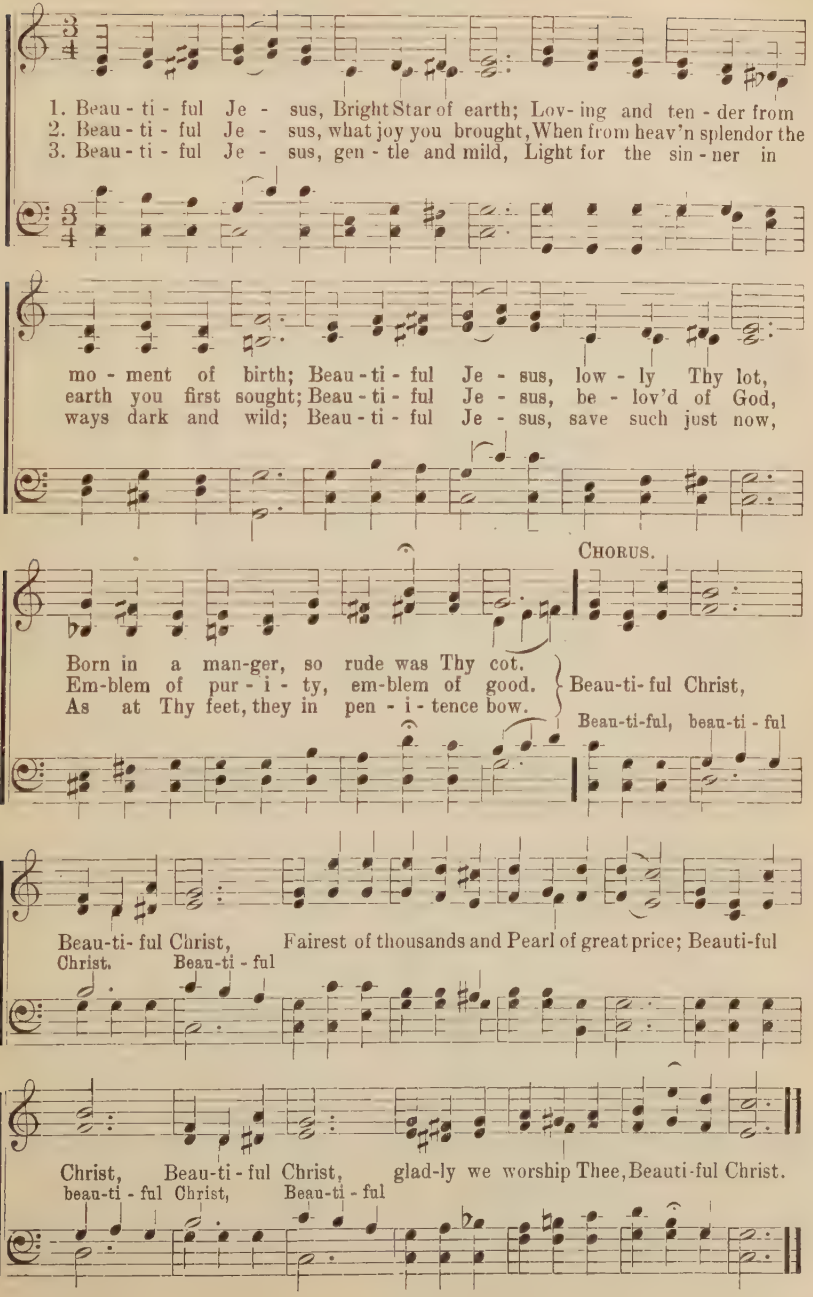
The Lost Sheep.—Concluded.


Chorus.
f
Thro' the tempest and night He went seeking, And He sought it at such fearful cost;
pp
ad lib.
But I'm glad that He sought till He found it, For I am the sheep that was lost.

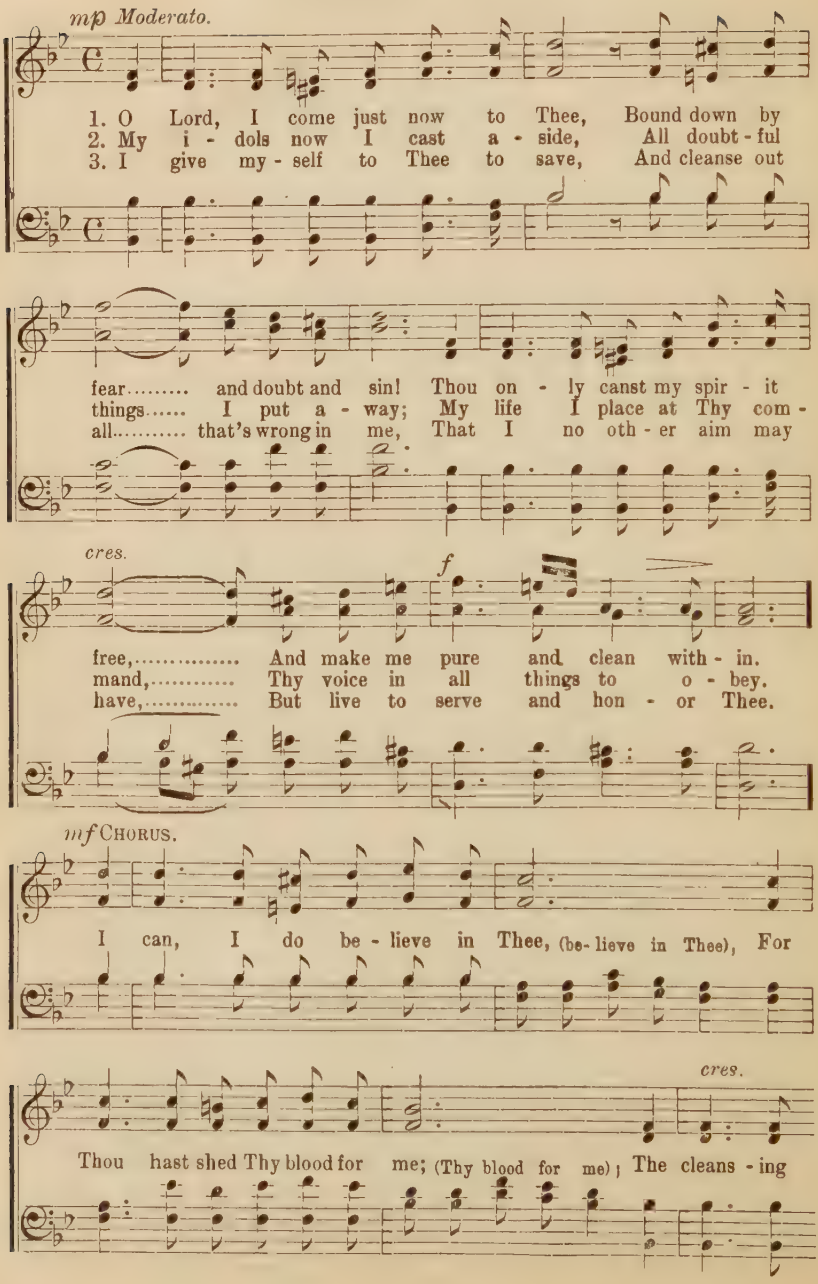
105 Lead, Kindly Light.

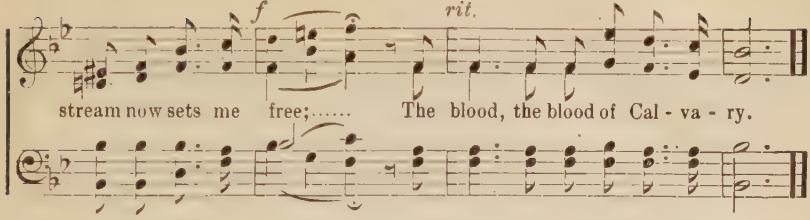
P. M. S. S. 689.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and
dark and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er craig and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,—one step enough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
an - gel - fac- es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

Oh, the Love that Sought Me.

1. In ten - der-ness He sought me, wea - ry and sick with sin,
2. He washed the bleed - ing sin - wounds and poured in oil and wine;
3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, for me His blood was shed,
4. So while the hours are pass - ing, all now is per - fect rest;
And on His shoul - ders brought me back to His fold a - gain; While
He whis - pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art mine." I
A mock - ing crown so thorn - y they placed up - on His head; I
I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, the bright-est and the best, When
an - gels in His pres-ence sang Un - til the courts of Heav - en rang.
nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice.
wondered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
He will call me to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.
CHORUS.
Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that
brought me to the fold! Won-drous grace that brought me to the fold!

1. Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, Bright Star of earth; Lov - ing and ten - der from
2. Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, what joy you brought, When from heav'n splendor the
3. Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, gen - tle and mild, Light for the sin - ner in
mo - ment of birth; Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, low - ly Thy lot,
earth you first sought; Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, be - lov'd of God,
ways dark and wild; Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, save such just now,
Chorus.
Born in a man-ger, so rude was Thy cot.
Em-blem of pur - i - ty, em-blem of good.
As at Thy feet, they in pen - i - tence bow.
Beau-ti-ful Christ,
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful
Beau-ti- ful Christ, Fairest of thousands and Pearl of great price; Beauti-ful
Christ. Beau-ti - ful
Christ, Beau-ti - ful Christ, glad-ly we worship Thee, Beauti-ful Christ.
beau-ti - ful Christ, Beau-ti - ful

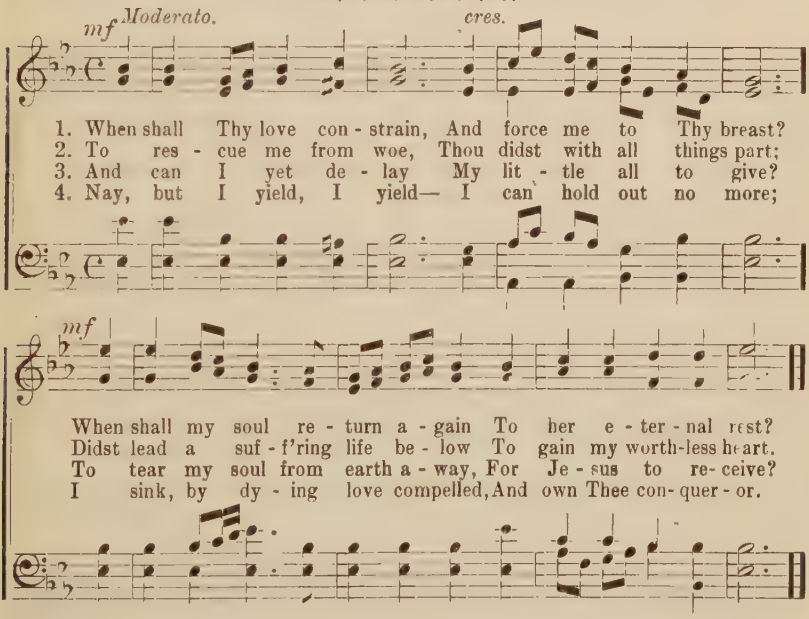
O, Lord, I Come Just Now.

L. M.—S. S. 405. B. M. I. 14.

mp Moderato.
1. O Lord, I come just now to Thee, Bound down by
2. My i - dols now I cast a - side, All doubt - ful
3. I give my - self to Thee to save, And cleanse out
fear..... and doubt and sin! Thou on - ly canst my spir - it
things..... I put a - way; My life I place at Thy com -
all..... that's wrong in me, That I no oth - er aim may
cres.
f
free,..... And make me pure and clean with - in.
mand,..... Thy voice in all things to o - bey.
have,..... But live to serve and hon - or Thee.
mf CHORUS.
I can, I do be - lieve in Thee, (be - lieve in Thee), For
cres.
Thou hast shed Thy blood for me; (Thy blood for me); The cleans - ing



109 When Shall Thy Love Constrain.

L. M.—S. S. B. M. 1. 75.


mf
Moderato.
cres.
1. When shall Thy love con - strain, And force me to Thy breast?
2. To res - cue me from woe, Thou didst with all things part;
3. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?
4. Nay, but I yield, I yield— I can hold out no more;
mf
When shall my soul re - turn a - gain To her e - ter - nal rest?
Didst lead a suf - f'ring life be - low To gain my worth-less heart.
To tear my soul from earth a - way, For Je - sus to re- ceive?
I sink, by dy - ing love compelled, And own Thee con- quer - or.

110 I've Left the Land of Death and Sin.

Tune 108. S. S. 208.

1 I've left the land of death and sin,
The road that many travel in,
And if you ask the reason why,
I'm going to seek a home on high.

CHORUS—This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world is not my resting-plaee,
This world is not my home.

2 There are many would my progress stay,
And beg me not to weep or pray,
I dare not listen to their cry,
I seek a glorious home on high.

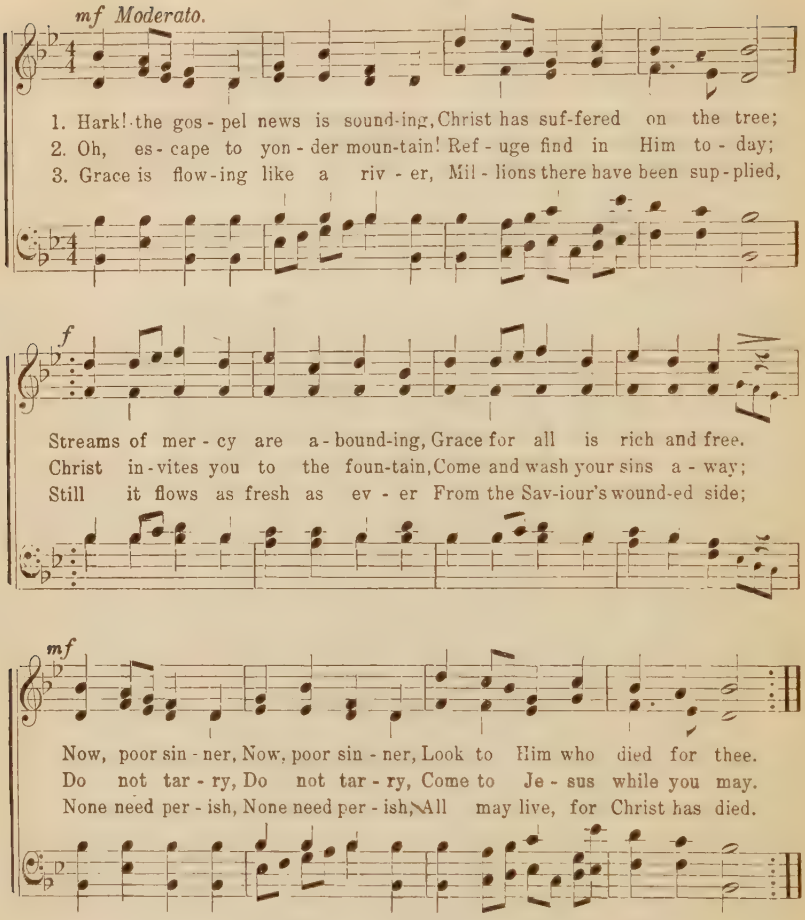
3 I often weep to see the sin
And wretchedness that men are in:
My cares all flee, my tears all dry
When faith beholds my home on high.

4 Say sinner, will you go with me
And seek that land of liberty?
Oh, do not stay, but tell me why
You will not seek this home on high.

5 My soul, it swells with great delight,
When thinking of my home of light,
The angels sing, and so will I
When I have reached my home on high.

111 Hark! the Gospel News is Sounding.

8's, 7's & 4's. S. S. 35. B. M. I. 165.


mf Moderato.
1. Hark! the gos - pel news is sound-ing, Christ has suf-fered on the tree;
2. Oh, es - cape to yon - der moun-tain! Ref - uge find in Him to - day;
3. Grace is flow-ing like a riv - er, Mil - lions there have been sup-plied,
f
Streams of mer - cy are a - bound-ing, Grace for all is rich and free.
Christ in - vites you to the foun-tain, Come and wash your sins a - way;
Still it flows as fresh as ev - er From the Sav-iour's wound-ed side;
mf
Now, poor sin - ner, Now, poor sin - ner, Look to Him who died for thee.
Do not tar - ry, Do not tar - ry, Come to Je - sus while you may.
None need per - ish, None need per - ish, All may live, for Christ has died.

112 Guide Me, Great Jehovah!

Tune 111. S. S. 700.

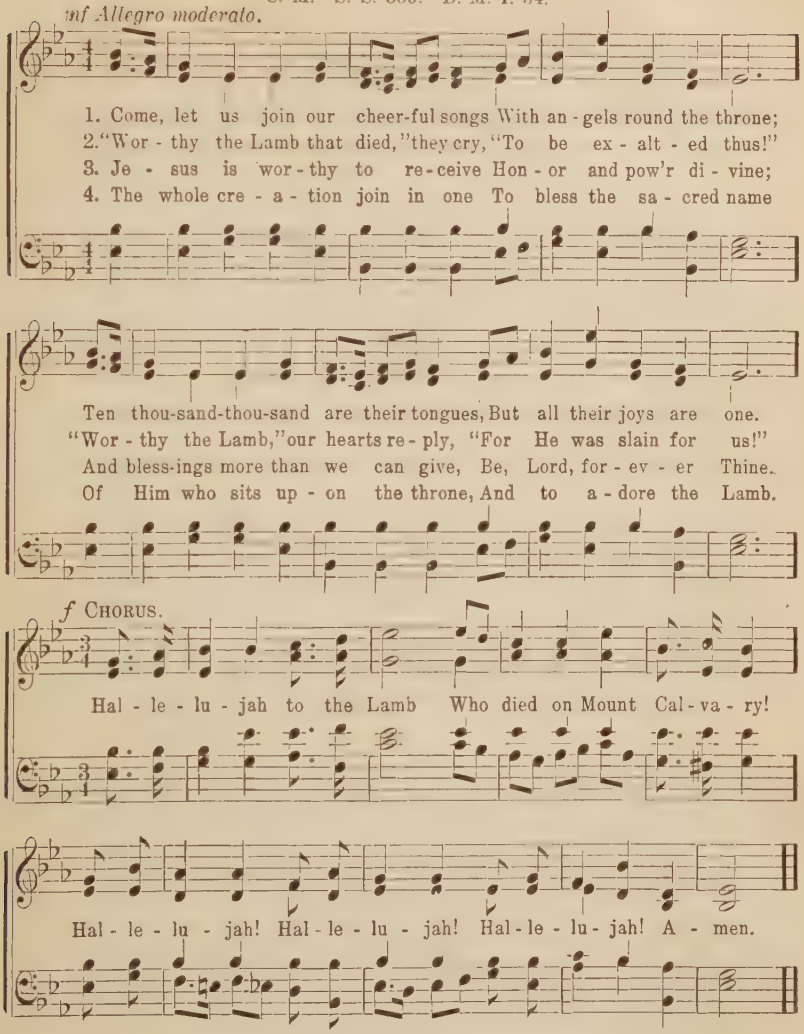
1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land!
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

113 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

C. M. S. S. 339. B. M. I. 34.


mf Allegro moderato.
1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus!"
3. Je-sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon-or and pow'r di-vine;
4. The whole cre-a-tion join in one To bless the sa-cred name
Ten thou-sand-thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Wor-thy the Lamb," our hearts re-ply, "For He was slain for us!"
And bless-ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er Thine.
Of Him who sits up-on the throne, And to a-dore the Lamb.
f CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb Who died on Mount Cal-va-ry!
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

114 Jesus, I Love Thy Charming Name.

Tune 113. S. S. 326.

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

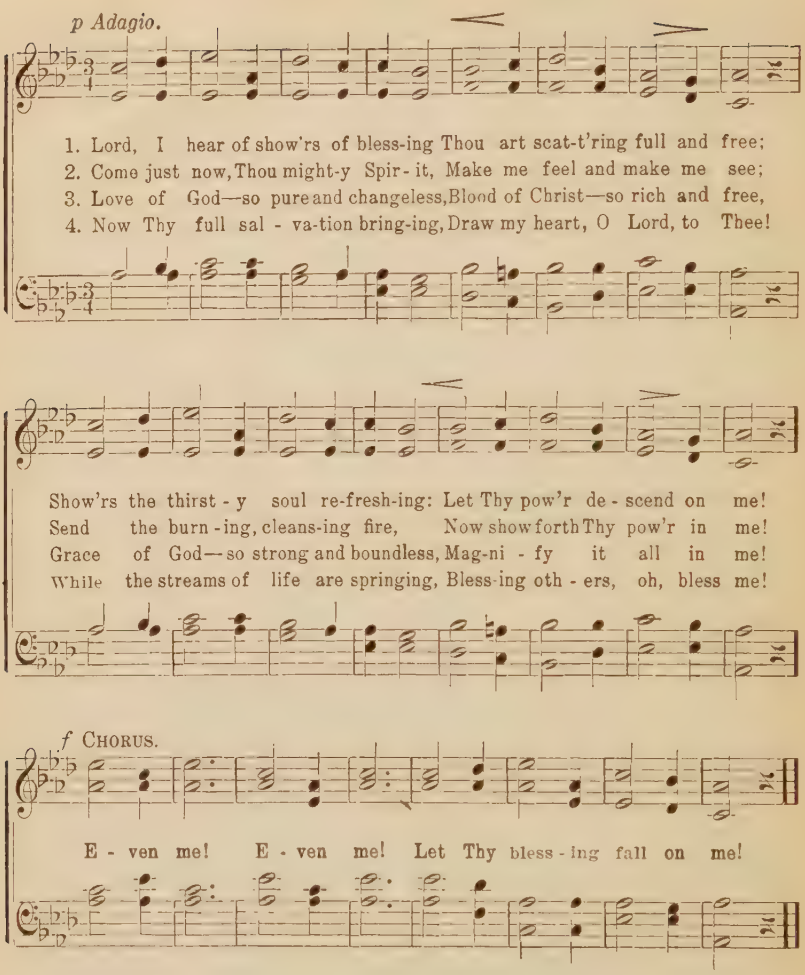
2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
The Conqueror of death.

115 Even Me.

8's & 7's. S. S. 167. B. M. I. 142.


p Adagio.
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Come just now, Thou might-y Spir-it, Make me feel and make me see;
3. Love of God—so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ—so rich and free,
4. Now Thy full sal-va-tion bring-ing, Draw my heart, O Lord, to Thee!
Show'rs the thirst-y soul re-fresh-ing: Let Thy pow'r de-scend on me!
Send the burn-ing, cleans-ing fire, Now show forth Thy pow'r in me!
Grace of God—so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy it all in me!
While the streams of life are springing, Bless-ing oth-ers, oh, bless me!
f Chorus.
E-ven me! E-ven me! Let Thy bless-ing fall on me!

116 Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

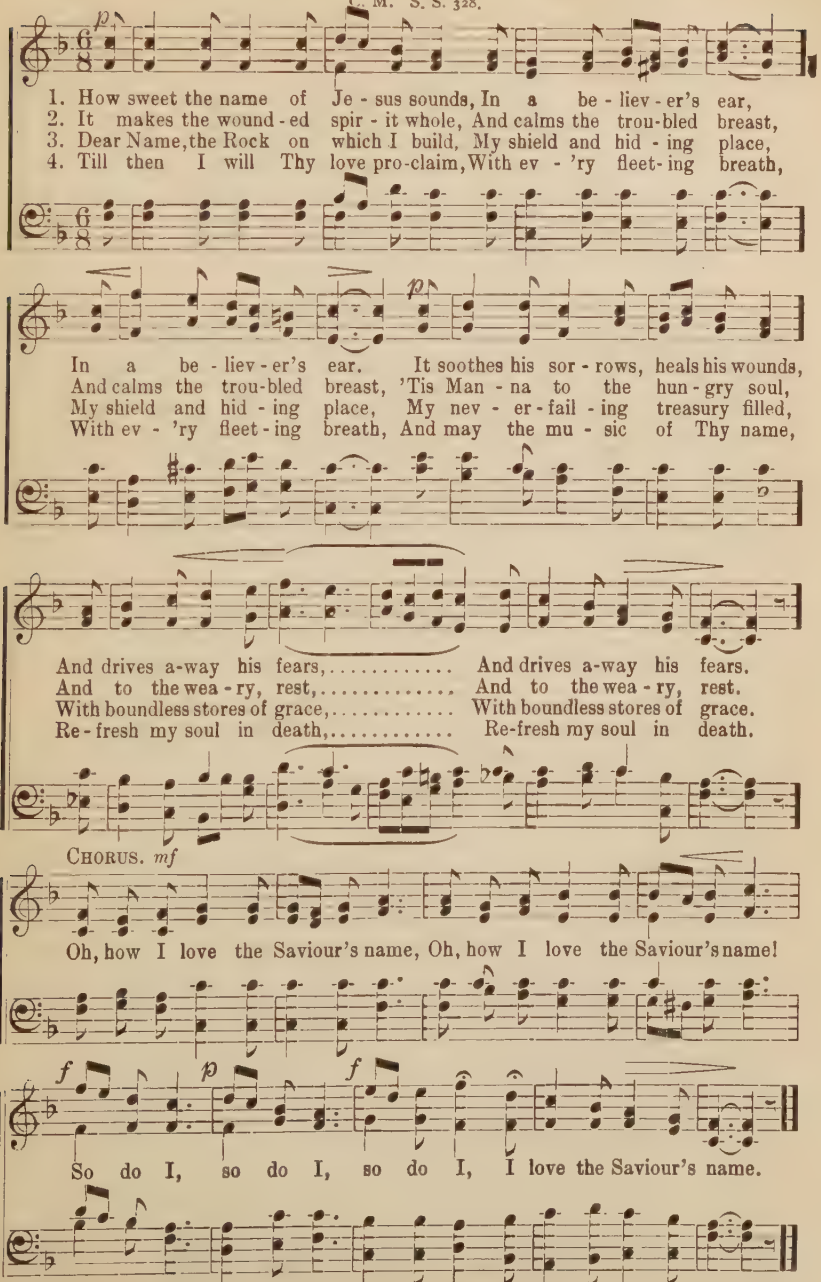
Tune 115. S. S. 738.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

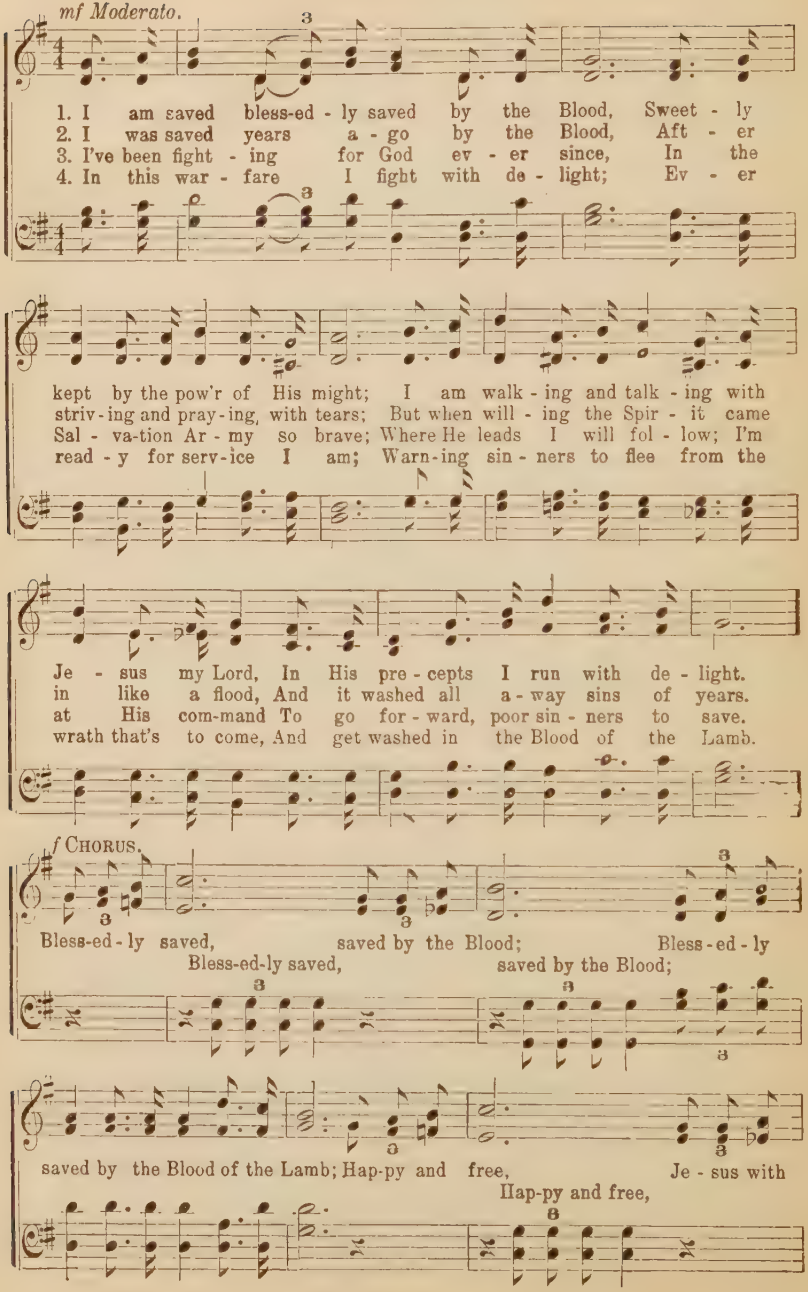
2 Thro' this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

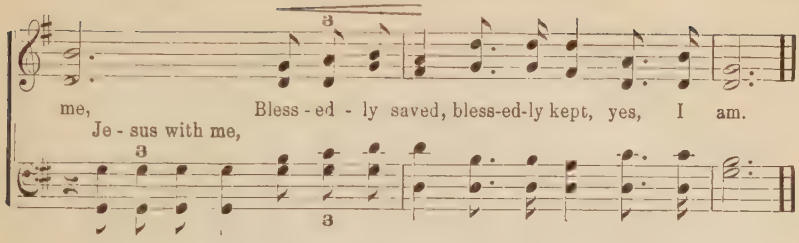
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

C. M. S. S. 328.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear,
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou-bled breast,
3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place,
4. Till then I will Thy love pro-claim, With ev - 'ry fleet-ing breath,
In a be - liev - er's ear. It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds,
And calms the trou-bled breast, 'Tis Man - na to the hun - gry soul,
My shield and hid - ing place, My nev - er - fail - ing treasury filled,
With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath, And may the mu - sic of Thy name,
And drives a-way his fears,..... And drives a-way his fears.
And to the wea - ry, rest,..... And to the wea - ry, rest.
With boundless stores of grace,..... With boundless stores of grace.
Re - fresh my soul in death,..... Re-fresh my soul in death.
CHORUS. mf
Oh, how I love the Saviour's name, Oh, how I love the Saviour's name!
So do I, so do I, so do I, I love the Saviour's name.

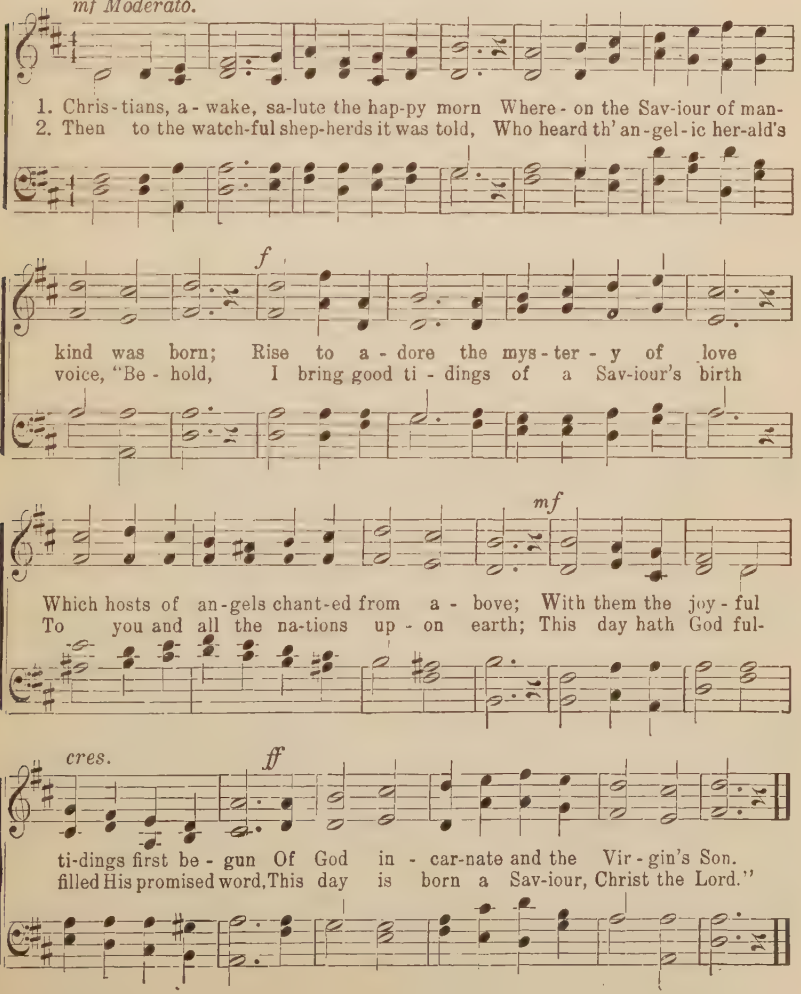
Blessedly Saved.

S. S. 259. B. J. 71.

mf Moderato.
1. I am saved bless-ed - ly saved by the Blood, Sweet - ly
2. I was saved years a - go by the Blood, Aft - er
3. I've been fight - ing for God ev - er since, In the
4. In this war - fare I fight with de - light; Ev - er
kept by the pow'r of His might; I am walk - ing and talk - ing with
striv - ing and pray - ing, with tears; But when will - ing the Spir - it came
Sal - va-tion Ar - my so brave; Where He leads I will fol - low; I'm
read - y for serv-ice I am; Warn-ing sin - ners to flee from the
Je - sus my Lord, In His pre - cepts I run with de - light.
in like a flood, And it washed all a - way sins of years.
at His com-mand To go for - ward, poor sin - ners to save.
wrath that's to come, And get washed in the Blood of the Lamb.
f CHORUS.
Bless-ed - ly saved, saved by the Blood; Bless - ed - ly
Bless-ed-ly saved, saved by the Blood;
saved by the Blood of the Lamb; Hap-py and free, Je - sus with
Hap-py and free,

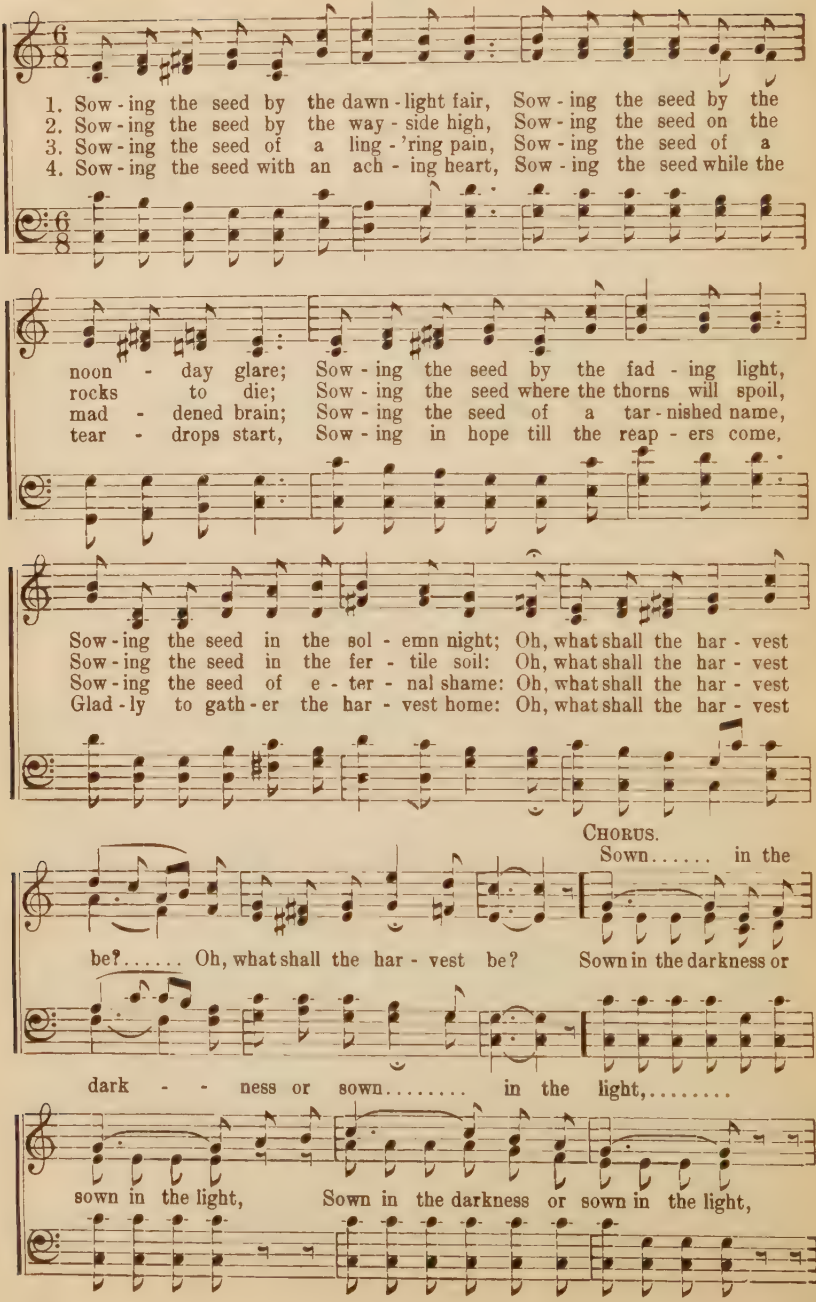


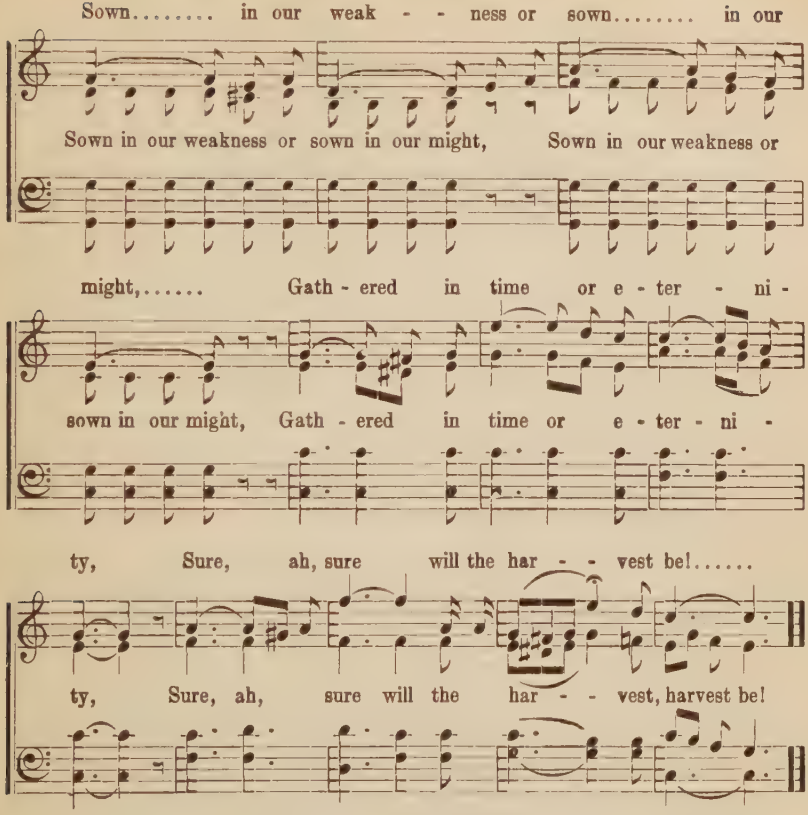
119 Christians, Awake!

10's. S. S. 804. B. M. I. 178.


mf Moderato.
1. Chris - tians, a - wake, sa-lute the hap-py morn Where - on the Sav-iour of man-
2. Then to the watch-ful shep-herds it was told, Who heard th' an-gel-ic her-ald's
f
kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love
voice, "Be - hold, I bring good ti - dings of a Sav-iour's birth
mf
Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
To you and all the na-tions up - on earth; This day hath God ful-
cres.
ff
ti-dings first be - gun Of God in - car-nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
filled His promised word, This day is born a Sav-iour, Christ the Lord."

What Shall the Harvest Be?

S. S. 788. B. J. 388.

1. Sow - ing the seed by the dawn - light fair, Sow - ing the seed by the
2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing the seed on the
3. Sow - ing the seed of a ling - 'ring pain, Sow - ing the seed of a
4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - ing heart, Sow - ing the seed while the
noon - day glare; Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light,
rocks to die; Sow - ing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
mad - dened brain; Sow - ing the seed of a tar - nished name,
tear - drops start, Sow - ing in hope till the reap - ers come,
Sow - ing the seed in the sol - emn night; Oh, what shall the har - vest
Sow - ing the seed in the fer - tile soil: Oh, what shall the har - vest
Sow - ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame: Oh, what shall the har - vest
Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home: Oh, what shall the har - vest
CHORUS.
Sown..... in the
be?..... Oh, what shall the har - vest be? Sown in the darkness or
dark - - ness or sown..... in the light,.....
sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,

What Shall the Harvest Be?—Concluded.

Sown..... in our weak - - ness or sown..... in our
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or
might,..... Gath - ered in time or e - ter - ni -
sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e - ter - ni -
ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest be!.....
ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest, harvest be!

121 Going to Judgment.

Tune—120. S. S. 152.

1 Going to Judgment, not fit to live,
Going to die, life's account to give:
Up to God's bar I must surely go,
Nothing but sin in God's book to show;
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

CHORUS.
Going to Judgment with salvation light,
Going to Judgment for not doing right;
Dreading the sentence,
"Depart from Me!"
Sad, ah, sad will the Judgment be!

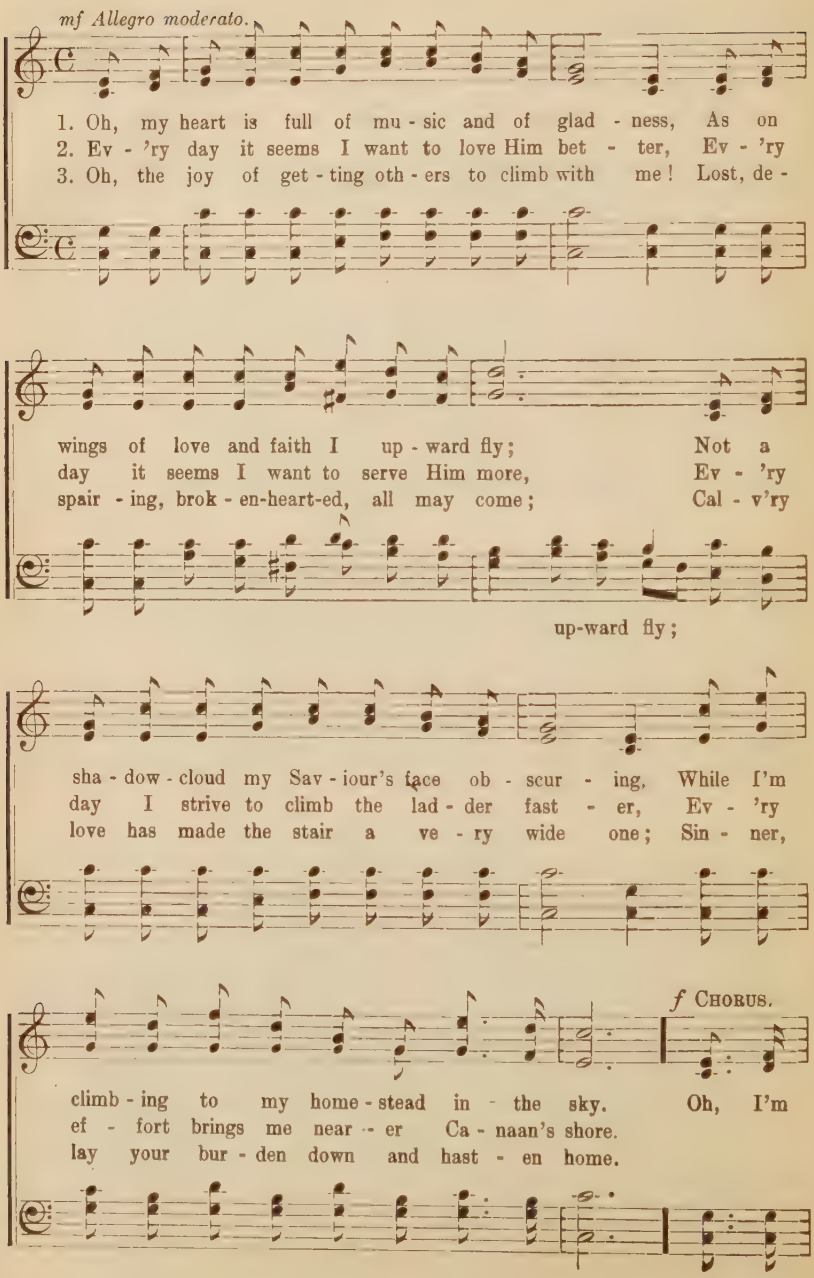
2 What if I will not salvation seek?
What if I will not hear conscience speak?
What if God's talents and time I waste,
Sinning away all the days of grace?
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

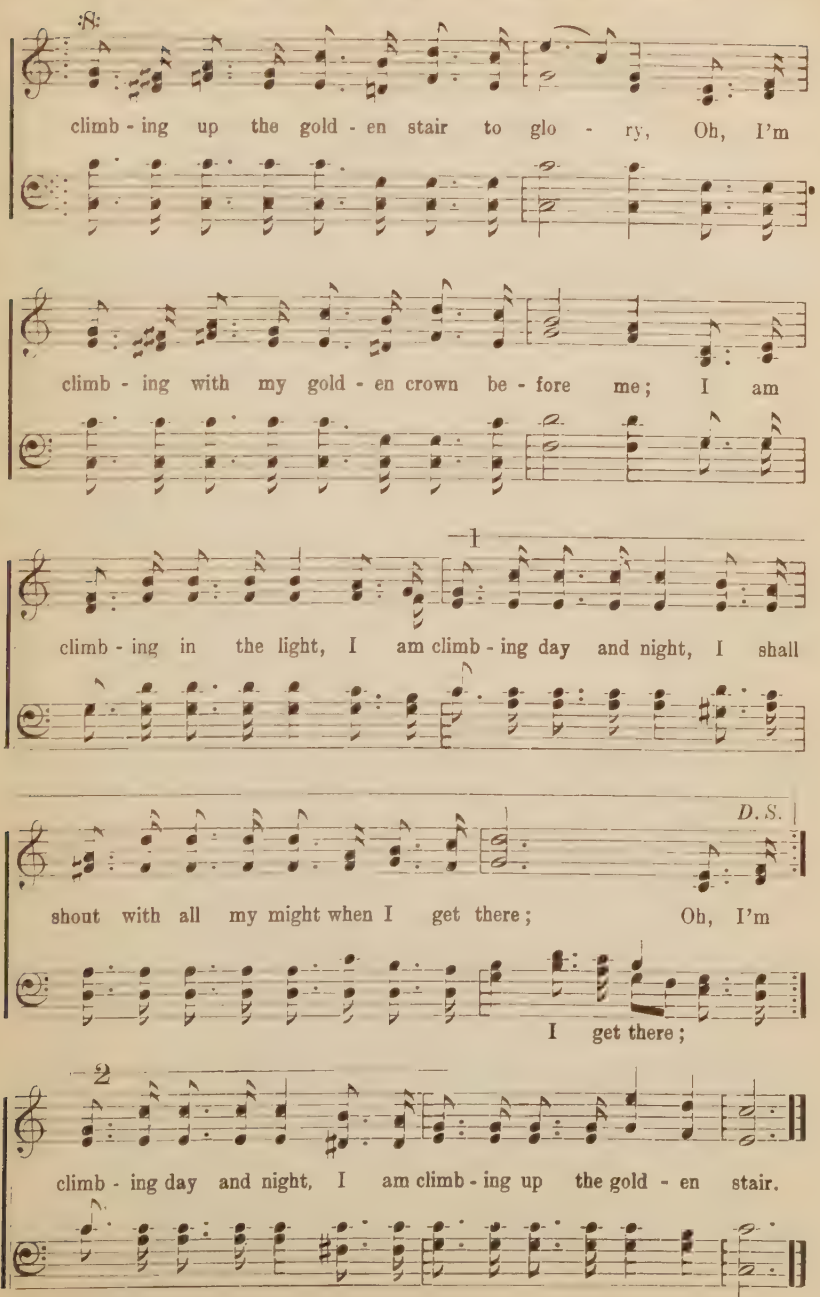
3 What if not washed in the blood Christ shed? [dead?
What if unsaved when raised from the
What if I do not in Christ believe?
What if I still God's good Spirit grieve?
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

4 What if I will not take up my cross?
What if I sin till my soul is lost?
What if I sink in the burning flame?
There will be none but myself to blame.
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

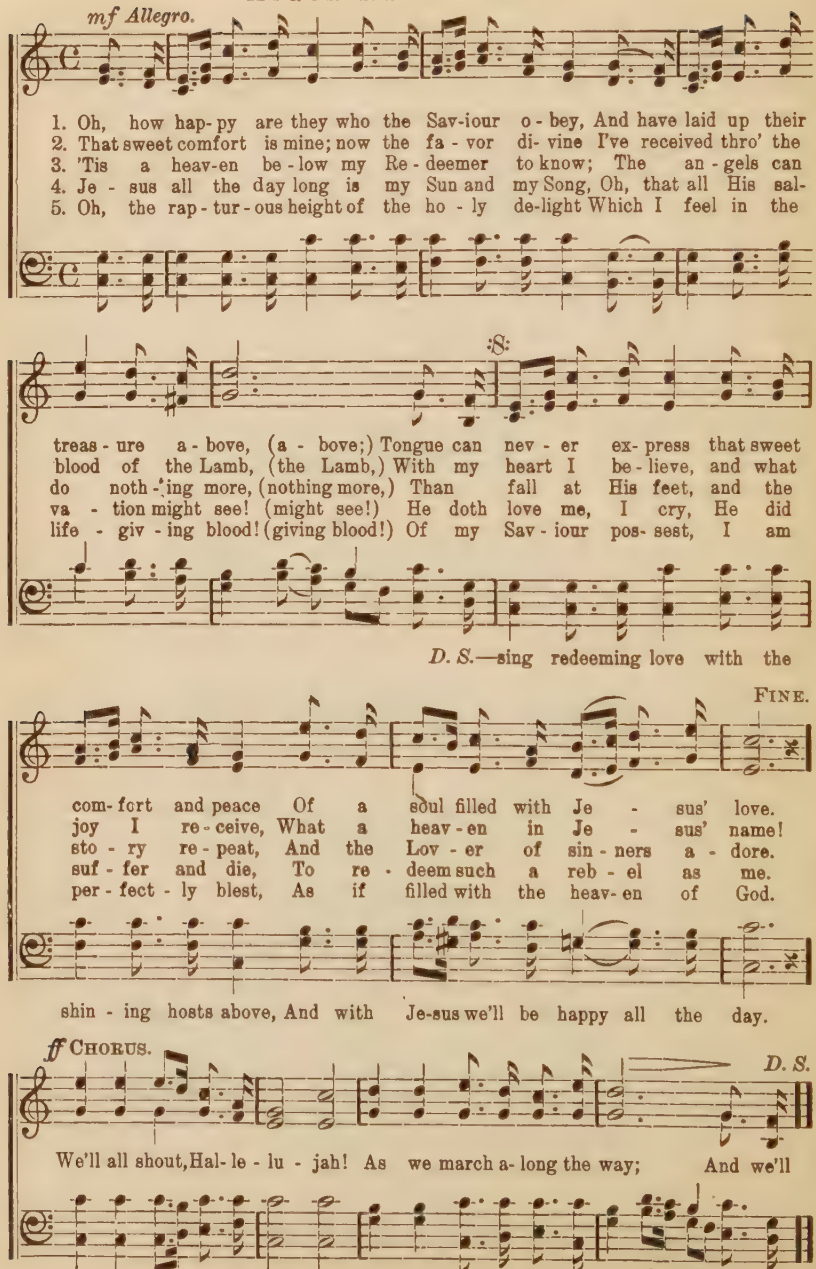
5 What when the Spirit will strive no more
What when the Master has shut the door?
What when I'm crying, "Too late! Too late?" [fate?
What when destruction must seal my
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

Climbing up the Golden Stair.

P. M. S. S. 277. B. M. I. 220.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. Oh, my heart is full of mu - sic and of glad - ness, As on
2. Ev - 'ry day it seems I want to love Him bet - ter, Ev - 'ry
3. Oh, the joy of get - ting oth - ers to climb with me! Lost, de -
wings of love and faith I up - ward fly; Not a
day it seems I want to serve Him more, Ev - 'ry
spair - ing, brok - en-heart-ed, all may come; Cal - v'ry
up-ward fly;
sha - dow - cloud my Sav - iour's face ob - scur - ing, While I'm
day I strive to climb the lad - der fast - er, Ev - 'ry
love has made the stair a ve - ry wide one; Sin - ner,
f CHORUS.
climb - ing to my home - stead in - the sky. Oh, I'm
ef - fort brings me near - er Ca - naan's shore.
lay your bur - den down and hast - en home.

Climbing up the Golden Stair.—Concluded.

climb - ing up the gold - en stair to glo - ry, Oh, I'm
climb - ing with my gold - en crown be - fore me; I am
1
climb - ing in the light, I am climb - ing day and night, I shall
D. S.
shout with all my might when I get there; Oh, I'm
I get there;
2
climb - ing day and night, I am climb - ing up the gold - en stair.

We'll All Shout Hallelujah.

12's & 9's. S. S. 317. B. M. I. 198.

mf Allegro.
1. Oh, how hap-py are they who the Sav-iour o-bey, And have laid up their
2. That sweet comfort is mine; now the fa-vor di-vine I've received thro' the
3. 'Tis a heav-en be-low my Re-deemer to know; The an-gels can
4. Je-sus all the day long is my Sun and my Song, Oh, that all His sal-
5. Oh, the rap-tur-ous height of the ho-ly de-light Which I feel in the
treas-ure a-bove, (a-bove;) Tongue can nev-er ex-press that sweet
blood of the Lamb, (the Lamb,) With my heart I be-lieve, and what
do noth-ing more, (nothing more,) Than fall at His feet, and the
va-tion might see! (might see!) He doth love me, I cry, He did
life-giv-ing blood! (giving blood!) Of my Sav-iour pos-sest, I am
D. S.—sing redeeming love with the
FINE.
com-fort and peace Of a soul filled with Je-sus' love.
joy I re-ceive, What a heav-en in Je-sus' name!
sto-ry re-peat, And the Lov-er of sin-ners a-dore.
suf-fer and die, To re-deem such a reb-el as me.
per-fect-ly blest, As if filled with the heav-en of God.
shin-ing hosts above, And with Je-sus we'll be happy all the day.
ff CHORUS.
D. S.
We'll all shout, Hal-le-lu-jah! As we march a-long the way; And we'll
the way;

124 Jesus Bids Us Shine.

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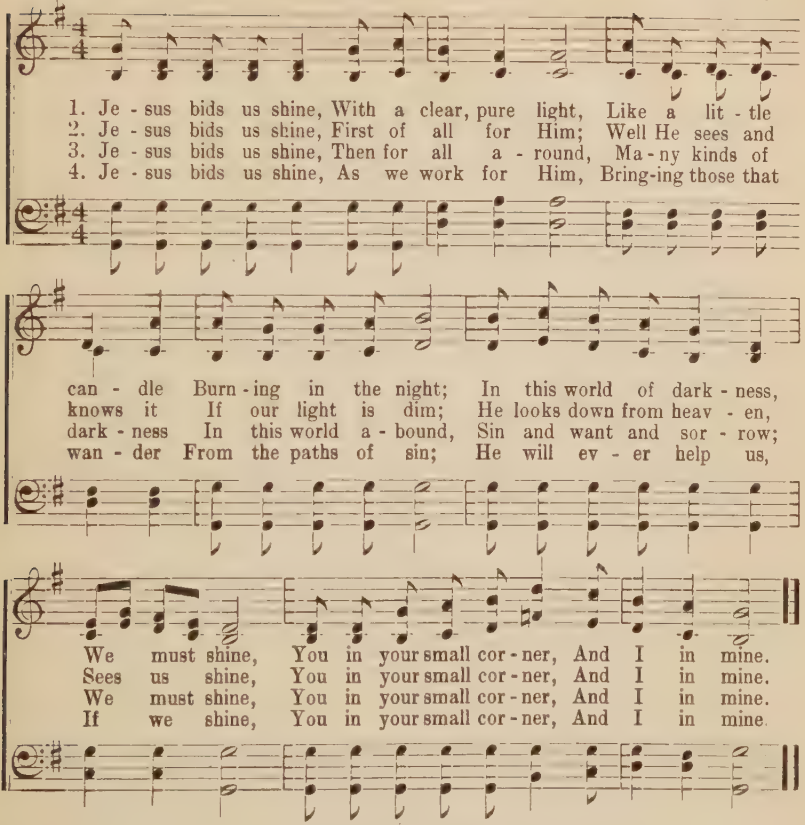
E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring-ing those that
can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark - ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

125 Jesus Died to Save the Children.

Tune—123. 12's & 14's. B. M. I. 198.

1 Jesus for the children died, He for them was crucified,
That their precious souls from sin might be set free;
And He helps them on to-day, as they fight and watch and pray,
Winning souls who shall His wondrous glory see.

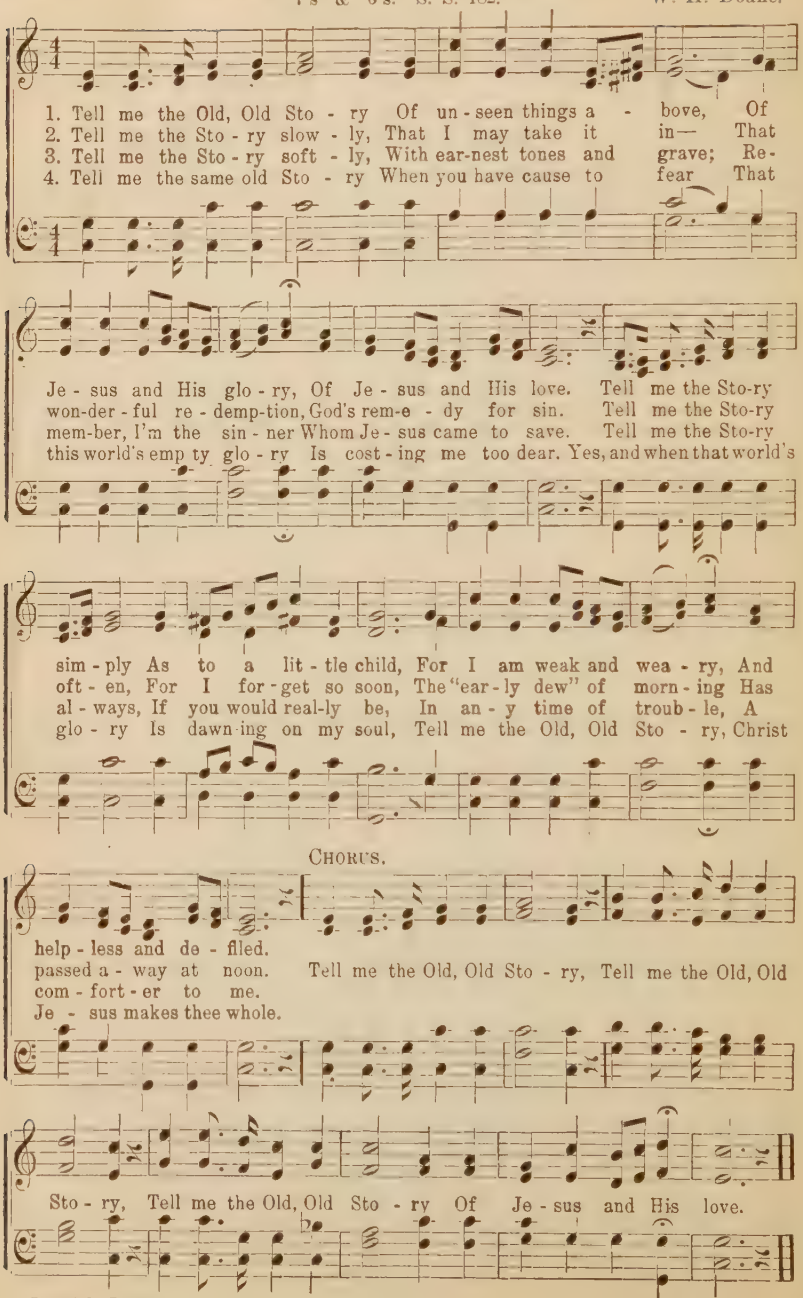
Chorus.—Jesus died to save the children—
All the children in the world!
Red or yellow, black or white,
Does not matter in His sight;
Jesus died for all the children in the world.

2 Jesus for the children lives, all their sins He now forgives,
If, forsaking sin, they on His name will call;
And He gives them peace and joy naught on earth can e'er destroy,
While they, holding fast His hand, will never fall.

3 Jesus for the children died; if in Him they will abide,
And obey His blessed voice from hour to hour,
All the foes with which they meet, thro' His blood they shall defeat,
And win many vict'ries by His mighty power.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

7's & 6's. S. S. 182. W. H. Doane.


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That
3. Tell me the Sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-
4. Tell me the same old Sto - ry When you have cause to fear That
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto-ry
won-der - ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto-ry
mem-ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me the Sto-ry
this world's emp ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's
sim - ply As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Christ
CHORUS.
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon.
com - fort - er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole.
Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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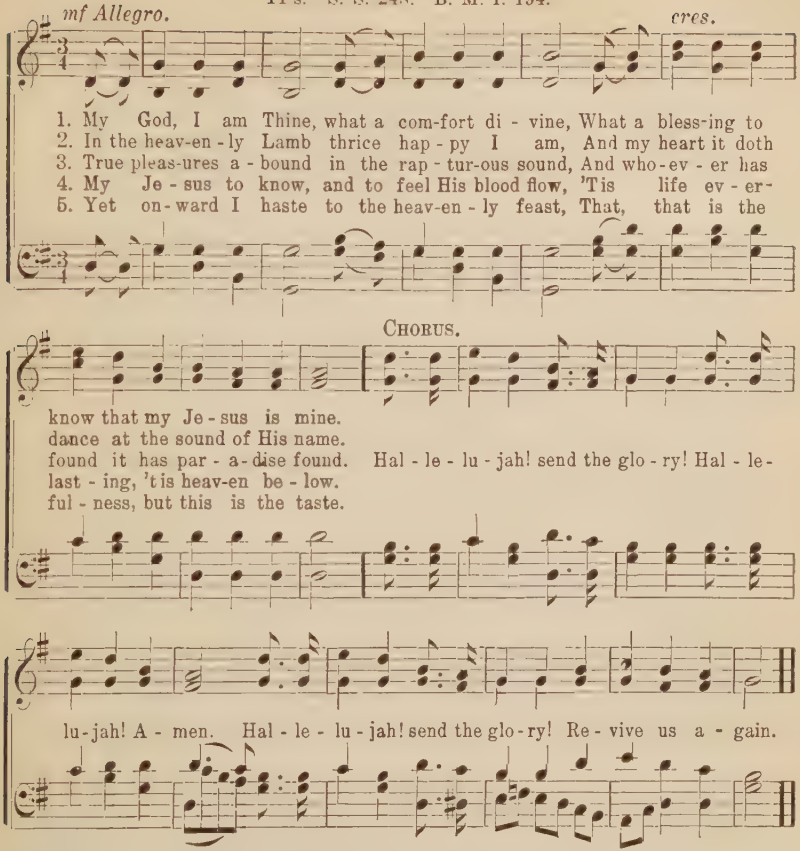
127 My God, I am Thine.

11's. S. S. 248. B. M. I. 194.

mf Allegro.
cres.
1. My God, I am Thine, what a com-fort di - vine, What a bless-ing to
2. In the heav-en-ly Lamb thrice hap - py I am, And my heart it doth
3. True pleas-ures a - bound in the rap - tur-ous sound, And who-ev - er has
4. My Je - sus to know, and to feel His blood flow, 'Tis life ev - er-
5. Yet on - ward I haste to the heav-en - ly feast, That, that is the
CHORUS.
know that my Je - sus is mine.
dance at the sound of His name.
found it has par - a - dise found. Hal - le - lu - jah! send the glo - ry! Hal - le -
last - ing, 'tis heav-en be - low.
ful - ness, but this is the taste.
lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! send the glo - ry! Re - vive us a - gain.

128 Come, With Me Visit Calvary.

Tune 126. S. S. 346.

1 Come, with me visit Calvary,
Where our Redeemer died;
His blood now fills the fountain,
'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide.
He died from sin to sever
Our hearts and lives complete;
He saves and keeps forever
Those living at His feet.

2 God's great, free, full salvation,
Is offered here and now;
Complete blood-bought redemption
Can be obtained by you.
Reach out faith's hand, now claiming,
The cleansing blood will flow;
Look up, just now, believing,
His fulness you shall know.

3 I will surrender fully
And do my Saviour's will;
He shall now make me holy,
And with Himself me fill.
He's saving I'm believing,
This blessing I now claim;
His Spirit I'm receiving,
My heart is in a flame.

4 I've wondrous peace through trusting,
A well of joy within;
This rest is everlasting,
My days fresh triumphs win.
He gives me heavenly measure,
Pressed down and running o'er;
O what a priceless treasure!
Glory for evermore!

Lover of the Lord.

C. M. S. S. 46. B. M. I. 46.

Moderato. mp

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek thy Fa - ther's face!
2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, He hears thy hum-ble sigh,
3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Thy Sav - ior bids thee live;
4. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Re - gain thy long-sought rest;

1. Father's face!

Those new de - sires which in thee burn Were kin-dled by His grace.
He sees thy soft-ened spir-it mourn; When no one else is nigh.
Come to His cross, and grate-ful learn How free - ly He'll for - give.
The Sav-iour's melt - ing mer-cies yearn To clasp thee to His breast.

by His grace.

CHORUS. *mf*

Oh, you must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Oh, you

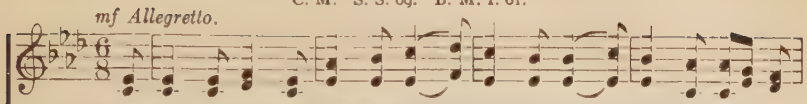
must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Oh, you must be a

lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Or you can't go to heav-en when you die.

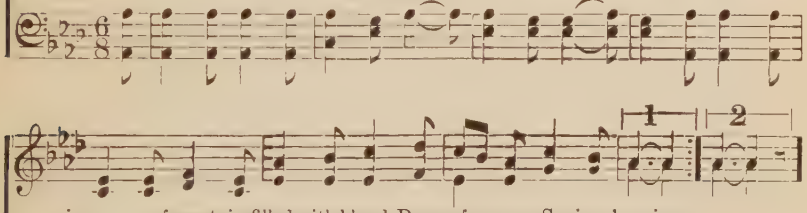
The Glorious Fountain.

C. M. S. S. 69. B. M. I. 61.

mf Allegretto.

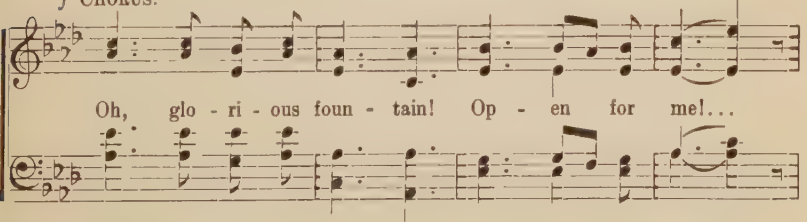


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There
   And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, The
   And there have I, tho' vile as he, vile as he, vile as he, And
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, saw the stream, saw the stream, E'er
   My Sav-iour's love has been my theme, been my theme, been my theme, My
4. Then, in a no - bler, sweeter song, sweet-er song, sweet - er song, Then,
   When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring stamm'ring tongue, When

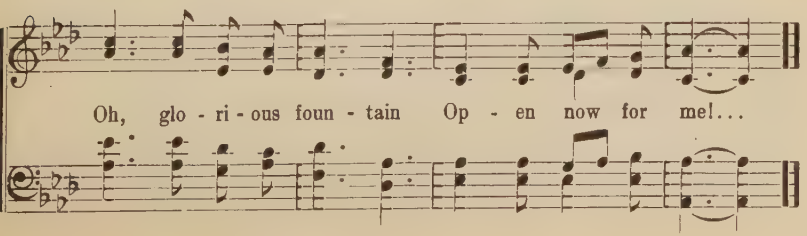


is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
there have I, tho' vile as he, Washed all my sins a - - way.
since by faith I saw the stream His flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
Sav-iour's love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing His pow'r to save,
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

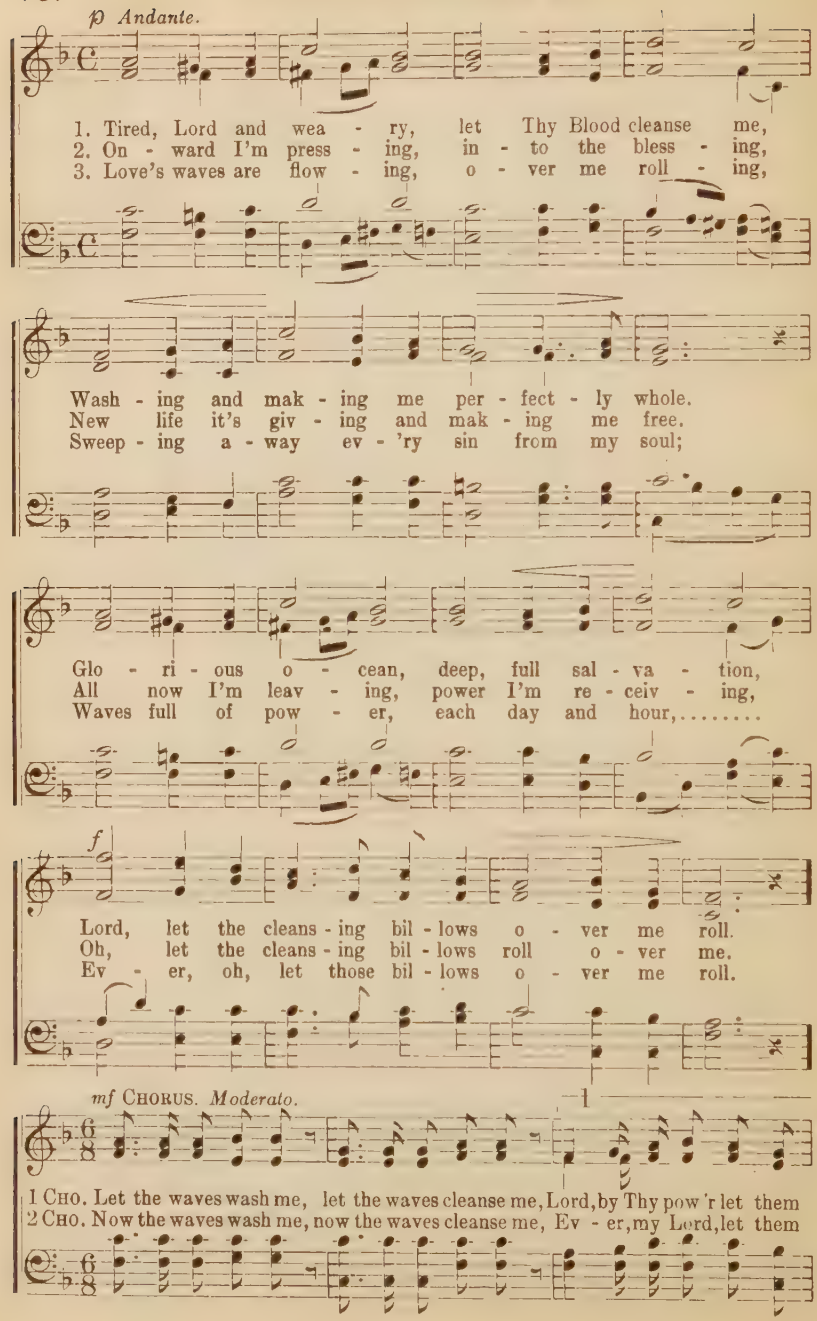
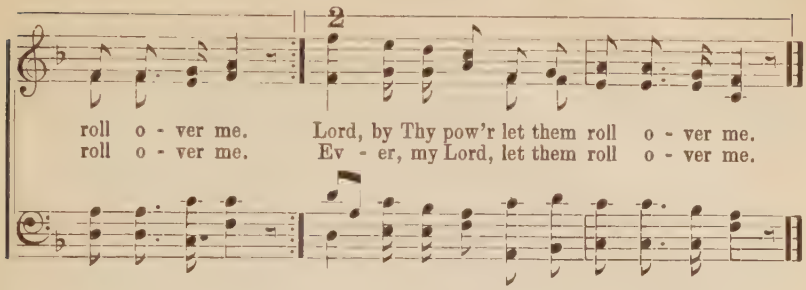
f CHORUS.

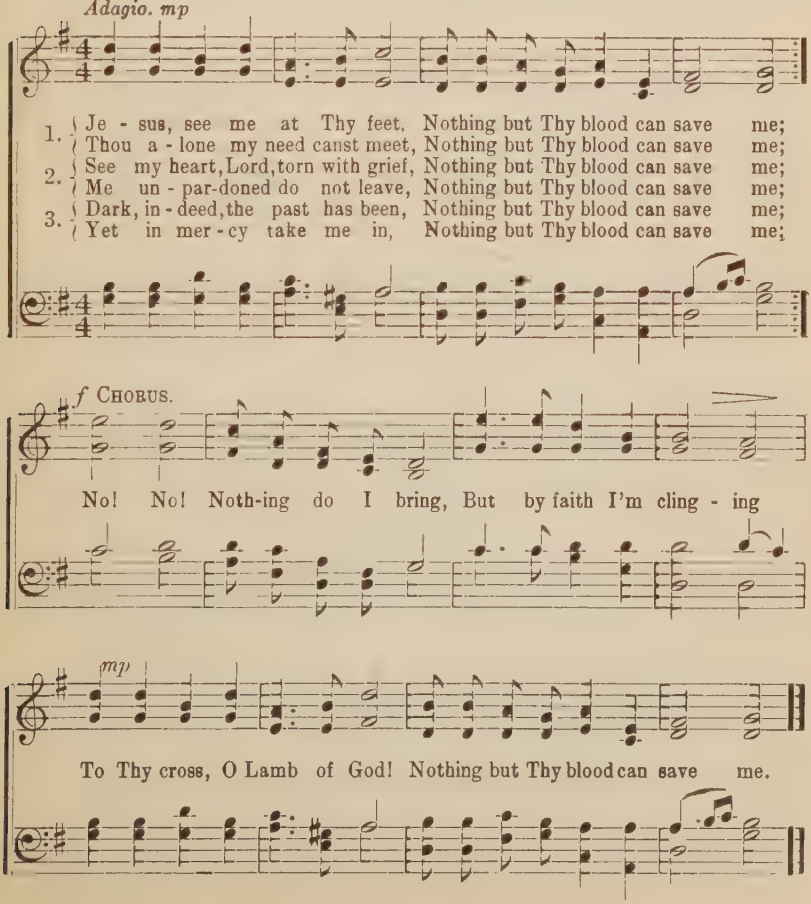


Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain! Op - en for me!...



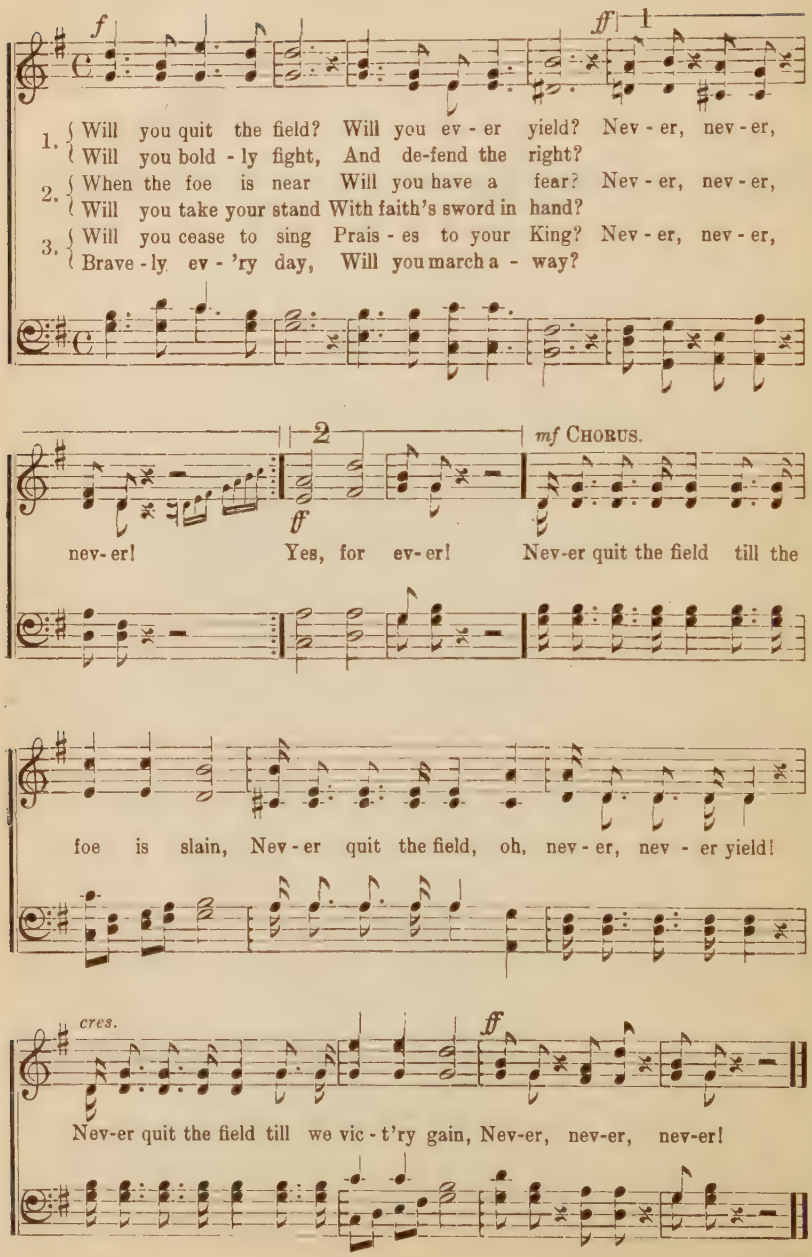
Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain Op - en now for me!...

Let the Waves Wash Me.

p Andante.
1. Tired, Lord and wea - ry, let Thy Blood cleanse me,
2. On - ward I'm press - ing, in - to the bless - ing,
3. Love's waves are flow - ing, o - ver me roll - ing,
Wash - ing and mak - ing me per - fect - ly whole.
New life it's giv - ing and mak - ing me free.
Sweep - ing a - way ev - 'ry sin from my soul;
Glo - ri - ous o - cean, deep, full sal - va - tion,
All now I'm leav - ing, power I'm re - ceiv - ing,
Waves full of pow - er, each day and hour,.....
f
Lord, let the cleans - ing bil - lows o - ver me roll.
Oh, let the cleans - ing bil - lows roll o - ver me.
Ev - er, oh, let those bil - lows o - ver me roll.
mf CHORUS. Moderato.
1 CHO. Let the waves wash me, let the waves cleanse me, Lord, by Thy pow'r let them
2 CHO. Now the waves wash me, now the waves cleanse me, Ev - er, my Lord, let them

132 Nothing but Thy Blood Can Save Me.

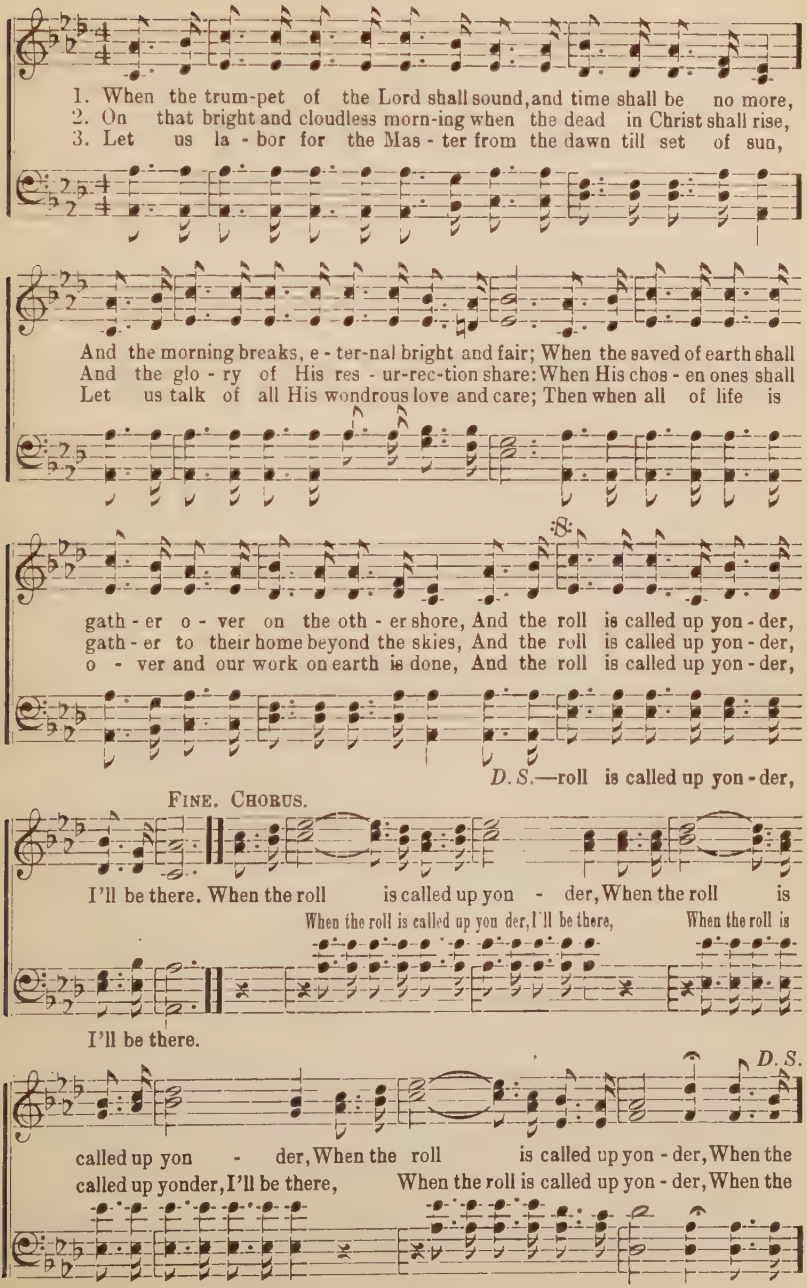
P. M. S. S. 166. B. M. I. 259.

Adagio. mp
1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Thou a - lone my need canst meet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
2. See my heart, Lord, torn with grief, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Me un - par-doned do not leave, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
3. Dark, in - deed, the past has been, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Yet in mer - cy take me in, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
f CHORUS.
No! No! Noth-ing do I bring, But by faith I'm cling - ing
mp
To Thy cross, O Lamb of God! Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

Will You Quit the Field?

P. M. S. S. 610. B. M. I. 297.


f
ff
1
1. Will you quit the field? Will you ev - er yield? Nev - er, nev - er,
Will you bold - ly fight, And de-fend the right?
2. When the foe is near Will you have a fear? Nev - er, nev - er,
Will you take your stand With faith's sword in hand?
3. Will you cease to sing Prais - es to your King? Nev - er, nev - er,
Brave - ly ev - 'ry day, Will you march a - way?
2
ff
mf CHORUS.
nev-er! Yes, for ev-er! Nev-er quit the field till the
foe is slain, Nev - er quit the field, oh, nev - er, nev - er yield!
cres.
ff
Nev-er quit the field till we vic - t'ry gain, Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er!

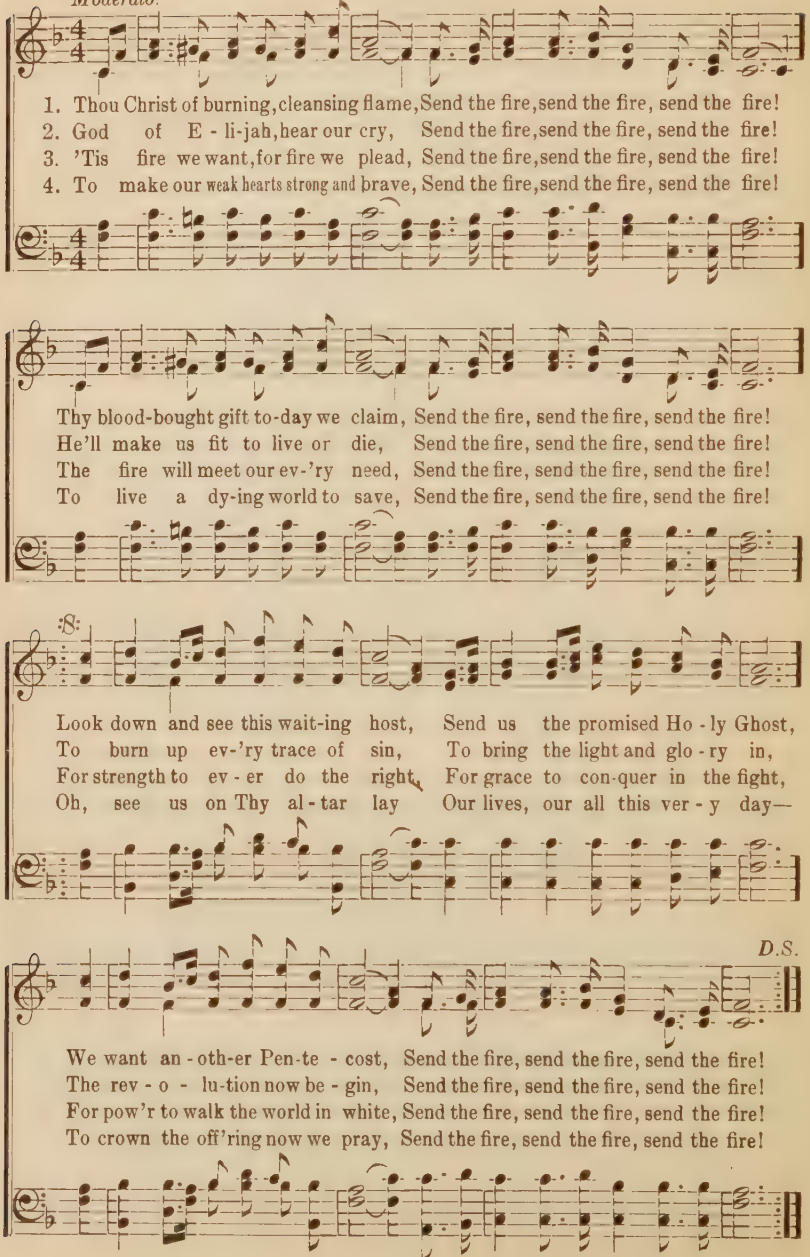
When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

S. S. 154.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun,
And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share: When His chos - en ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der,
gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der,
o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der,
D. S.—roll is called up yon - der,
FINE. CHORUS.
I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der, When the roll is
When the roll is called up yon der, I'll be there, When the roll is
I'll be there.
D. S.
called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the
called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

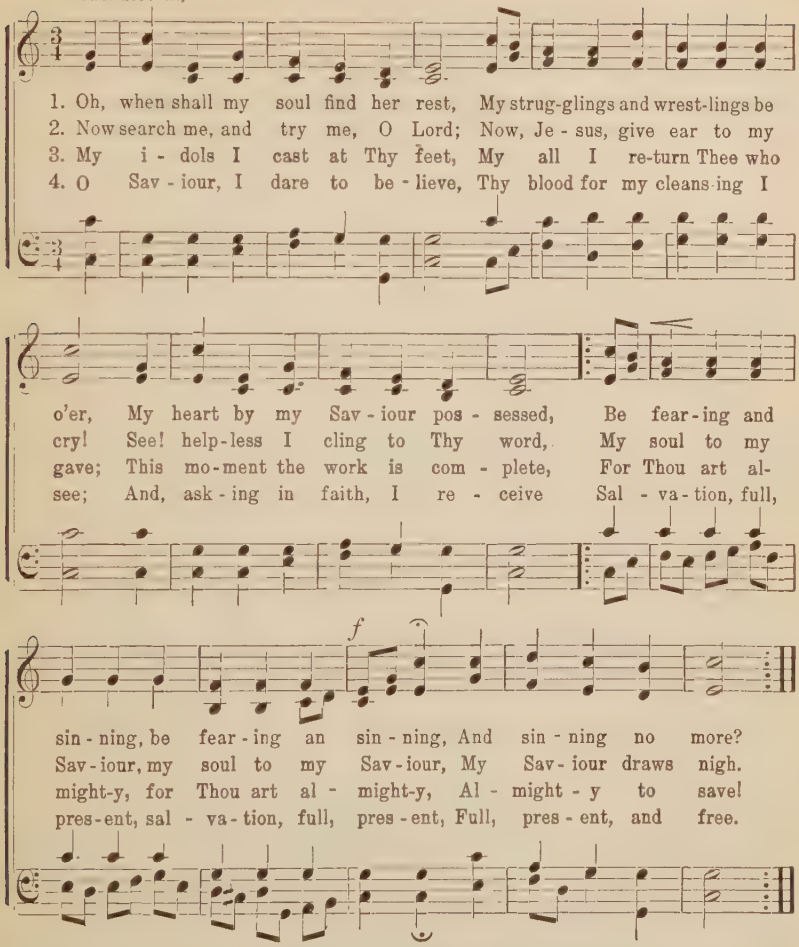
Thou Christ of Burning, Cleansing Flame.

S. S. 383. B. M. I. 125.

Moderato.


1. Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
2. God of E - li-jah, hear our cry, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
3. 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
4. To make our weak hearts strong and brave, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
He'll make us fit to live or die, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
The fire will meet our ev-'ry need, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
To live a dy-ing world to save, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
Look down and see this wait-ing host, Send us the promised Ho - ly Ghost,
To burn up ev-'ry trace of sin, To bring the light and glo - ry in,
For strength to ev - er do the right, For grace to con-quer in the fight,
Oh, see us on Thy al - tar lay Our lives, our all this ver - y day—
D.S.
We want an - oth-er Pen-te - cost, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
The rev - o - lu-tion now be - gin, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
For pow'r to walk the world in white, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
To crown the off'ring now we pray, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

136 Almighty to Save.

Moderato. mf 8's & 6's. S. S. 388. B. M. I. 109.

1. Oh, when shall my soul find her rest, My strug-glings and wrest-lings be
2. Now search me, and try me, O Lord; Now, Je - sus, give ear to my
3. My i - dols I cast at Thy feet, My all I re-turn Thee who
4. O Sav - iour, I dare to be - lieve, Thy blood for my cleans-ing I
o'er, My heart by my Sav - iour pos - sessed, Be fear - ing and
cry! See! help-less I cling to Thy word, My soul to my
gave; This mo-ment the work is com - plete, For Thou art al-
see; And, ask - ing in faith, I re - ceive Sal - va - tion, full,
f
sin - ning, be fear - ing an sin - ning, And sin - ning no more?
Sav - iour, my soul to my Sav - iour, My Sav - iour draws nigh.
might-y, for Thou art al - might-y, Al - might - y to save!
pres - ent, sal - va - tion, full, pres - ent, Full, pres - ent, and free.

137 I Hear My Dying Saviour Say.

Tune 135.

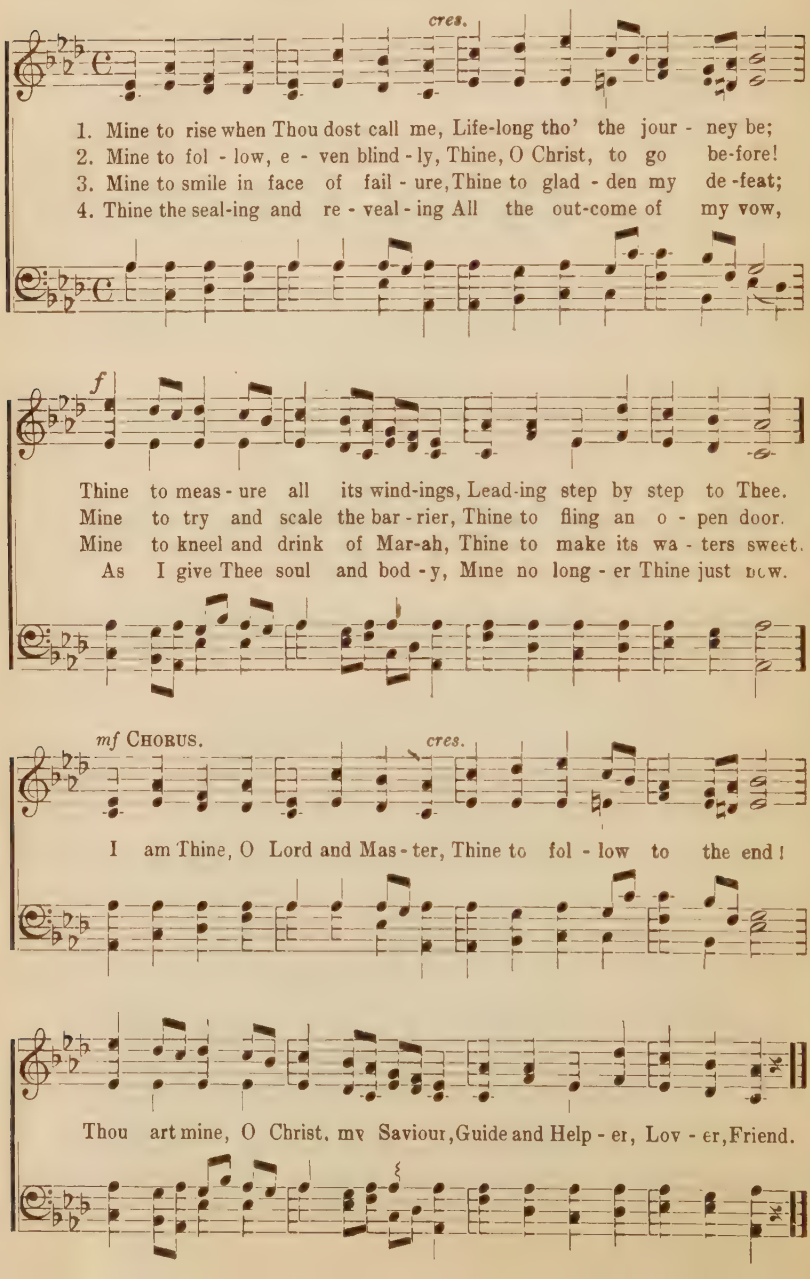
1 I hear my dying Saviour say,
"Follow Me, follow Me!"
His voice is calling all the day,
"Follow me, follow Me!
For thee I trod the bitter way,
For thee I gave My life away,
And drank the gall thy debt to pay,
Follow Me, follow Me!

2 "Tho' thou hast sinned, I've pardoned thee;
Follow Me, follow Me!
From inbred sin I'll set thee free;
Follow Me, follow Me!
In all thy changing life I'll be
Thy God and Guide o'er land and sea,
Thy bliss through all eternity;
Follow Me, follow Me!

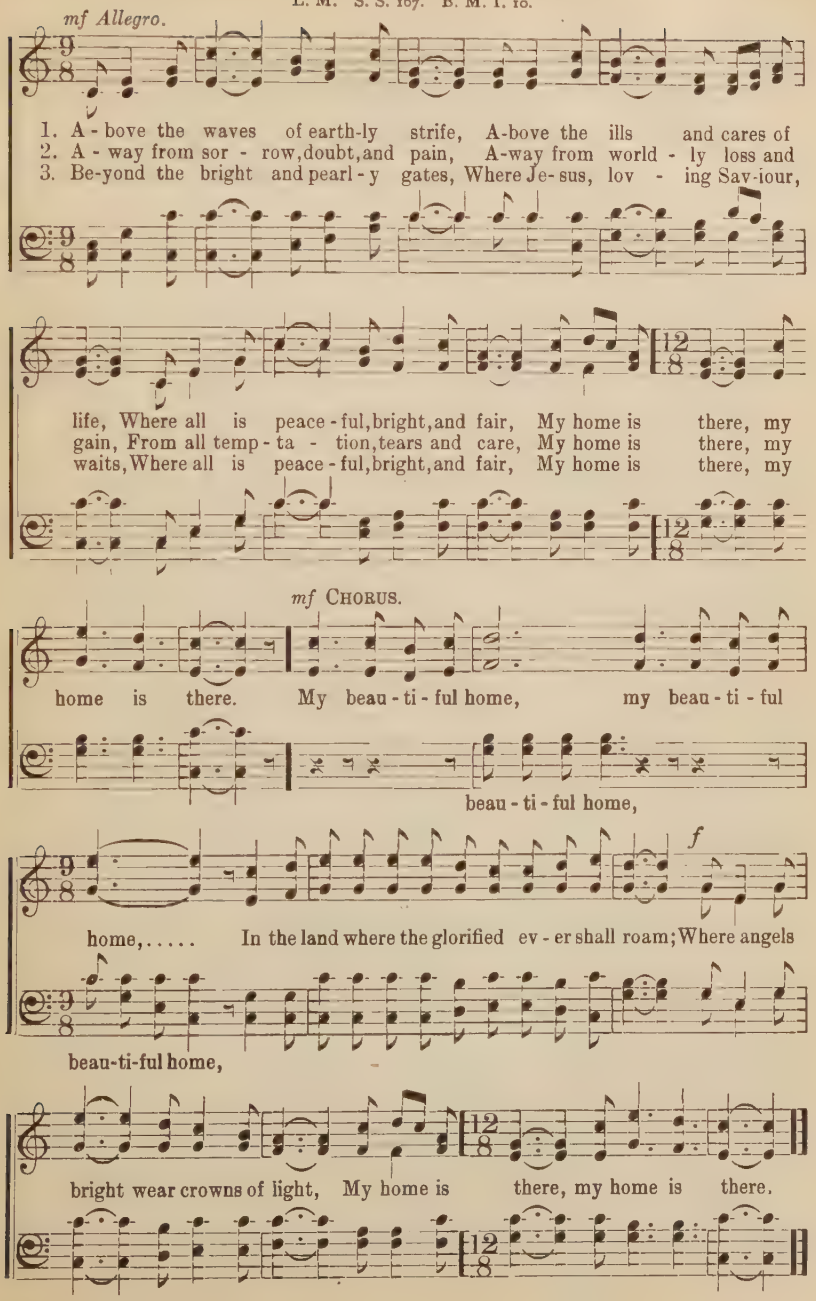
3 "Bring unto Me thy many cares,
Follow Me, follow Me!
Thy heavy load My arm upbears,
Follow me, follow Me!
Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears,
And trust Me through the future years;
My hand shall wipe away thy tears;
Follow Me, follow Me!"

I Am Thine, O Lord and Master.

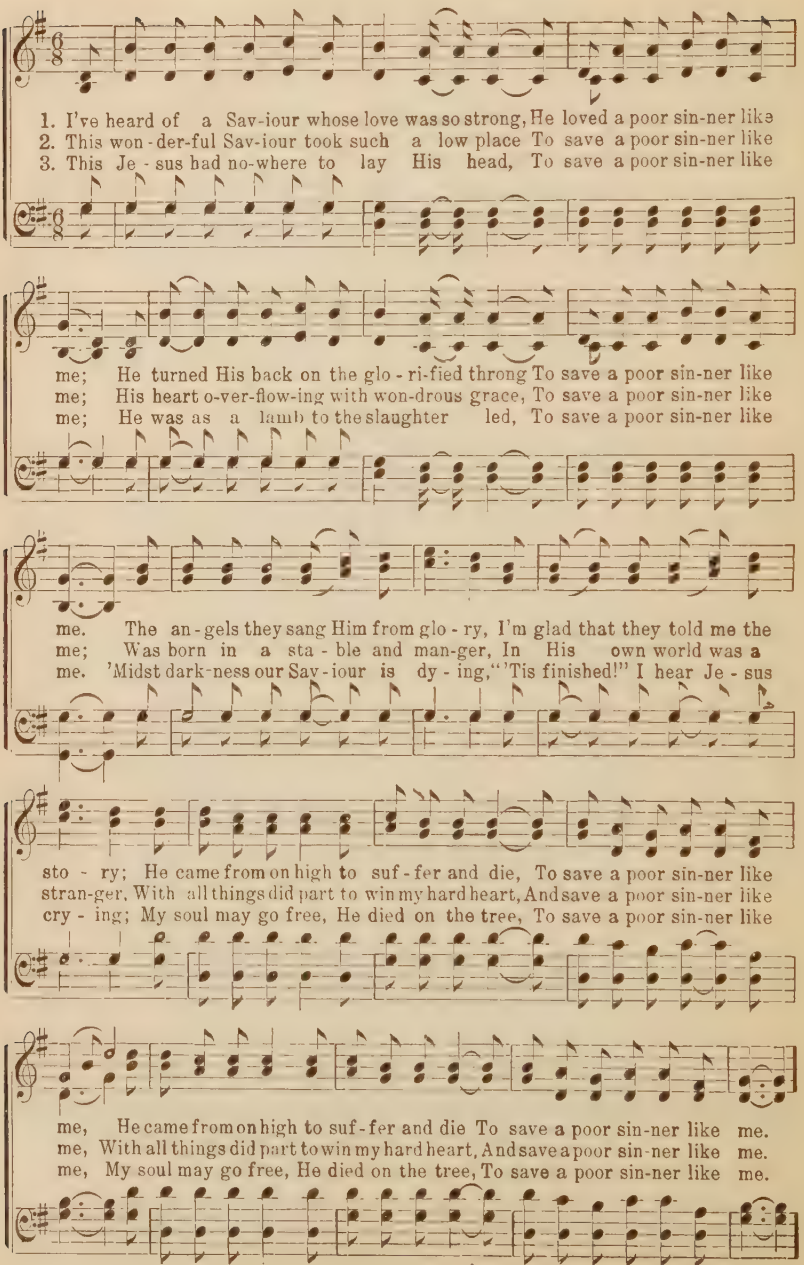
8's & 7's. S. S. 452. B. M. I. 148.


cres.
1. Mine to rise when Thou dost call me, Life-long tho' the jour - ney be;
2. Mine to fol - low, e - ven blind - ly, Thine, O Christ, to go be-fore!
3. Mine to smile in face of fail - ure, Thine to glad - den my de-feat;
4. Thine the seal-ing and re - veal - ing All the out-come of my vow,
f
Thine to meas - ure all its wind-ings, Lead-ing step by step to Thee.
Mine to try and scale the bar - rier, Thine to fling an o - pen door.
Mine to kneel and drink of Mar-ah, Thine to make its wa - ters sweet.
As I give Thee soul and bod - y, Mine no long - er Thine just now.
mf CHORUS.
cres.
I am Thine, O Lord and Mas - ter, Thine to fol - low to the end!
Thou art mine, O Christ, my Saviour, Guide and Help - er, Lov - er, Friend.

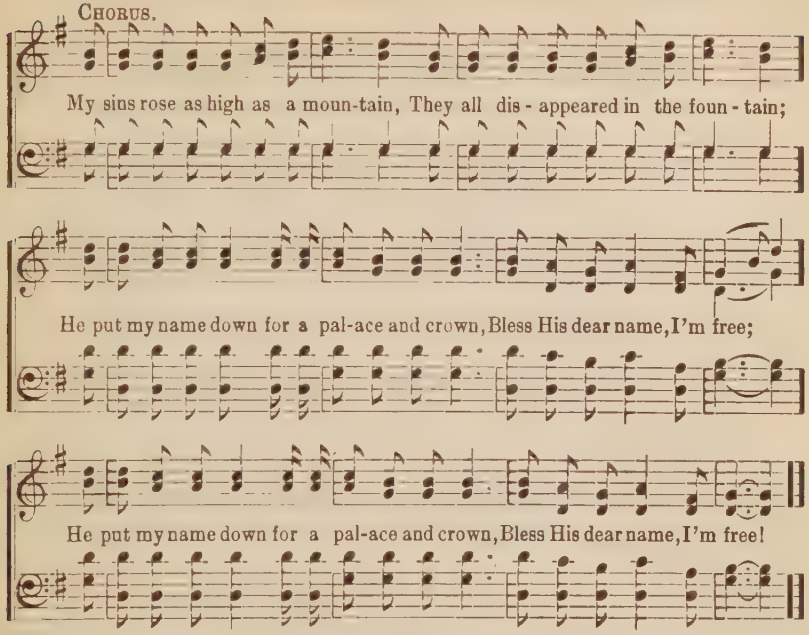
My Beautiful Home.

L. M. S. S. 167. B. M. I. 10.

mf Allegro.
1. A - bove the waves of earth-ly strife, A-bove the ills and cares of
2. A - way from sor - row, doubt, and pain, A-way from world - ly loss and
3. Be-yond the bright and pearl - y gates, Where Je - sus, lov - ing Sav-iour,
life, Where all is peace - ful, bright, and fair, My home is there, my
gain, From all temp - ta - tion, tears and care, My home is there, my
waits, Where all is peace - ful, bright, and fair, My home is there, my
mf CHORUS.
home is there. My beau - ti - ful home, my beau - ti - ful
beau - ti - ful home,
f
home, ... In the land where the glorified ev - er shall roam; Where angels
beau-ti-ful home,
bright wear crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.

My Sins Rose as High as a Mountain.

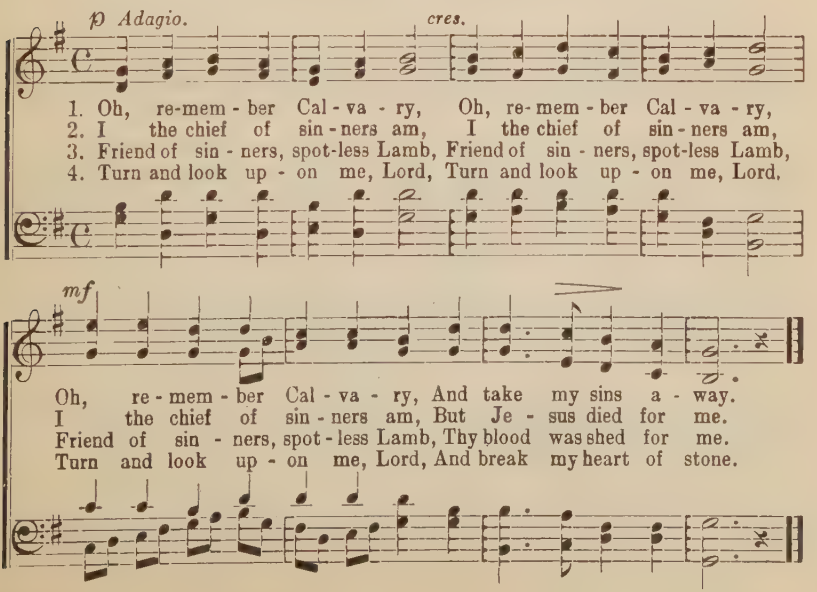
S. S. 260. B. M. I. 299.

1. I've heard of a Sav-iour whose love was so strong, He loved a poor sin-ner like me;
2. This won-der-ful Sav-iour took such a low place To save a poor sin-ner like me;
3. This Je-sus had no-where to lay His head, To save a poor sin-ner like me.
He turned His back on the glo-ri-fied throng To save a poor sin-ner like me.
His heart o-ver-flow-ing with won-drous grace, To save a poor sin-ner like me.
He was as a lamb to the slaughter led, To save a poor sin-ner like me.
The an-gels they sang Him from glo-ry, I'm glad that they told me the sto-ry;
Was born in a sta-ble and man-ger, In His own world was a stran-ger,
'Midst dark-ness our Sav-iour is dy-ing, "'Tis finished!" I hear Je-sus cry-ing;
He came from on high to suf-fer and die, To save a poor sin-ner like me.
With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sin-ner like me.
My soul may go free, He died on the tree, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

My Sins Rose as High as a Mountain.—Concluded.


Chorus.
My sins rose as high as a moun-tain, They all dis - appeared in the foun - tain;
He put my name down for a pal-ace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free;
He put my name down for a pal-ace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free!

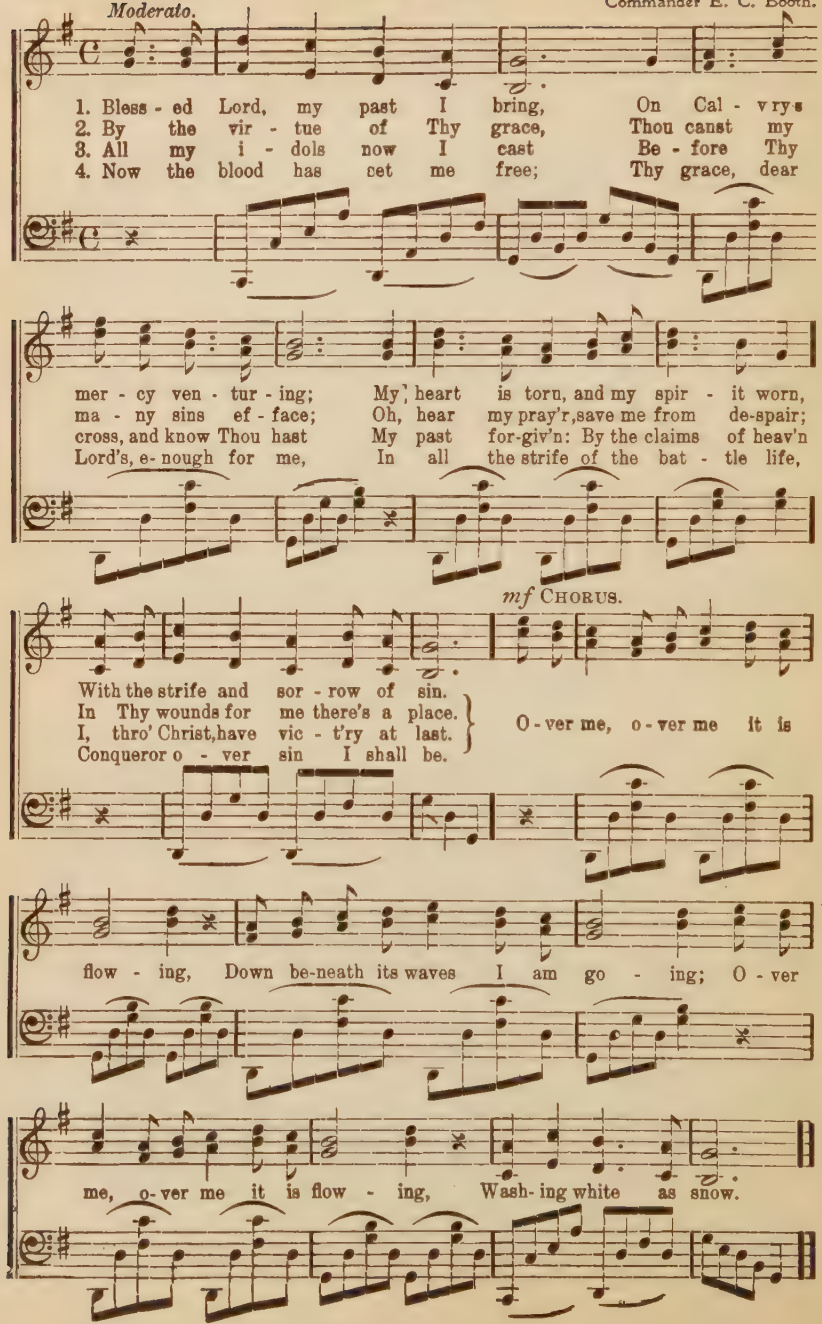
141 Oh, Remember Calvary.

P. M. S. S. 180. B. M. I. 261.

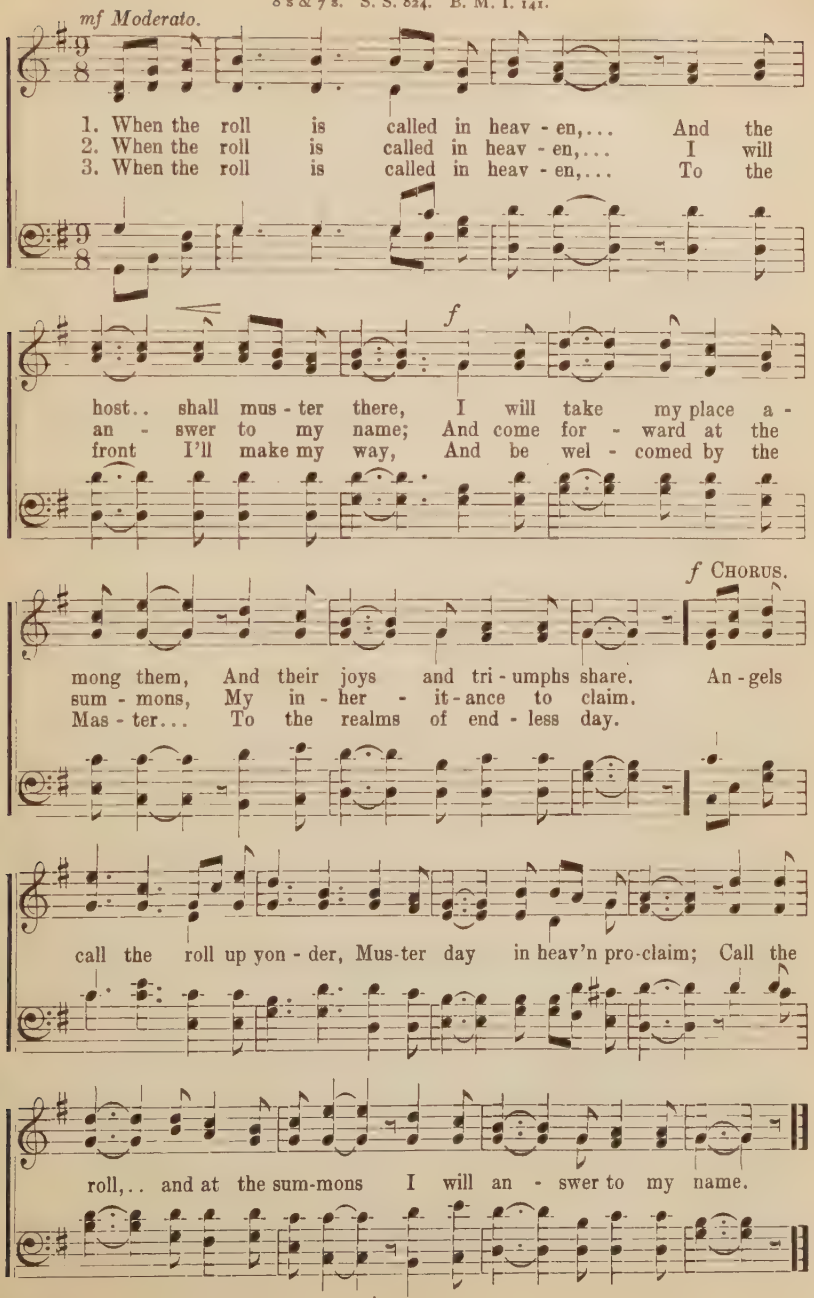

p Adagio.
cres.
1. Oh, re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry, Oh, re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry,
2. I the chief of sin - ners am, I the chief of sin - ners am,
3. Friend of sin - ners, spot-less Lamb, Friend of sin - ners, spot-less Lamb,
4. Turn and look up - on me, Lord, Turn and look up - on me, Lord.
mf
Oh, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And take my sins a - way.
I the chief of sin - ners am, But Je - sus died for me.
Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.
Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Over Me.

Commander E. C. Booth.

Moderato.

1. Bless - ed Lord, my past I bring, On Cal - v ry's
2. By the vir - tue of Thy grace, Thou canst my
3. All my i - dols now I cast Be - fore Thy
4. Now the blood has set me free; Thy grace, dear
mer - cy ven - tur - ing; My heart is torn, and my spir - it worn,
ma - ny sins ef - face; Oh, hear my pray'r, save me from de-spair;
cross, and know Thou hast My past for-giv'n: By the claims of heav'n
Lord's, e- nough for me, In all the strife of the bat - tle life,
mf CHORUS.
With the strife and sor - row of sin.
In Thy wounds for me there's a place.
I, thro' Christ, have vic - t'ry at last.
Conqueror o - ver sin I shall be.
O - ver me, o - ver me it is
flow - ing, Down be-neath its waves I am go - ing; O - ver
me, o - ver me it is flow - ing, Wash - ing white as snow.

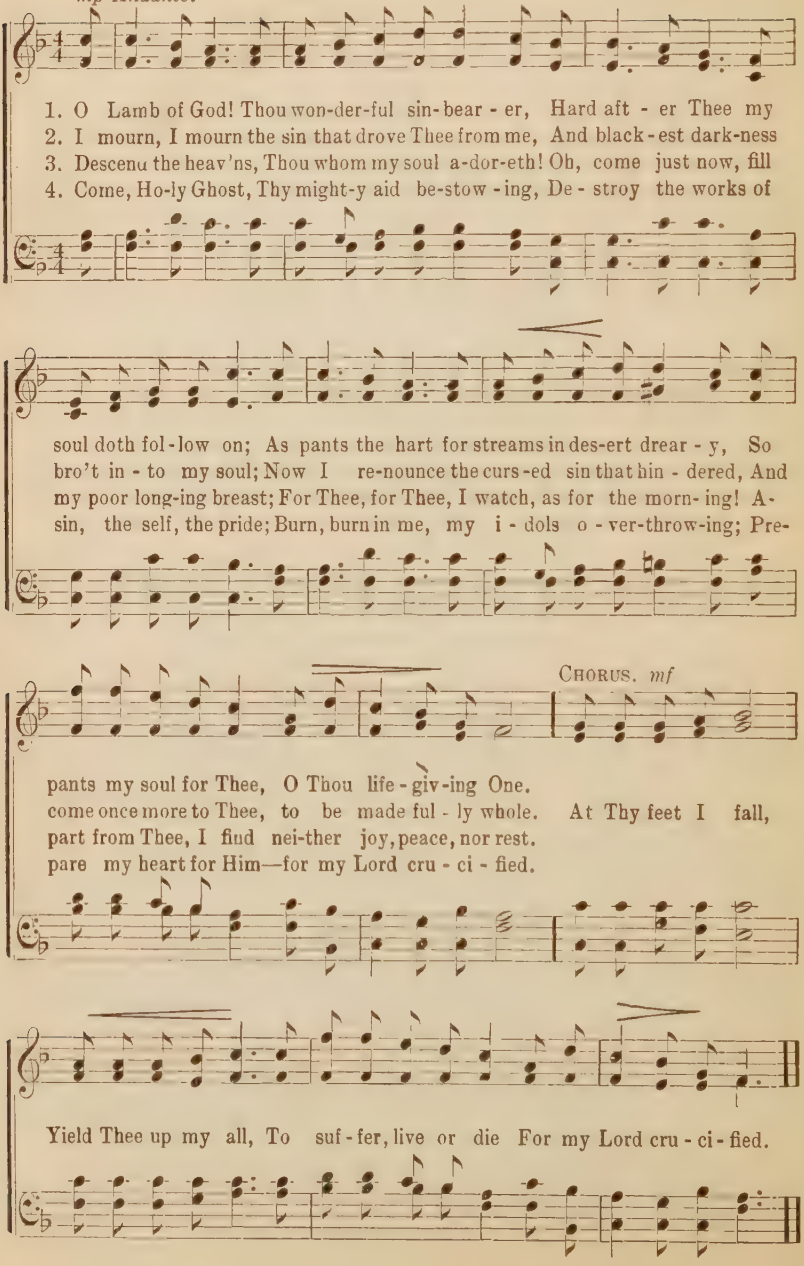
Angels Call the Roll.

8's & 7's. S. S. 824. B. M. I. 141.

mf Moderato.
1. When the roll is called in heav - en,... And the
2. When the roll is called in heav - en,... I will
3. When the roll is called in heav - en,... To the
f
host.. shall mus - ter there, I will take my place a -
an - swer to my name; And come for - ward at the
front I'll make my way, And be wel - comed by the
f Chorus.
mong them, And their joys and tri - umphs share. An - gels
sum - mons, My in - her - it - ance to claim.
Mas - ter... To the realms of end - less day.
call the roll up yon - der, Mus-ter day in heav'n pro-claim; Call the
roll,.. and at the sum-mons I will an - swer to my name.

At Thy Feet I Fall.

P. M. S. S. 386. B. M. I. 210.

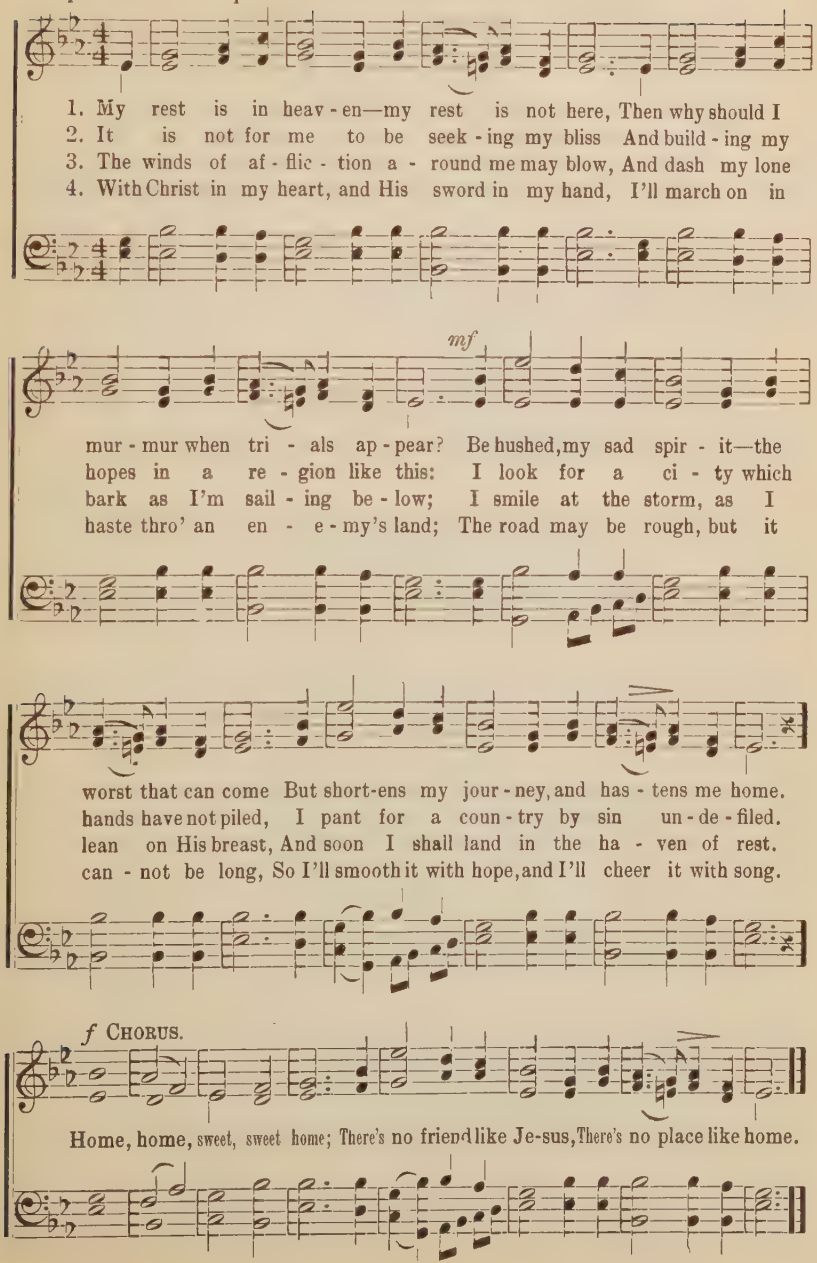
mp Andante.


1. O Lamb of God! Thou won-der-ful sin-bear - er, Hard aft - er Thee my
2. I mourn, I mourn the sin that drove Thee from me, And black - est dark-ness
3. Descend the heav'ns, Thou whom my soul a-dor-eth! Oh, come just now, fill
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, Thy might-y aid be-stow - ing, De - stroy the works of
soul doth fol-low on; As pants the hart for streams in des-ert drear - y, So
bro't in - to my soul; Now I re-nounce the curs-ed sin that hin - dered, And
my poor long-ing breast; For Thee, for Thee, I watch, as for the morn- ing! A-
sin, the self, the pride; Burn, burn in me, my i - dols o - ver-throw-ing; Pre-
Chorus. *mf*
pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life - giv-ing One.
come once more to Thee, to be made ful - ly whole. At Thy feet I fall,
part from Thee, I find nei-ther joy, peace, nor rest.
pare my heart for Him—for my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Yield Thee up my all, To suf - fer, live or die For my Lord cru - ci - fied.

Home, Sweet Home.

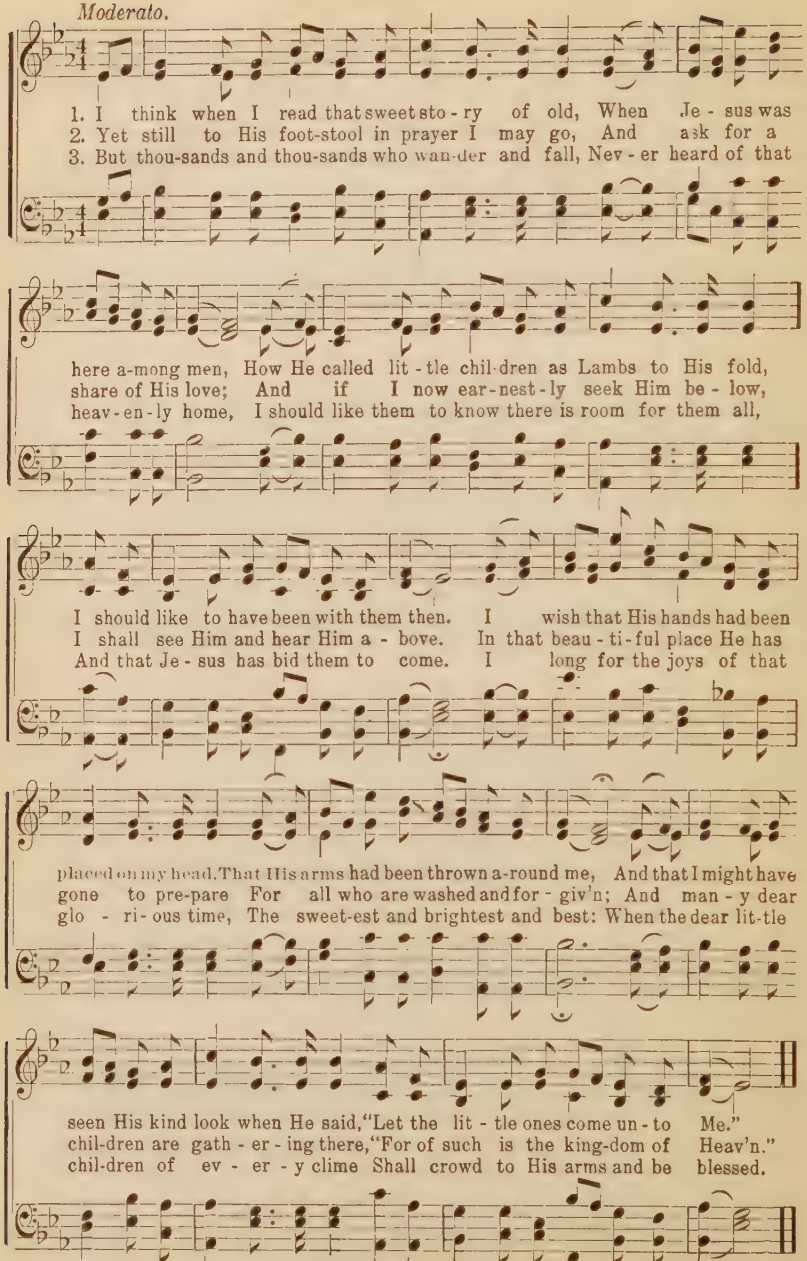
11's. S. S. 677. B. M. I. 183.

p Moderato con espress.

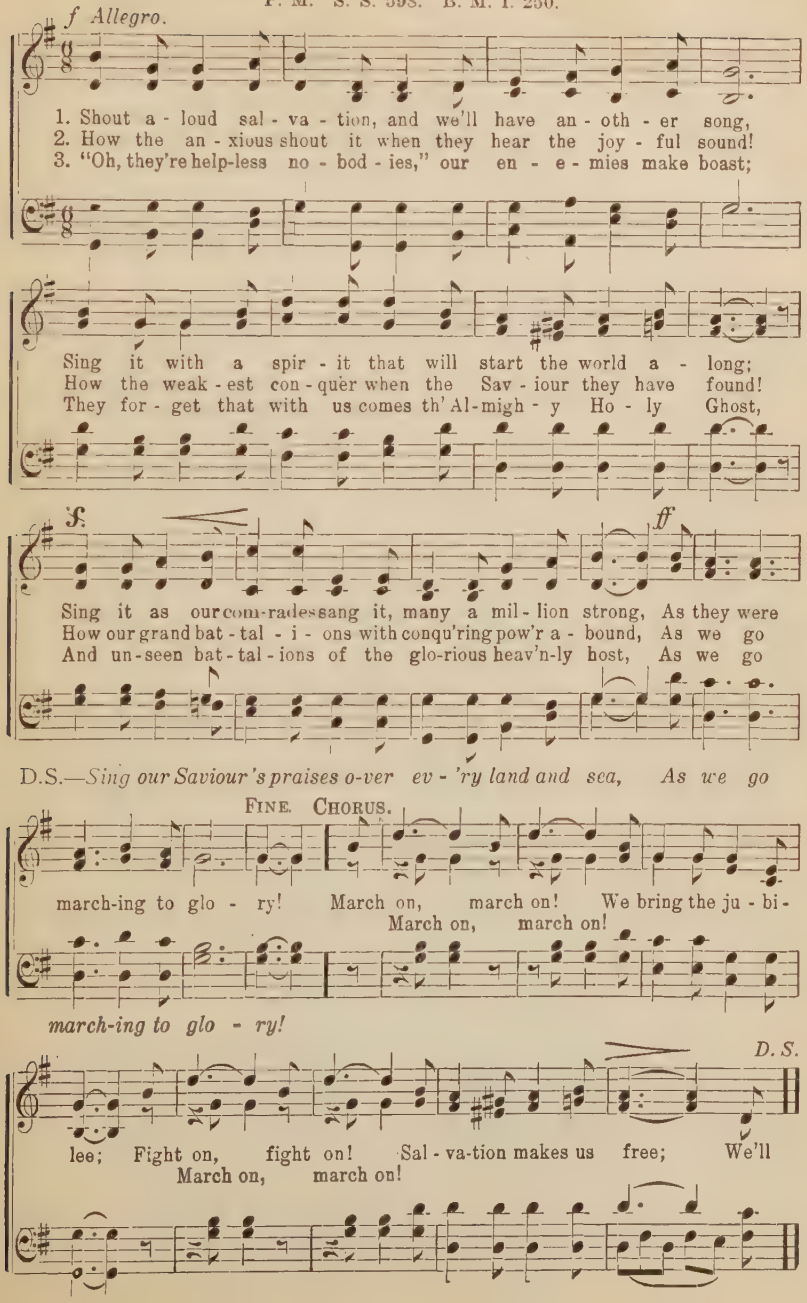

1. My rest is in heav - en—my rest is not here, Then why should I
2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss And build - ing my
3. The winds of af - flic - tion a - round me may blow, And dash my lone
4. With Christ in my heart, and His sword in my hand, I'll march on in
mf
mur - mur when tri - als ap - pear? Be hushed, my sad spir - it—the
hopes in a re - gion like this: I look for a ci - ty which
bark as I'm sail - ing be - low; I smile at the storm, as I
haste thro' an en - e - my's land; The road may be rough, but it
worst that can come But short-ens my jour - ney, and has - tens me home.
hands have not piled, I pant for a coun - try by sin un - de - filed.
lean on His breast, And soon I shall land in the ha - ven of rest.
can - not be long, So I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.
f CHORUS.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home; There's no friend like Je-sus, There's no place like home.

The Sweet Story of Old.

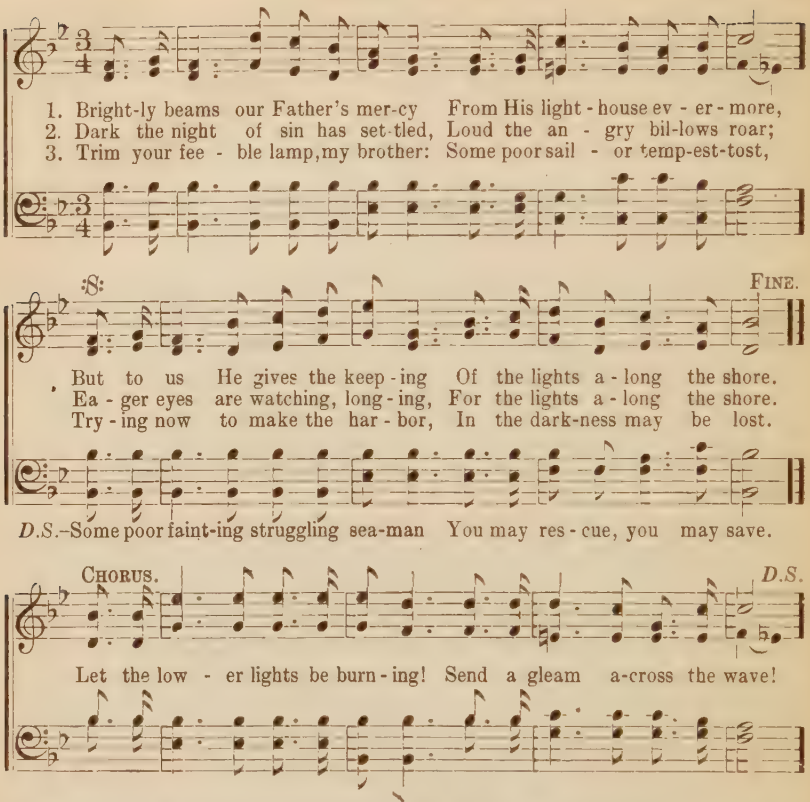
S. S. 740.

Moderato.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as Lambs to His fold,
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share of His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be - low,
3. But thou-sands and thou-sands who wan-der and fall, Nev - er heard of that heav - en-ly home, I should like them to know there is room for them all,
I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre-pare For all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear
And that Je - sus has bid them to come. I long for the joys of that glo - ri - ous time, The sweet-est and brightest and best: When the dear lit-tle
seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
chil-dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of Heav'n."
chil-dren of ev - er - y clime Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

Shout Aloud Salvation.

P. M. S. S. 598. B. M. I. 250.

f Allegro.
1. Shout a - loud sal - va - tion, and we'll have an - oth - er song,
2. How the an - xious shout it when they hear the joy - ful sound!
3. "Oh, they're help-less no - bod - ies," our en - e - mies make boast;
Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long;
How the weak - est con - quer when the Sav - iour they have found!
They for - get that with us comes th' Al-migh - y Ho - ly Ghost,
S.
ff
Sing it as our com-rades sang it, many a mil - lion strong, As they were
How our grand bat - tal - i - ons with conqu'ring pow'r a - bound, As we go
And un-seen bat - tal - ions of the glo-rious heav'n-ly host, As we go
D.S.—Sing our Saviour's praises o-ver ev - 'ry land and sea, As we go
Fine. Chorus.
march-ing to glo - ry! March on, march on! We bring the ju - bi-
March on, march on!
march-ing to glo - ry!
D. S.
lee; Fight on, fight on! Sal - va-tion makes us free; We'll
March on, march on!

148 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

8's & 7's. S. S. 847.

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail-or temp-est-tost,
:S:
FINE.
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D.S.–Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

149 Lead me Higher up the Mountain.

8's & 7's. Tune—148.

1 Jesus, lead me up the mountain,
Where the whitest robes are seen,
Where the saints can see the fountain,
Where we may be pure and clean.

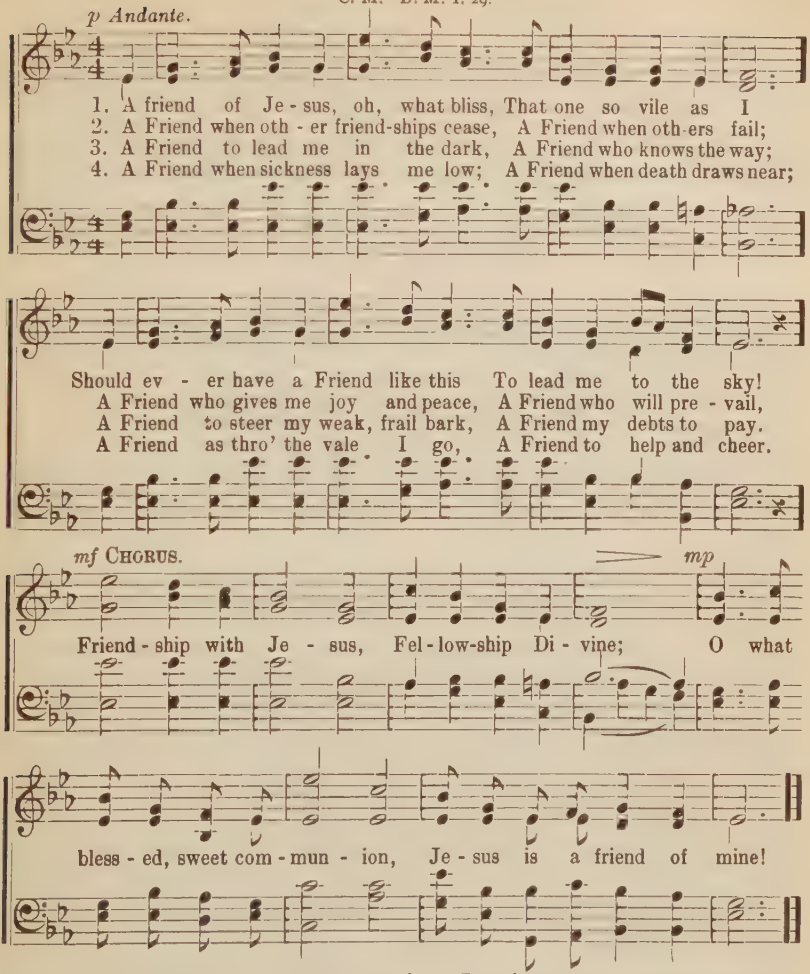
CHORUS.

Lead me higher up the mountain,
Give me fellowship with Thee;
In Thy light I see the fountain,
And the Blood It cleanses me.

2 Higher up where light increases
Far above all earthly loss,
Where the life of sinning ceases,
Where the Spirit comes in floods.

3 Save me better, make me purer,
Put me where the fire refines,
Where the breath of hope is surer,
Where the highest glory shines.

150 Friendship With Jesus.

C. M. B. M. I. 29.

p Andante.
1. A friend of Je - sus, oh, what bliss, That one so vile as I
2. A Friend when oth - er friend-ships cease, A Friend when oth-ers fail;
3. A Friend to lead me in the dark, A Friend who knows the way;
4. A Friend when sickness lays me low; A Friend when death draws near;
Should ev - er have a Friend like this To lead me to the sky!
A Friend who gives me joy and peace, A Friend who will pre - vail,
A Friend to steer my weak, frail bark, A Friend my debts to pay.
A Friend as thro' the vale I go, A Friend to help and cheer.
mf CHORUS.
mp
Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low-ship Di - vine; O what
bless - ed, sweet com - mun - ion, Je - sus is a friend of mine!

151 Down in the Garden.

C. M. Tune – 150. S. S. 8. B. M. I. 29.

1 Dark was the hour, Gethsemane,
When thro' thy walks was heard
The lowly Man of Galilee
Still pleading with the Lord.

CHO.—Down in the garden,
Hear that mournful sound;
There behold the Saviour weeping,
Praying on the cold, damp ground.

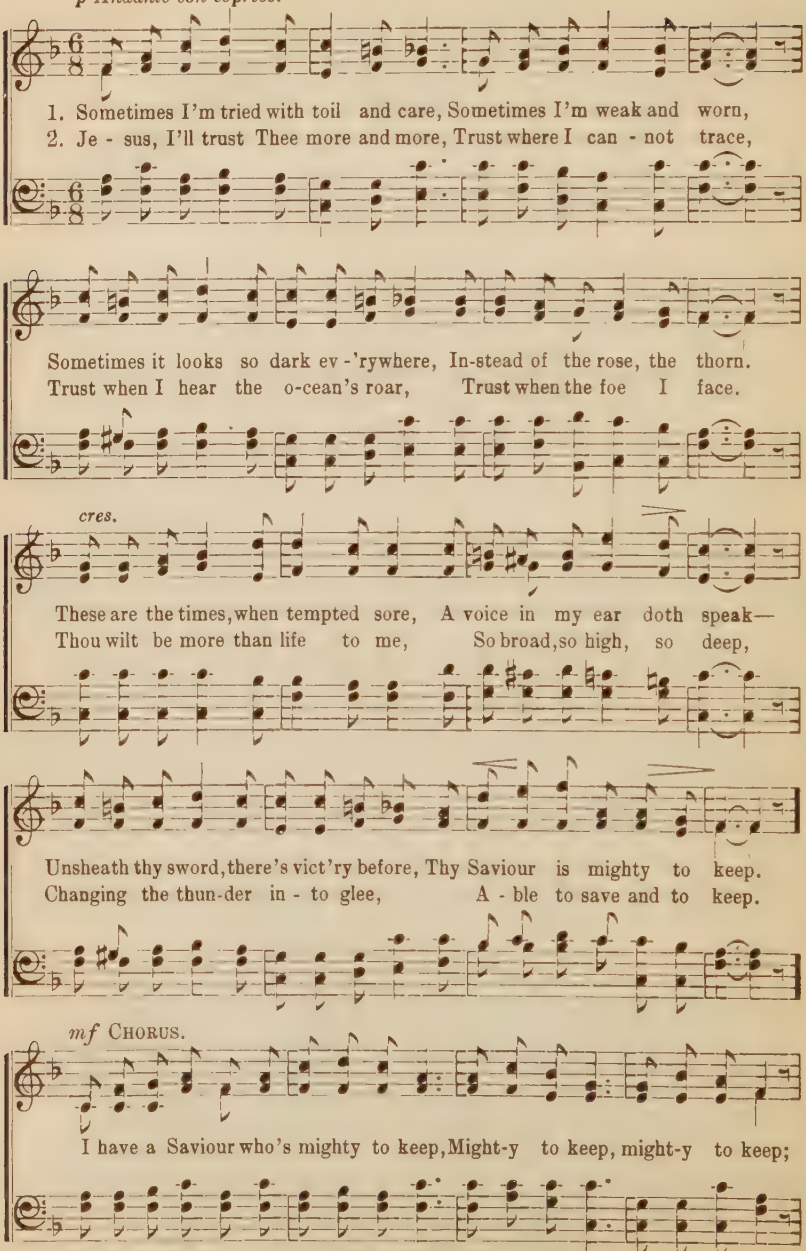
2nd CHO.—Jesus, my Saviour,
Let me weep with Thee;
Mercy, O Thou Son of David!
Mercy's coming down to me.

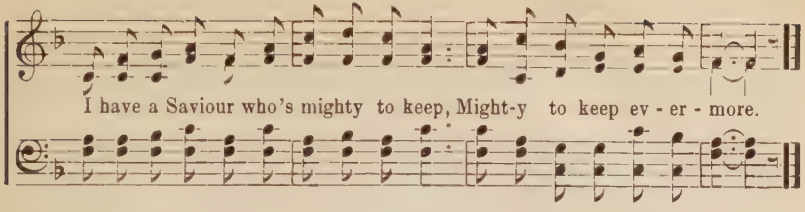
2 Alone in sorrow see Him bow
As all our griefs He bears;
Not words may tell His anguish now
But sweat, and blood, and tears.

3 There prostrate on the earth He lies,
God's well-beloved Son;
But still the fainting Sufferer cries:
"Father, Thy will be done!"

4 For me He prays, I hear Him pray,
He will my soul receive.
Now, Jesus, take my sins away;
Now, Jesus, I believe.

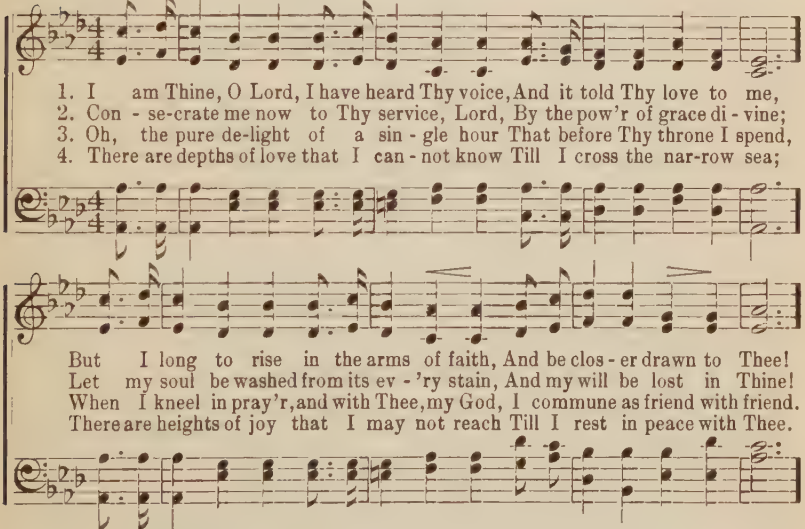
Mighty to Keep.

D. C. M. S. S. 691. B. M. I. 50.

p Andante con espress.
1. Sometimes I'm tried with toil and care, Sometimes I'm weak and worn,
2. Je - sus, I'll trust Thee more and more, Trust where I can - not trace,
Sometimes it looks so dark ev -'rywhere, In-stead of the rose, the thorn.
Trust when I hear the o-cean's roar, Trust when the foe I face.
cres.
These are the times, when tempted sore, A voice in my ear doth speak—
Thou wilt be more than life to me, So broad, so high, so deep,
Unsheath thy sword, there's vict'ry before, Thy Saviour is mighty to keep.
Changing the thun-der in - to glee, A - ble to save and to keep.
mf CHORUS.
I have a Saviour who's mighty to keep, Might-y to keep, might-y to keep;

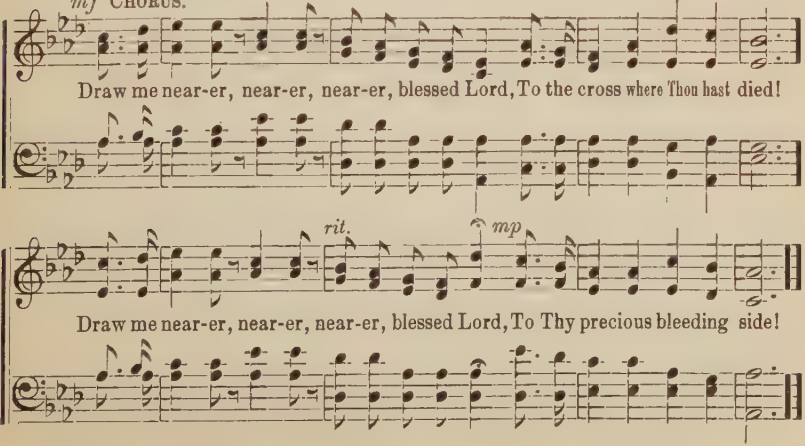


153 Draw Me Nearer.

P. M. S. S. 461. B. M. I. 225.

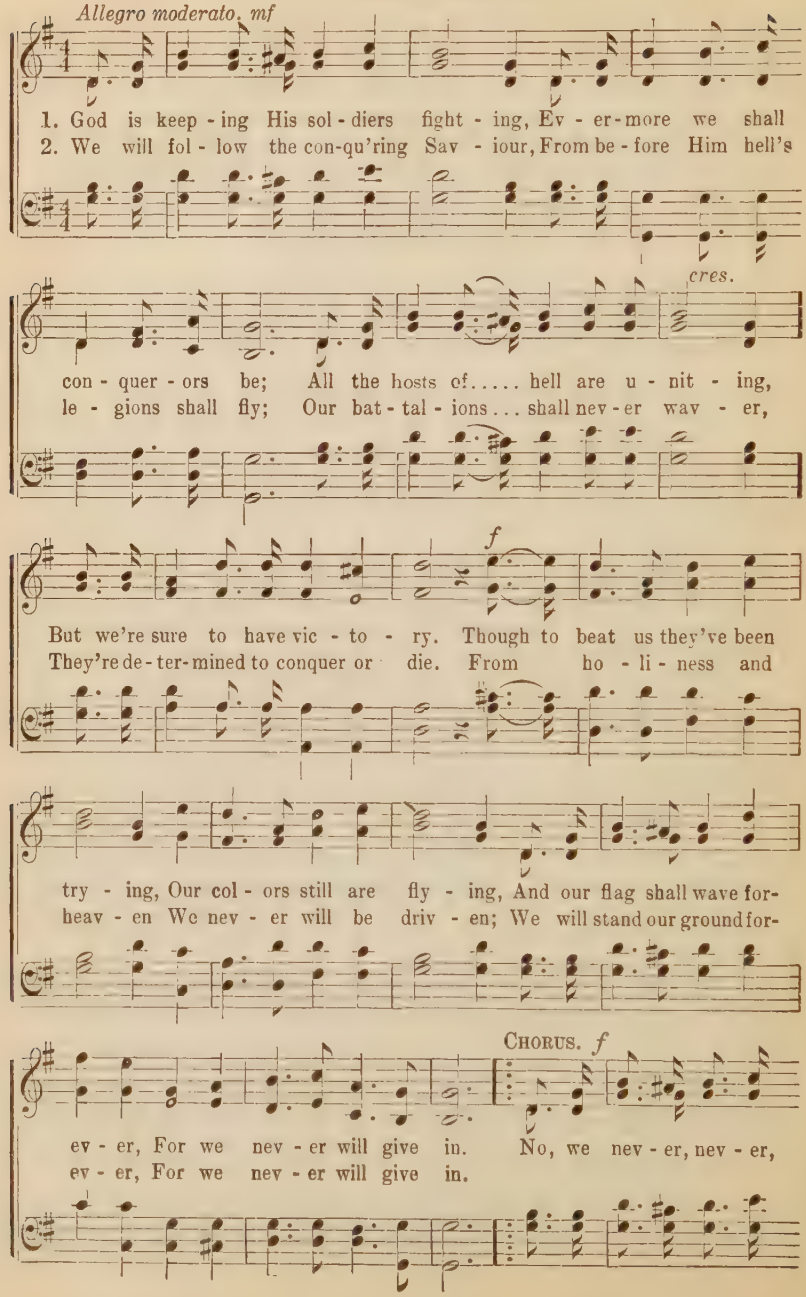
mp Andante con espress. F. T. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me,
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. Oh, the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar-row sea;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee!
Let my soul be washed from its ev - 'ry stain, And my will be lost in Thine!
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

mf Chorus.

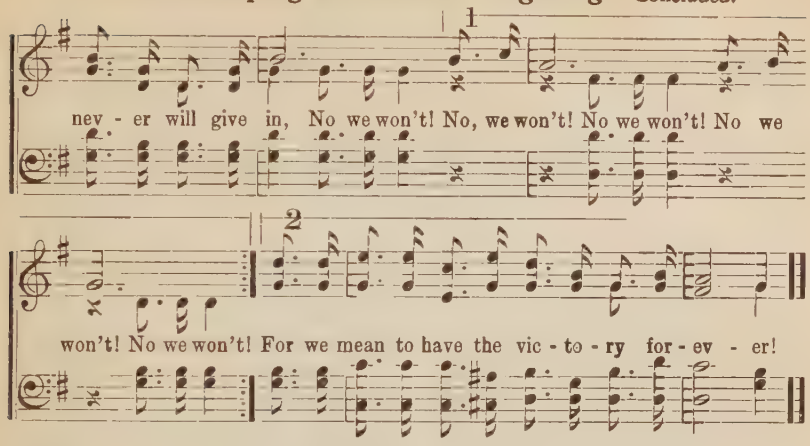

Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died!
rit.
mp
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side!

God is Keeping His Soldiers Fighting.

P. M. S. S. 575. B. M. I. 233.

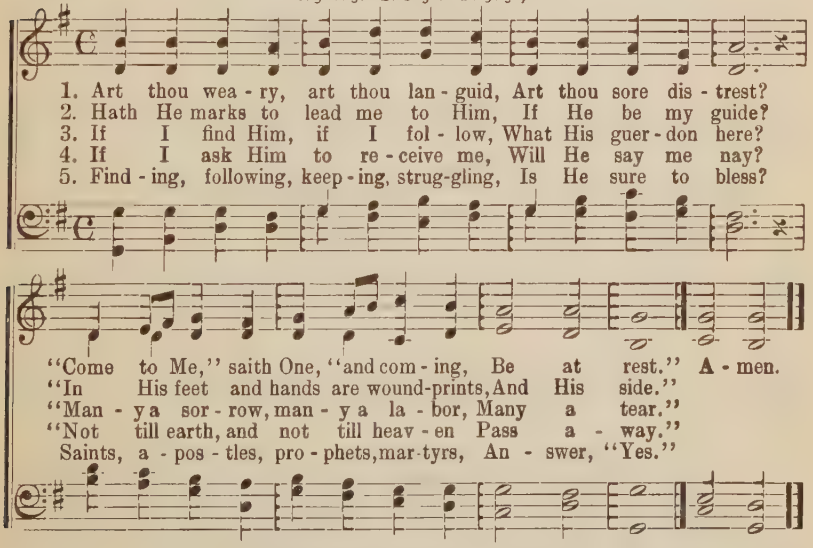

Allegro moderato. mf
1. God is keep - ing His sol - diers fight - ing, Ev - er - more we shall
2. We will fol - low the con-qu'ring Sav - iour, From be - fore Him hell's
cres.
con - quer - ors be; All the hosts of..... hell are u - nit - ing,
le - gions shall fly; Our bat - tal - ions... shall nev - er wav - er,
f
But we're sure to have vic - to - ry. Though to beat us they've been
They're de - ter - mined to conquer or die. From ho - li - ness and
try - ing, Our col - ors still are fly - ing, And our flag shall wave for-
heav - en We nev - er will be driv - en; We will stand our ground for-
Chorus. f
ev - er, For we nev - er will give in. No, we nev - er, nev - er,
ev - er, For we nev - er will give in.

God is Keeping His Soldiers Fighting.—Concluded.



155 Art Thou Weary.

8. 5 8. 3. S. S. 36. B. J. 367.


1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
5. Find - ing, following, keep - ing, strug - gling, Is He sure to bless?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest." A - men.
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Man - y a sor - row, man - y a la - bor, Many a tear."
"Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way."
Saints, a - pos - tles, pro - phets, mar - tyrs, An - swer, "Yes."

156 When the Shadows are Thickly Falling.

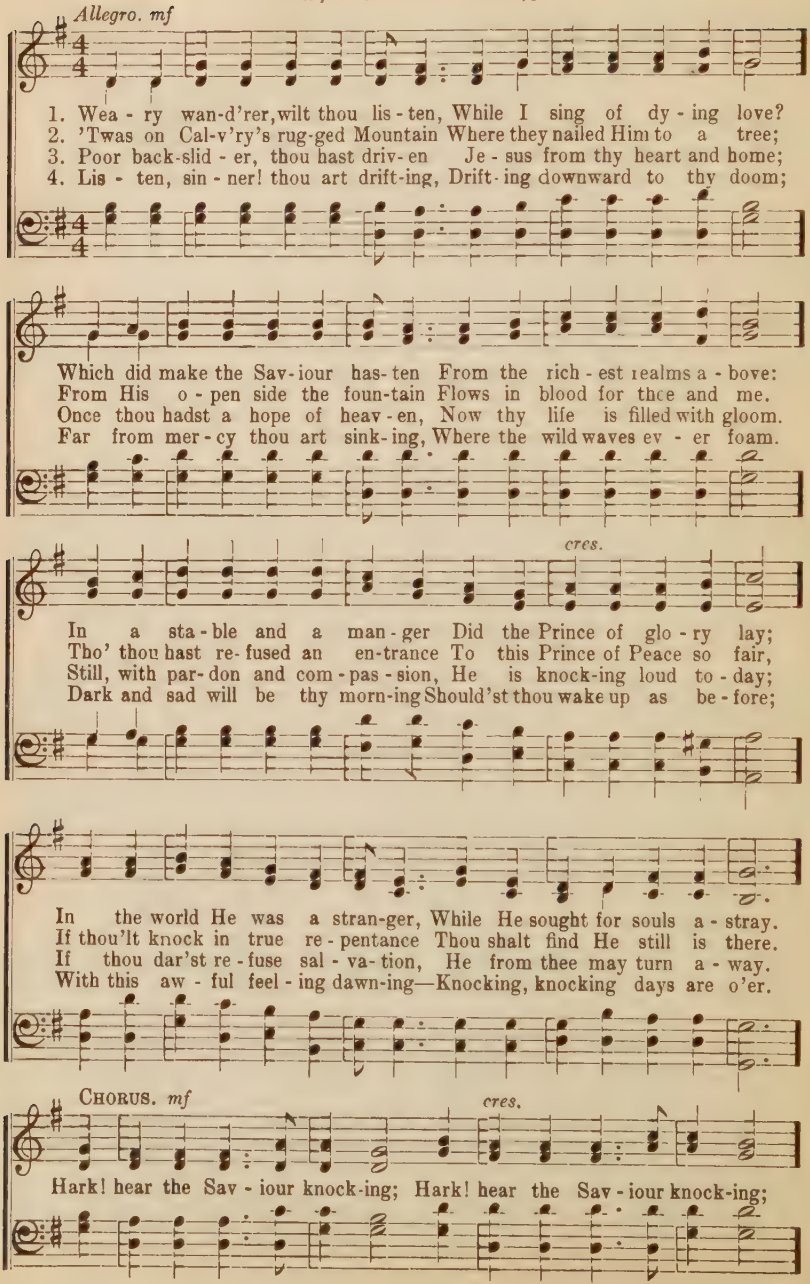
P. M. Tune—154. S. S. 213. B. M. I. 233.

1 When the shadows are thickly falling,
As I pass thro' the valley of death,
And the trumpet for me is calling,
I will shout with my latest breath—
By the blood that did redeem me,
O Lord, Thou wilt receive me,
And before the throne then flying,
I will answer, "Here am I!"

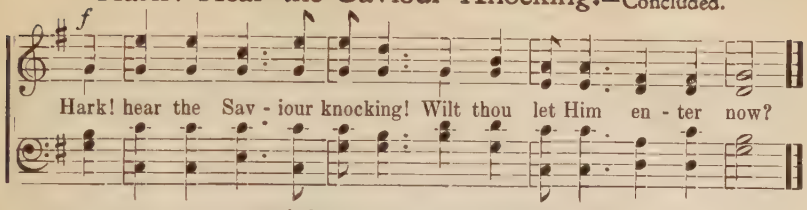
CHORUS.—When the trumpet sounds I'm ready for to go,
And I'll ride up in the chariot in the morning.

2 He to me gave His pardon freely,
From my name He has blotted my sin,
And in death's valley He'll be near me,
Of His mercy I then will sing
Day by day His hand has blessed me,
His love has never failed me,
And I therefore love Him truly,
And with joy shall greet His call.

Hark! Hear the Saviour Knocking.

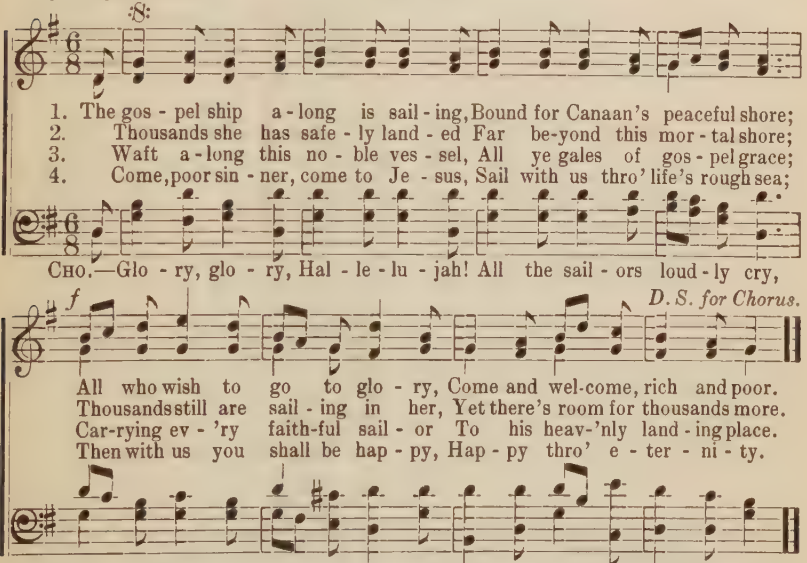
8's & 7's. S. S. 61. B. M. I. 175.

Allegro. mf
1. Wea - ry wan-d'rer, wilt thou lis - ten, While I sing of dy - ing love?
2. 'Twas on Cal-v'ry's rug-ged Mountain Where they nailed Him to a tree;
3. Poor back-slid - er, thou hast driv - en Je - sus from thy heart and home;
4. Lis - ten, sin - ner! thou art drift-ing, Drift - ing downward to thy doom;
Which did make the Sav - iour has - ten From the rich - est realms a - bove:
From His o - pen side the foun-tain Flows in blood for thee and me.
Once thou hadst a hope of heav - en, Now thy life is filled with gloom.
Far from mer - cy thou art sink - ing, Where the wild waves ev - er foam.
cres.
In a sta - ble and a man - ger Did the Prince of glo - ry lay;
Tho' thou hast re - fused an en-trance To this Prince of Peace so fair,
Still, with par - don and com - pas - sion, He is knock-ing loud to - day;
Dark and sad will be thy morn-ing Should'st thou wake up as be - fore;
In the world He was a stran-ger, While He sought for souls a - stray.
If thou'lt knock in true re - pentance Thou shalt find He still is there.
If thou dar'st re - fuse sal - va - tion, He from thee may turn a - way.
With this aw - ful feel - ing dawn-ing—Knocking, knocking days are o'er.
Chorus. mf
cres.
Hark! hear the Sav - iour knock-ing; Hark! hear the Sav - iour knock-ing;

Hark! Hear the Saviour Knocking.—Concluded.



158 The Gospel Ship.

mf Allegro moderato. 8's & 7's. S. S. 856. B. M. I. 158.


1. The gos - pel ship a - long is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
2. Thousands she has safe - ly land - ed Far be-yond this mor - tal shore;
3. Waft a - long this no - ble ves - sel, All ye gales of gos - pel grace;
4. Come, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus, Sail with us thro' life's rough sea;
Cho.—Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! All the sail - ors loud - ly cry,
D. S. for Chorus.
f
All who wish to go to glo - ry, Come and wel-come, rich and poor.
Thousands still are sail - ing in her, Yet there's room for thousands more.
Car-rying ev - 'ry faith-ful sail - or To his heav-'nly land - ing place.
Then with us you shall be hap - py, Hap - py thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
See the bliss - ful port of glo - ry, O - pen to each faith - ful eye.

159 Let Us Gather Up the Sunbeams.

8's & 7's. Tune—157. S. S. 860. B. M. I. 175.

1 Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

Cho.—Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and by.

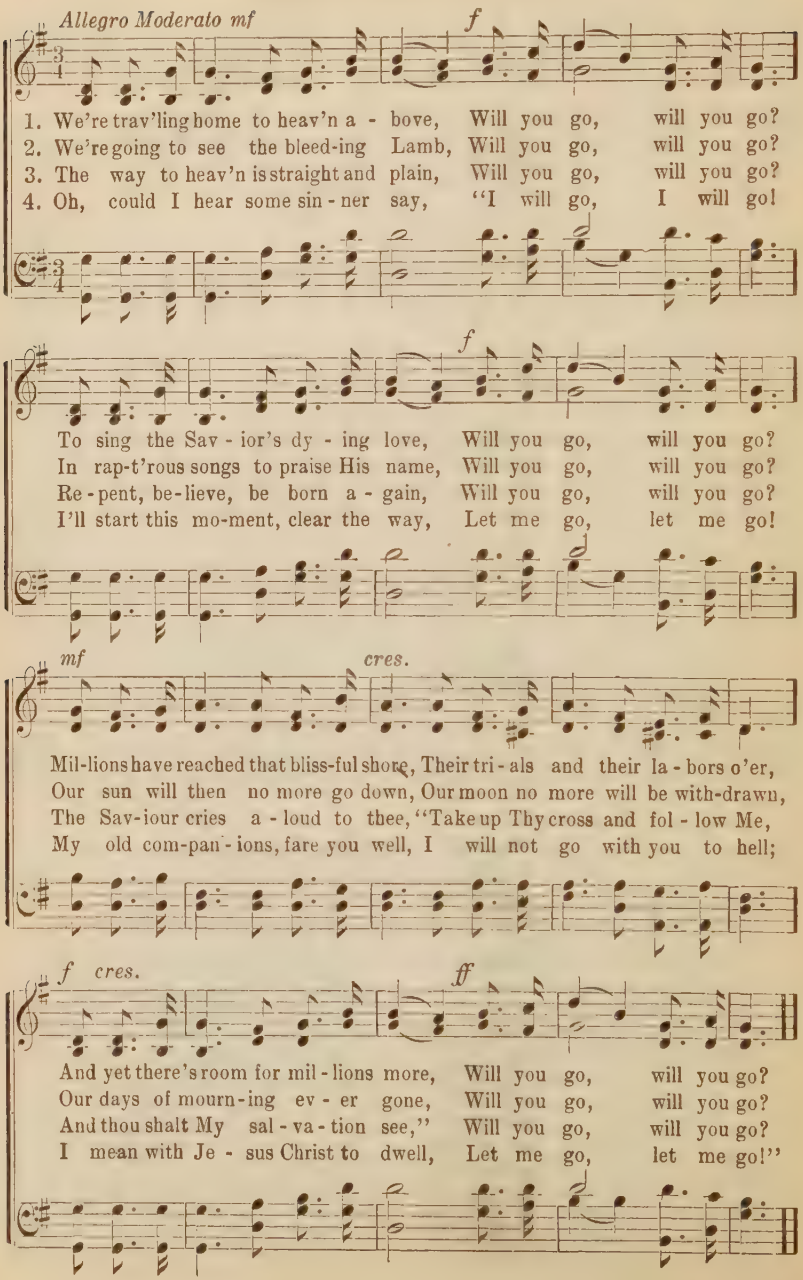
2 Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

3 If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frowns upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping bye-and-bye.

160 We're Traveling Home to Heaven Above.

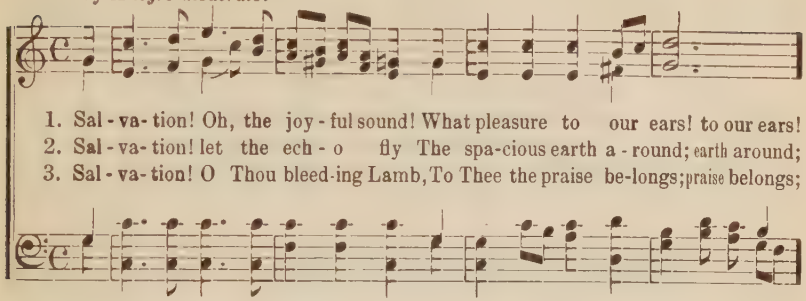
8's & 3's. S. S. 79. B. M. I. 128.


Allegro Moderato mf
f
1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go, will you go?
2. We're going to see the bleed-ing Lamb, Will you go, will you go?
3. The way to heav'n is straight and plain, Will you go, will you go?
4. Oh, could I hear some sin - ner say, "I will go, I will go!
f
To sing the Sav - ior's dy - ing love, Will you go, will you go?
In rap-t'rous songs to praise His name, Will you go, will you go?
Re - pent, be - lieve, be born a - gain, Will you go, will you go?
I'll start this mo-ment, clear the way, Let me go, let me go!
mf
cres.
Mil-lions have reached that bliss-ful shore, Their tri - als and their la - bors o'er,
Our sun will then no more go down, Our moon no more will be with-drawn,
The Sav-iour cries a - loud to thee, "Take up Thy cross and fol - low Me,
My old com-pan - ions, fare you well, I will not go with you to hell;
f
cres.
ff
And yet there's room for mil - lions more, Will you go, will you go?
Our days of mourn-ing ev - er gone, Will you go, will you go?
And thou shalt My sal - va - tion see," Will you go, will you go?
I mean with Je - sus Christ to dwell, Let me go, let me go!"

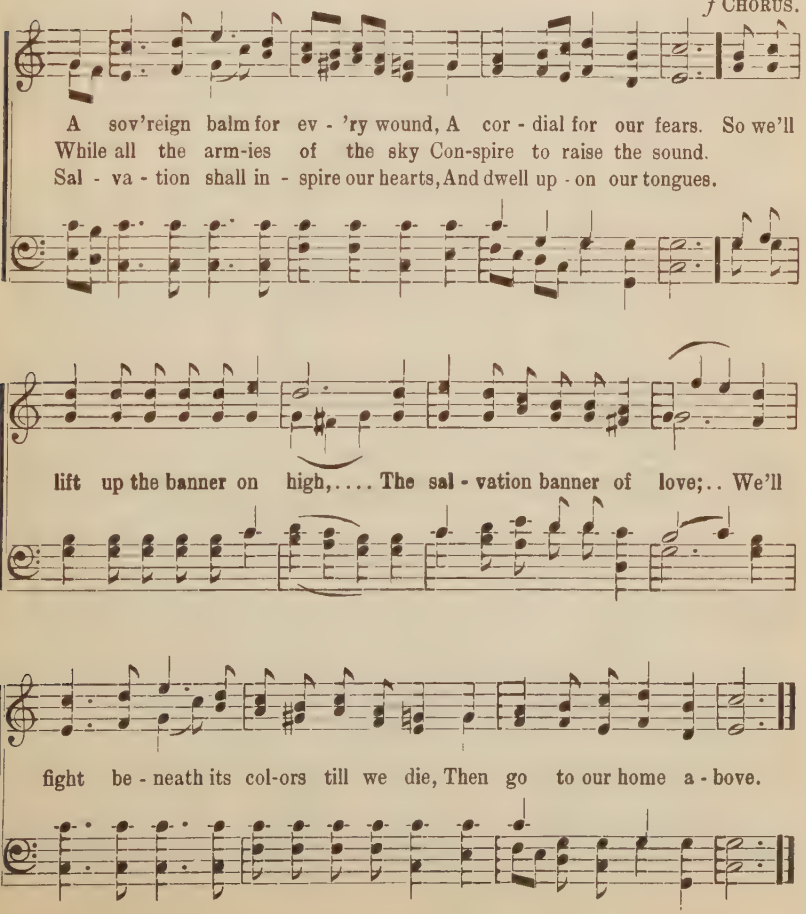
Lift up the Banner on High.

C. M. S. S. 313. B. M. I. 43.

mf Allegro moderato.


1. Sal - va - tion! Oh, the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! to our ears!
2. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa-cious earth a - round; earth around;
3. Sal - va - tion! O Thou bleed-ing Lamb, To Thee the praise be-longs; praise belongs;

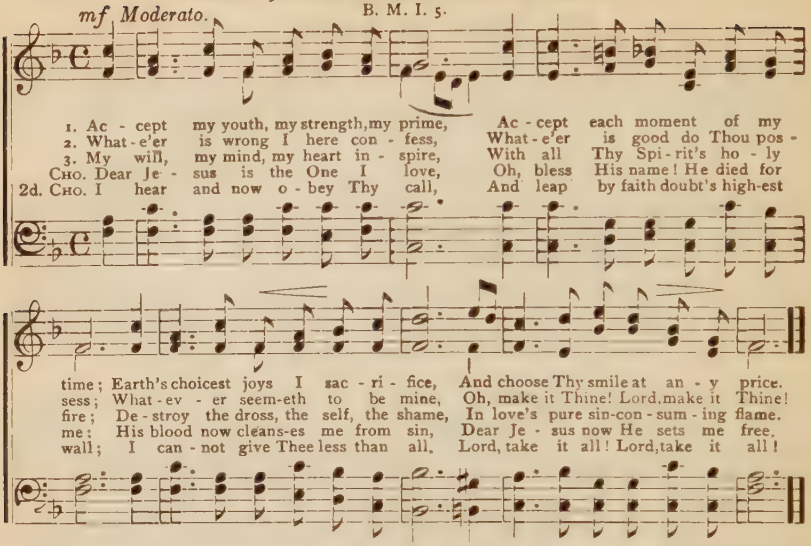
f CHORUS.


A sov'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears. So we'll
While all the arm-ies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.
Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.
lift up the banner on high, ... The sal - vation banner of love; . . We'll
fight be - neath its col-ors till we die, Then go to our home a - bove.

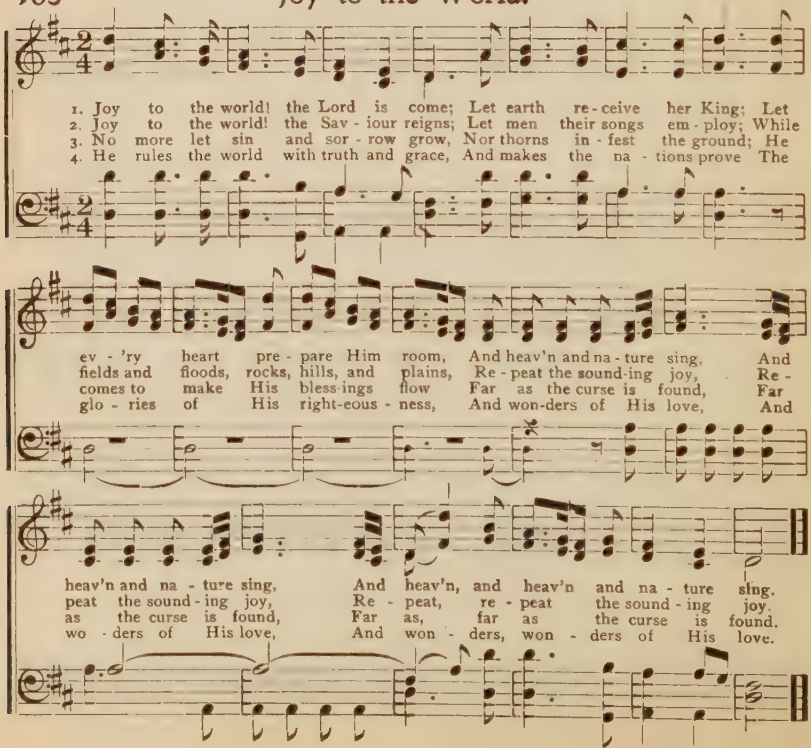
162 Dear Jesus is the One I Love.

B. M. I. 5.

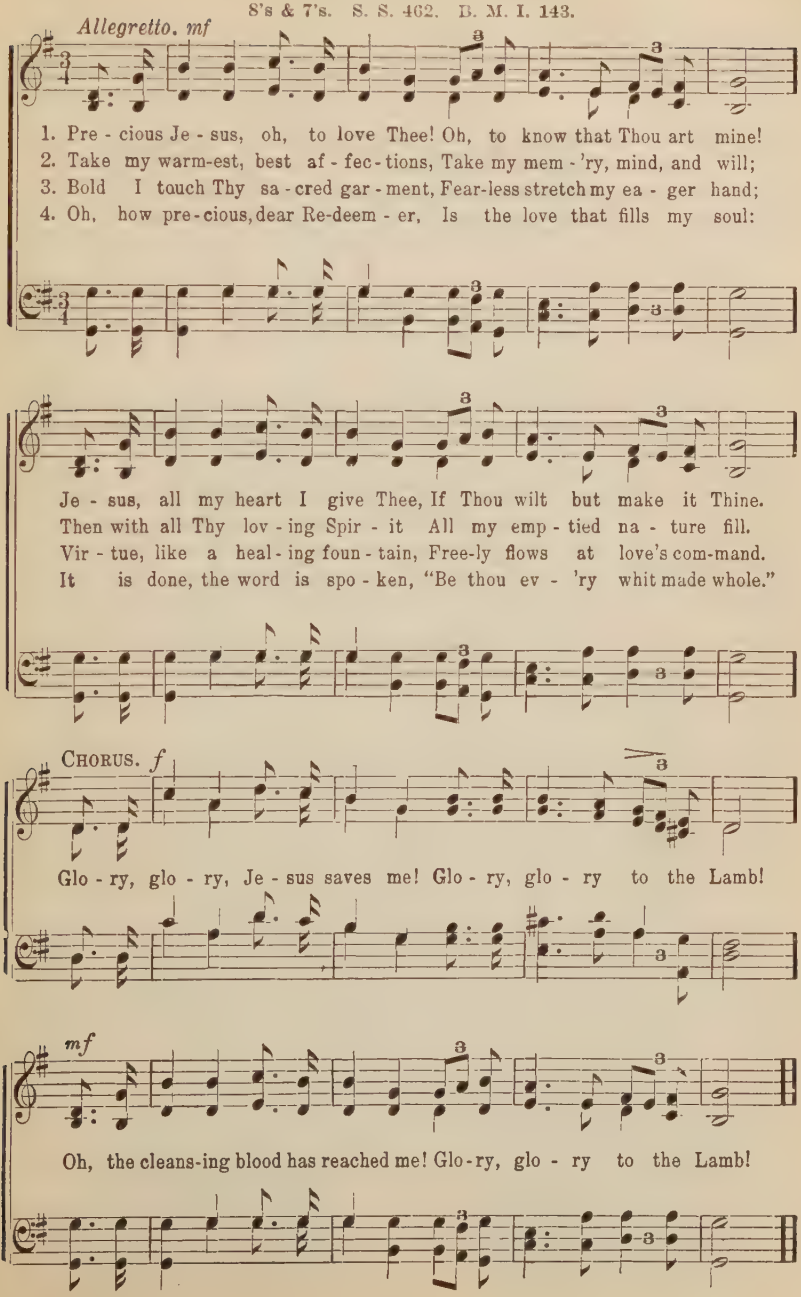
mf Moderato.


1. Ac - cept my youth, my strength, my prime, Ac - cept each moment of my
2. What - e'er is wrong I here con - fess, What - e'er is good do Thou pos -
3. My will, my mind, my heart in - spire, With all Thy Spi - rit's ho - ly
Cho. Dear Je - sus is the One I love, Oh, bless His name! He died for
2d. Cho. I hear and now o - bey Thy call, And leap by faith doubt's high-est
time; Earth's choicest joys I sac - ri - fice, And choose Thy smile at an - y price.
sess; What - ev - er seem-eth to be mine, Oh, make it Thine! Lord, make it Thine!
fire; De - stroy the dross, the self, the shame, In love's pure sin-con - sum - ing flame.
me; His blood now cleans-es me from sin, Dear Je - sus now He sets me free.
wall; I can - not give Thee less than all. Lord, take it all! Lord, take it all!

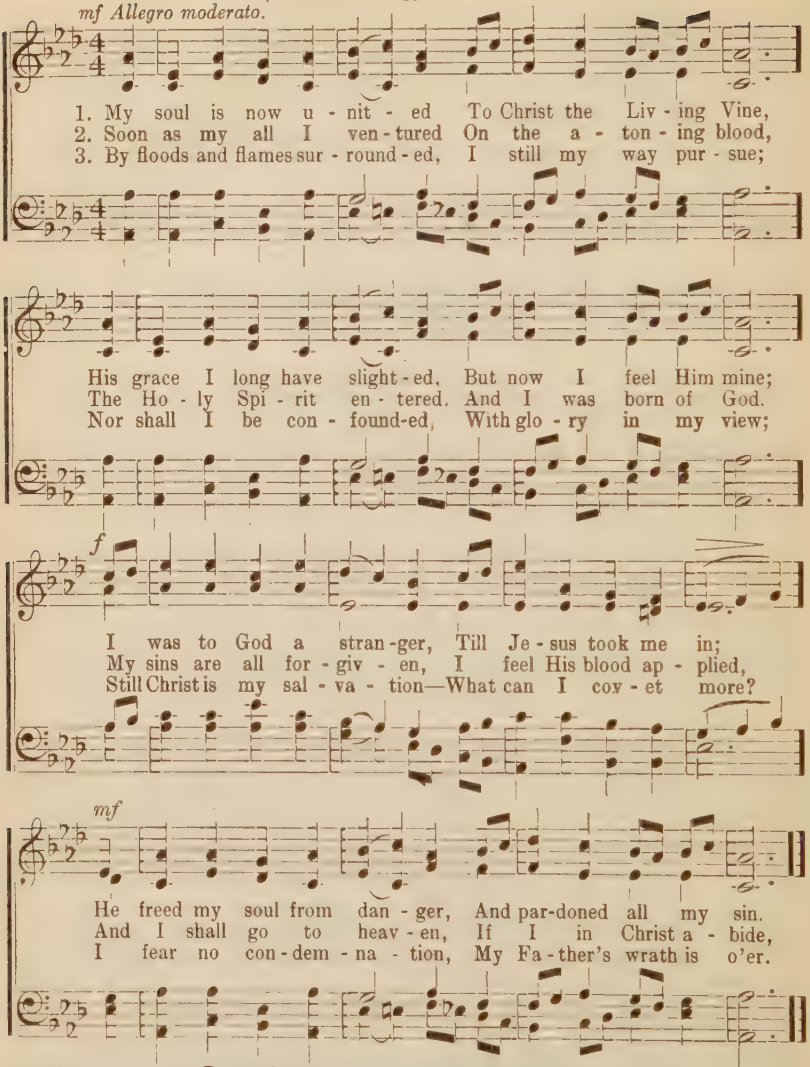
163 Joy to the World.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re -
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
wo - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

Glory, Glory to the Lamb.

8's & 7's. S. S. 462. B. M. I. 143.

Allegretto. mf
1. Pre - cious Je - sus, oh, to love Thee! Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
2. Take my warm-est, best af - fec - tions, Take my mem - 'ry, mind, and will;
3. Bold I touch Thy sa - cred gar - ment, Fear-less stretch my ea - ger hand;
4. Oh, how pre - cious, dear Re-deem - er, Is the love that fills my soul:
Je - sus, all my heart I give Thee, If Thou wilt but make it Thine.
Then with all Thy lov - ing Spir - it All my emp - tied na - ture fill.
Vir - tue, like a heal - ing foun - tain, Free-ly flows at love's com-mand.
It is done, the word is spo - ken, "Be thou ev - 'ry whit made whole."
Chorus. f
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
mf
Oh, the cleans-ing blood has reached me! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

165 My Soul is Now United.

7's & 6's. S. S. 233. B. M. I. 101.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. My soul is now u - nit - ed To Christ the Liv - ing Vine,
2. Soon as my all I ven - tured On the a - ton - ing blood,
3. By floods and flames sur - round - ed, I still my way pur - sue;
His grace I long have slight - ed, But now I feel Him mine;
The Ho - ly Spi - rit en - tered, And I was born of God.
Nor shall I be con - found - ed, With glo - ry in my view;
f
I was to God a stran - ger, Till Je - sus took me in;
My sins are all for - giv - en, I feel His blood ap - plied,
Still Christ is my sal - va - tion—What can I cov - et more?
mf
He freed my soul from dan - ger, And par-doned all my sin.
And I shall go to heav - en, If I in Christ a - bide,
I fear no con - dem - na - tion, My Fa - ther's wrath is o'er.

166 Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.

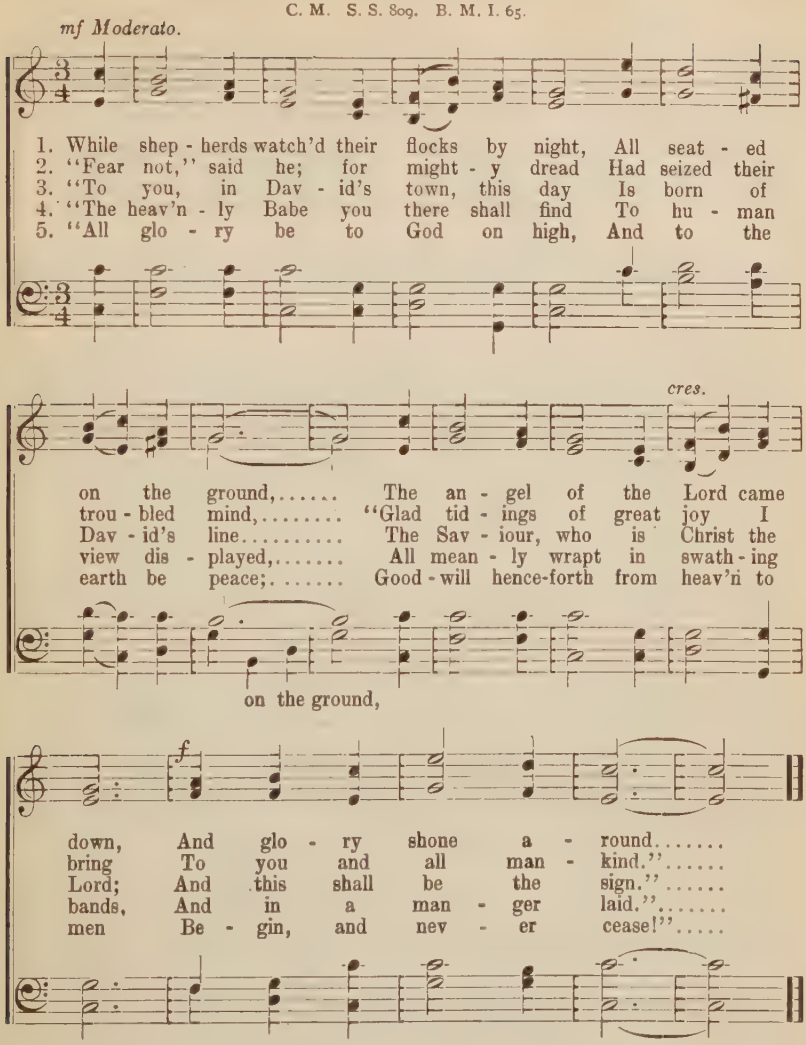
7's & 6's. Tune—165. S. S. 550. B. M. I. 101

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His Army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
With loyal hearts now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

While Shepherds Watched.

C. M. S. S. 809. B. M. I. 65.

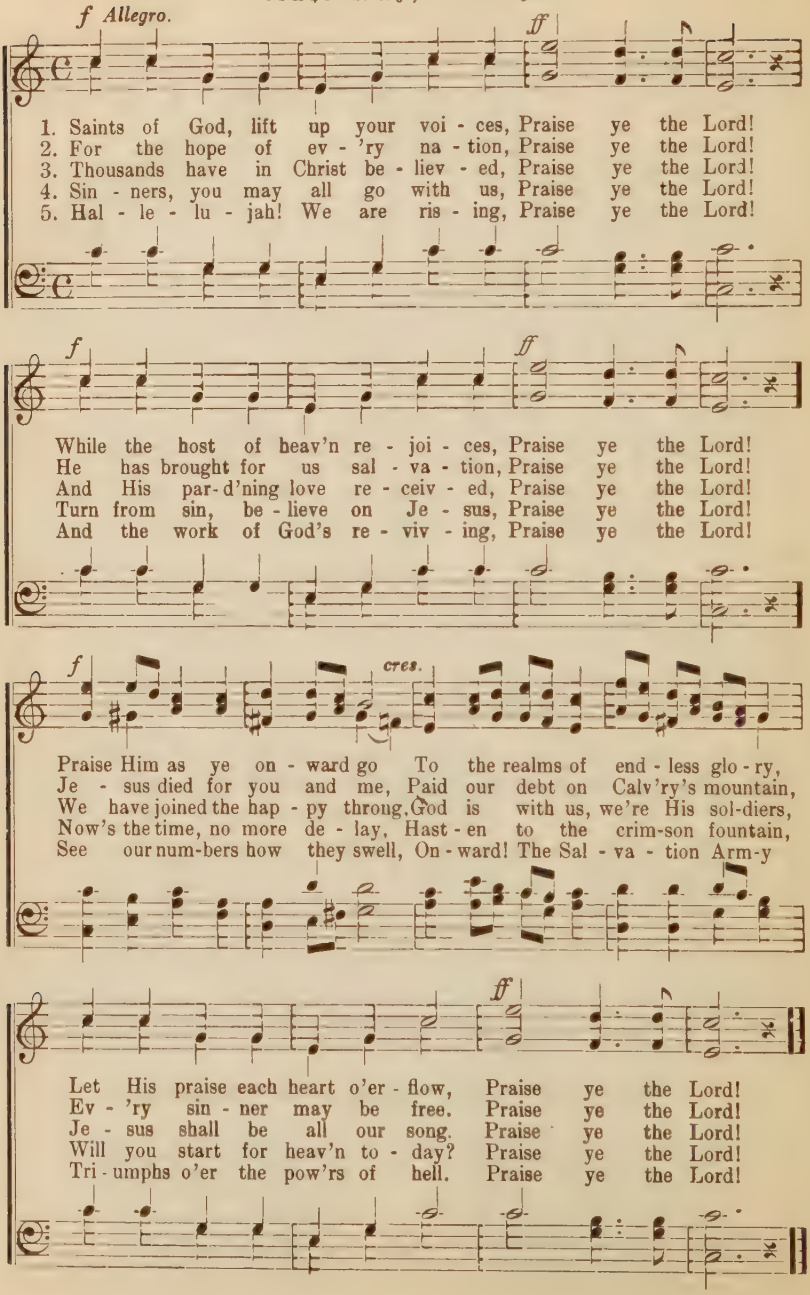

mf Moderato.
1. While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed
2. "Fear not," said he; for might - y dread Had seized their
3. "To you, in Dav - id's town, this day Is born of
4. "The heav'n - ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man
5. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the
cres.
on the ground,..... The an - gel of the Lord came
trou - bled mind,..... "Glad tid - ings of great joy I
Dav - id's line..... The Sav - iour, who is Christ the
view dis - played,..... All mean - ly wrapt in swath - ing
earth be peace;..... Good - will hence-forth from heav'n to
on the ground,
f
down, And glo - ry shone a - round.....
bring To you and all man - kind."....
Lord; And this shall be the sign."....
bands, And in a man - ger laid."....
men Be - gin, and nev - er cease!"....

Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.—Concluded.

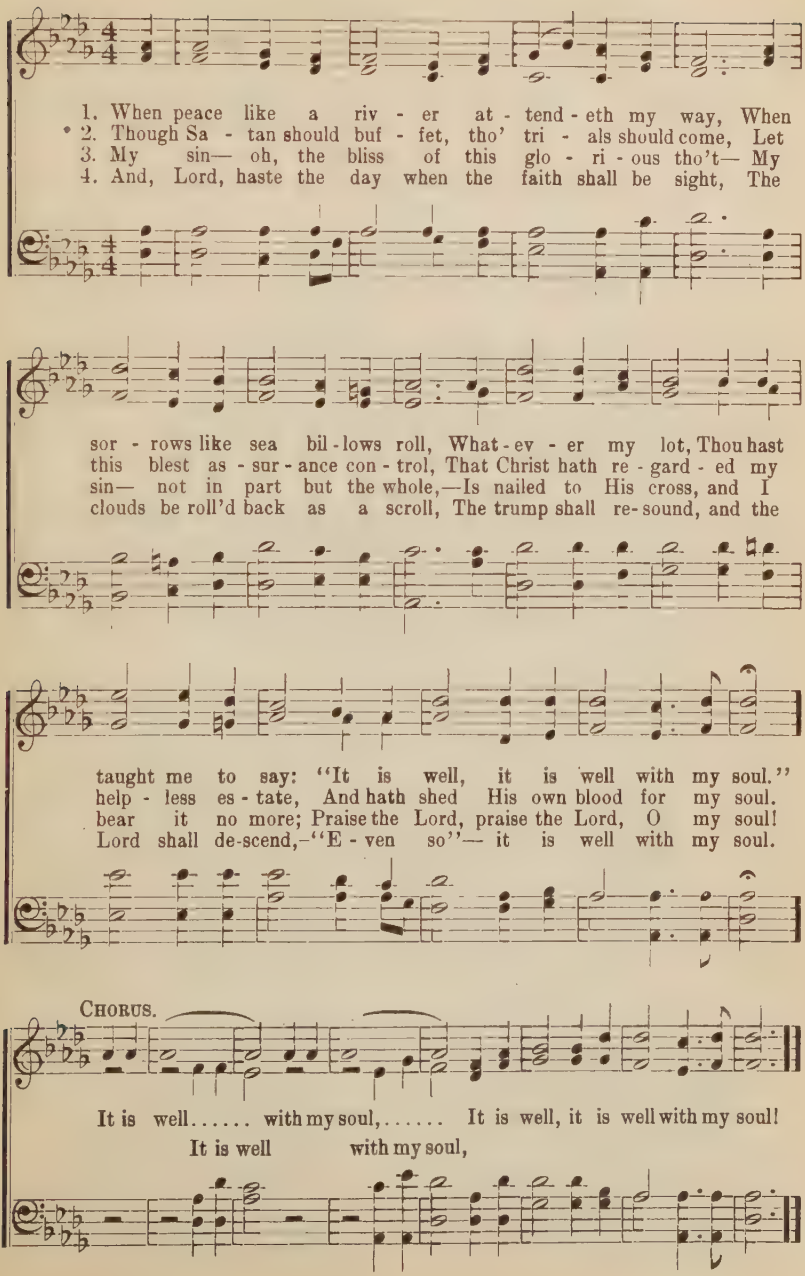
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

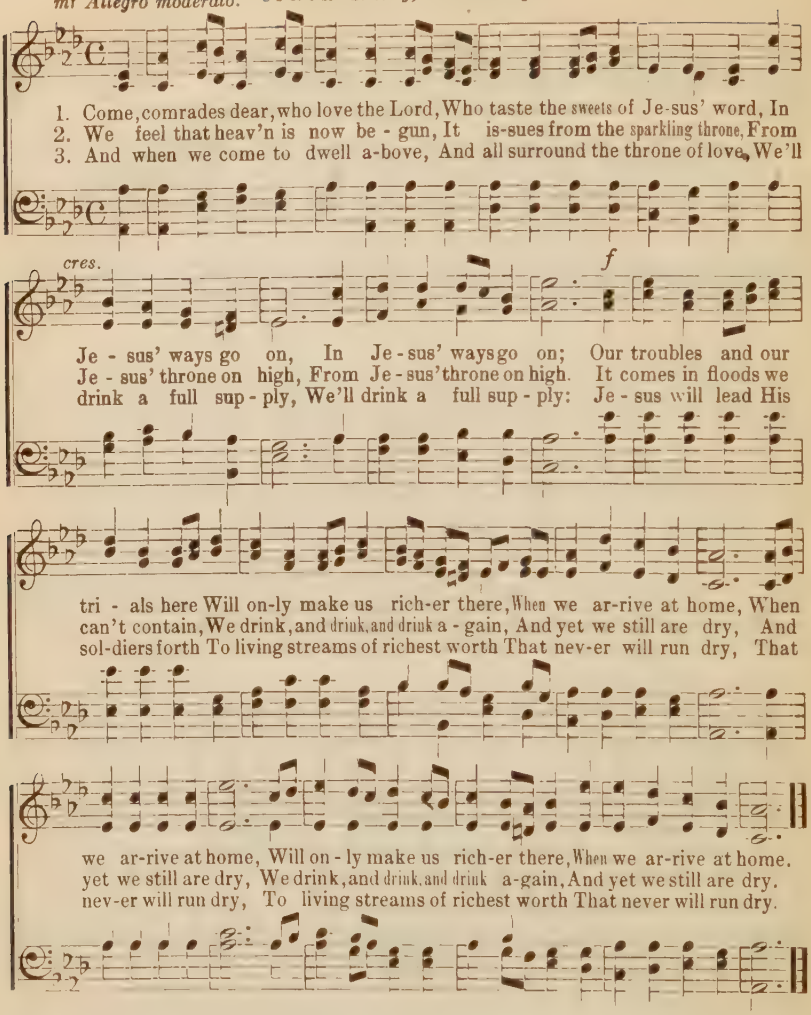
Saints of God Lift up Your Voices.

8's & 4's. S. S. 327. B. M. I. 130.

f Allegro.
ff
1. Saints of God, lift up your voi - ces, Praise ye the Lord!
2. For the hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Praise ye the Lord!
3. Thousands have in Christ be - liev - ed, Praise ye the Lord!
4. Sin - ners, you may all go with us, Praise ye the Lord!
5. Hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris - ing, Praise ye the Lord!
f
ff
While the host of heav'n re - joi - ces, Praise ye the Lord!
He has brought for us sal - va - tion, Praise ye the Lord!
And His par-d'ning love re - ceiv - ed, Praise ye the Lord!
Turn from sin, be - lieve on Je - sus, Praise ye the Lord!
And the work of God's re - viv - ing, Praise ye the Lord!
f
cres.
Praise Him as ye on - ward go To the realms of end - less glo - ry,
Je - sus died for you and me, Paid our debt on Calv'ry's mountain,
We have joined the hap - py throng, God is with us, we're His sol-diers,
Now's the time, no more de - lay, Hast - en to the crim-son fountain,
See our num-bers how they swell, On - ward! The Sal - va - tion Arm-y
ff
Let His praise each heart o'er - flow, Praise ye the Lord!
Ev - 'ry sin - ner may be free. Praise ye the Lord!
Je - sus shall be all our song. Praise ye the Lord!
Will you start for heav'n to - day? Praise ye the Lord!
Tri - umphs o'er the pow'rs of hell. Praise ye the Lord!

It is Well with My Soul.

S. S. 696. B. J. 343.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The
sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
sin— not in part but the whole,—Is nailed to His cross, and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the
taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall de-scend,-"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul!
It is well with my soul,

170 Come, Comrades Dear.

mf Allegro moderato. 8's & 6's. S. S. 239. B. M. I. 136.

1. Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord, Who taste the sweets of Je-sus' word, In
2. We feel that heav'n is now be - gun, It is-sues from the sparkling throne, From
3. And when we come to dwell a-bove, And all surround the throne of love, We'll
cres.
f
Je - sus' ways go on, In Je - sus' ways go on; Our troubles and our
Je - sus' throne on high, From Je - sus' throne on high. It comes in floods we
drink a full sup - ply, We'll drink a full sup - ply: Je - sus will lead His
tri - als here Will on-ly make us rich-er there, When we ar-rive at home, When
can't contain, We drink, and drink, and drink a - gain, And yet we still are dry, And
sol-diers forth To living streams of richest worth That nev-er will run dry, That
we ar-rive at home, Will on - ly make us rich-er there, When we ar-rive at home.
yet we still are dry, We drink, and drink, and drink a-gain, And yet we still are dry.
nev-er will run dry, To living streams of richest worth That never will run dry.

171 Come, Jesus, Lord.

Tune—170. 8's & 6's. S. S. 361. B. M. I. 136.

1 Come, Jesus, Lord with holy fire,
Come and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

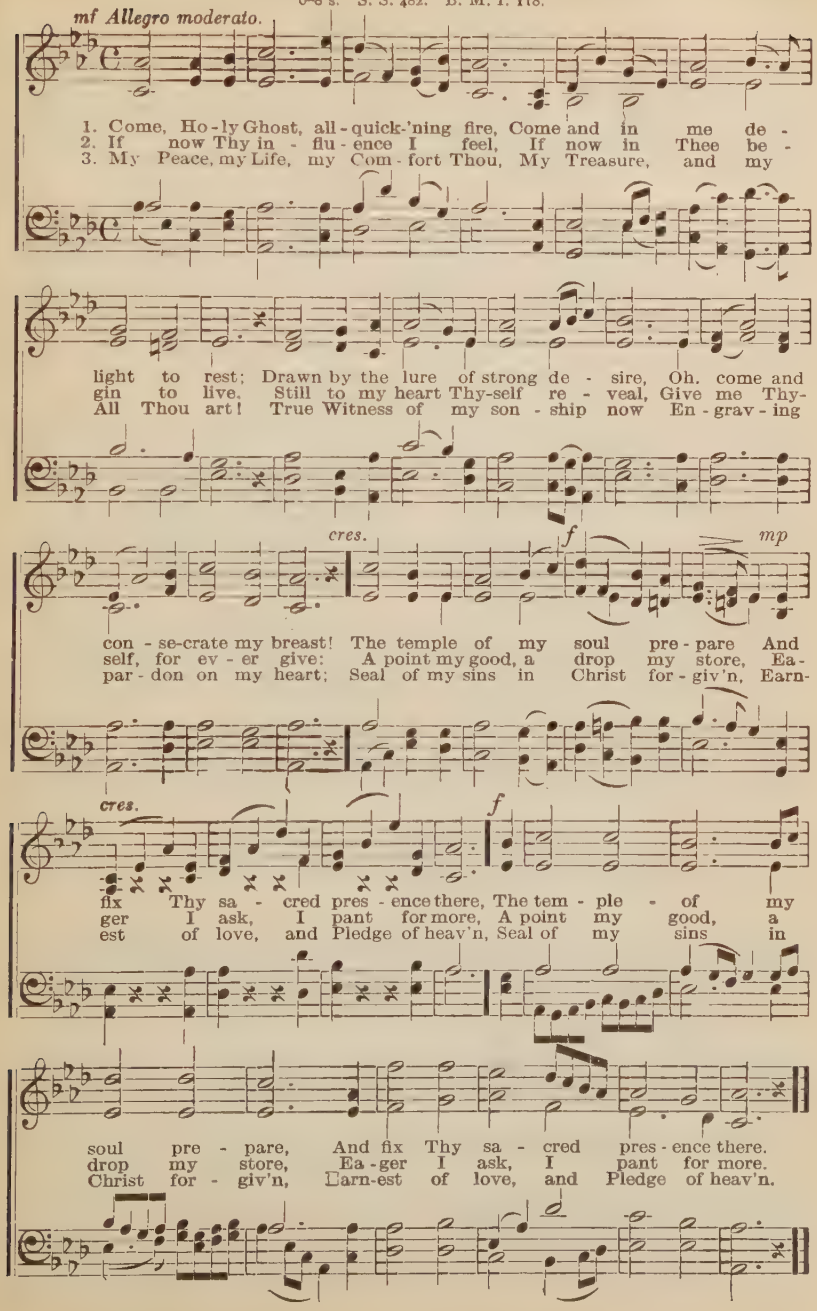
2 Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Jesus, my glory be.

3 Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give;
In might Thyself within me live,
Come, all Thou hast and art.

4 My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face;
Called the full strength of trust to prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

Come, Holy Ghost, All-Quickening Fire.

6-8's. S. S. 482. B. M. I. 118.


mf Allegro moderato.
1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, all - quick-'ning fire, Come and in me de -
2. If now Thy in - flu - ence I feel, If now in Thee be -
3. My Peace, my Life, my Com - fort Thou, My Treasure, and my
light to rest; Drawn by the lure of strong de - sire, Oh, come and
gin to live. Still to my heart Thy-self re - veal, Give me Thy-
All Thou art! True Witness of my son - ship now En - grav - ing
cres.
f
mp
con - se-crate my breast! The temple of my soul pre - pare And
self, for ev - er give: A point my good, a drop my store, Ea-
par - don on my heart; Seal of my sins in Christ for - giv'n, Earn-
cres.
f
fix Thy sa - cred pres - ence there, The tem - ple - of my
ger I ask, I pant for more, A point my good, a
est of love, and Pledge of heav'n, Seal of my sins in
soul pre - pare, And fix Thy sa - cred pres - ence there.
drop my store, Ea - ger I ask, I pant for more.
Christ for - giv'n, Earn-est of love, and Pledge of heav'n.

In the Sweet By and By.

S. S. 668. B. M. I. 113.

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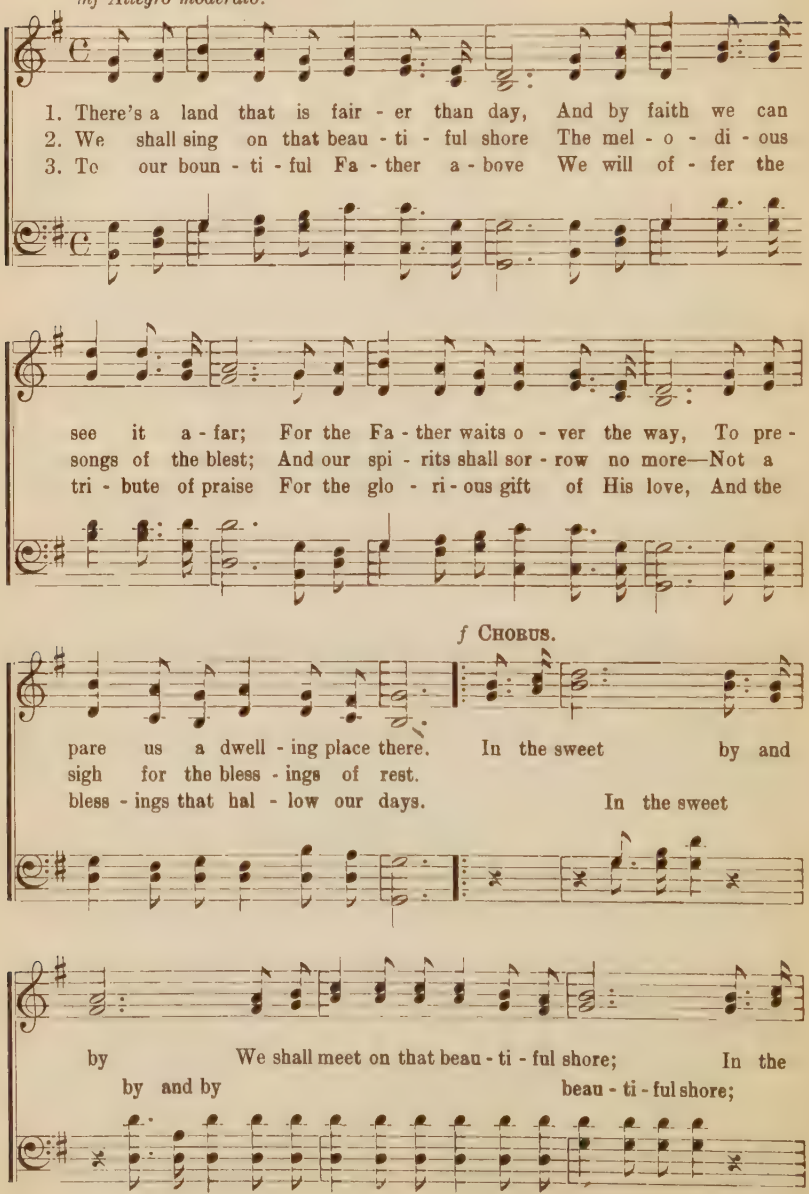
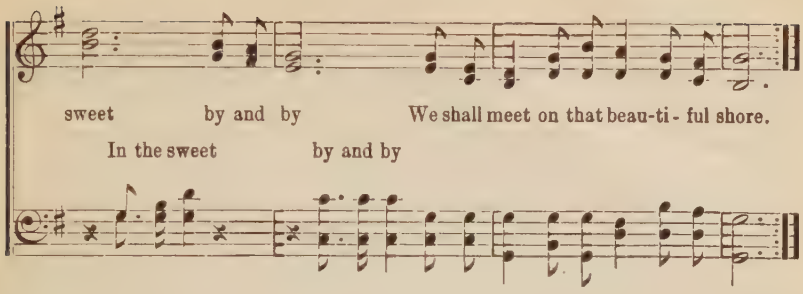
mf Allegro moderato.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer the
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
songs of the blest; And our spi - rits shall sor - row no more—Not a
tri - bute of praise For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
f CHORUS.
pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ings of rest.
bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet
by We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by beau - ti - ful shore;



174 I Believe We Shall Win.

Tune—173. S. S. 578.

1 We're a band that shall conquer the foe,
If we fight in the strength of the King;
With the sword of the Spirit we know
We sinners to Jesus shall bring.

CHORUS.
I believe we shall win,
If we fight in the strength of the King;
I believe we shall win,
If we fight in the strength of the King.

2 We have conquered in times that are past,
And scattered the foe from the field;
So we'll fight for the King till the last
And the sword of the Spirit we'll wield.

3 Our foe may be mighty and brave,
And the fighting be hard and severe;
But the King is the Mighty to Save,
And in conflict He always is near.

4 Ever true to The Army and God,
We will fight in the name of the King;
We shall win with the fire and the blood,
And the world to His feet we shall bring.

175 I Believe Jesus Saves.

Tune – 173. S. S. 500.

1 Let us sing of His love once again—
Of the love that can never decay,
Of the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Till we praise Him again in that day.

CHORUS.
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood makes me whiter than snow;
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood makes me whiter than snow.

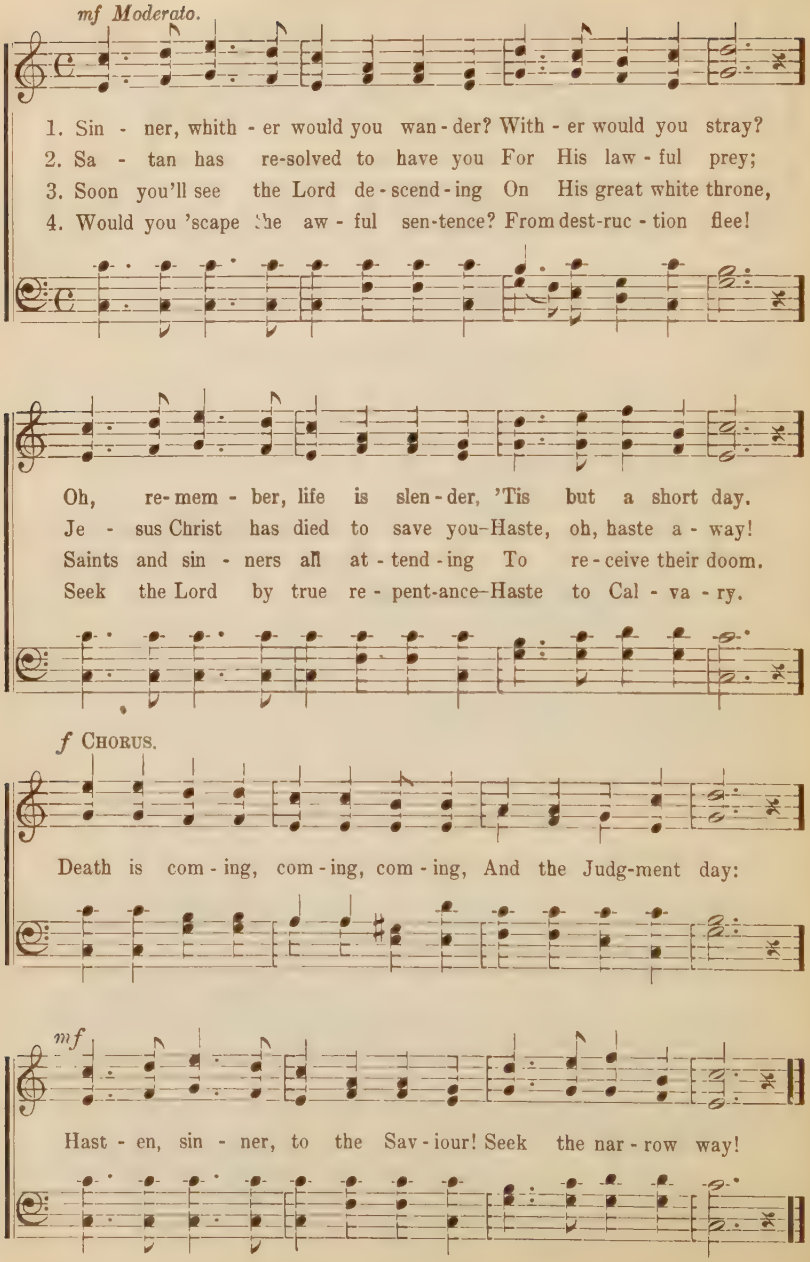
2 There is cleansing and healing for all
Who will wash in the life-giving flood,
There is perfect deliv'rance and joy
To be had in this world thro' the blood.

3 So with banners unfurled to the breeze,
Our motto shall "Holiness" be;
Till the crown from His hand we shall seize,
And the King in His glory we see.

4 Then we'll march in His name till we come
At His bidding to cease from the fight;
And our Saviour shall welcome us home
To the mansions of glory and light.

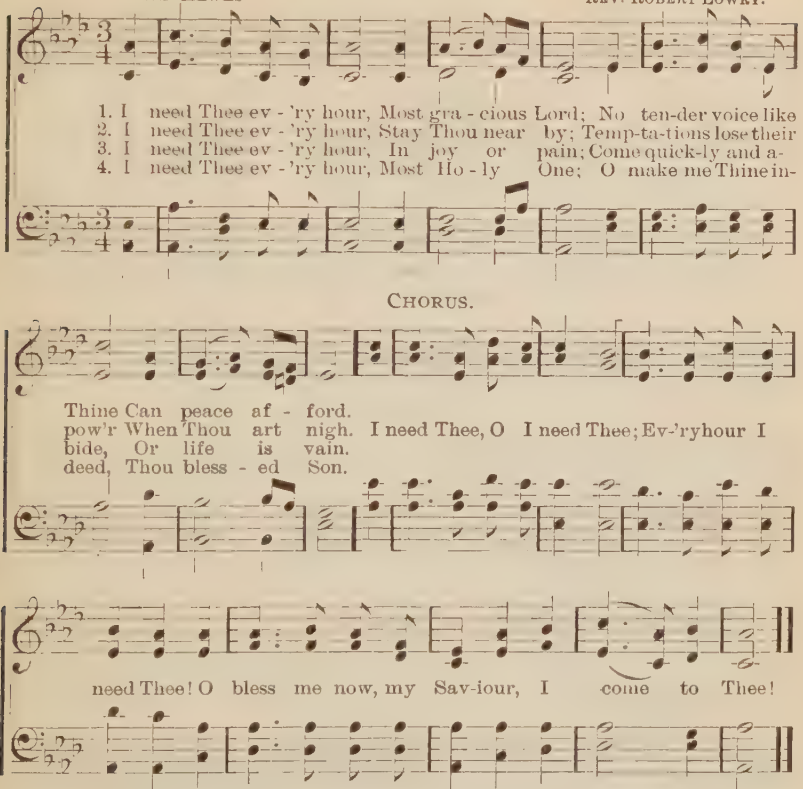
Death Is Coming.

8's & 5's. S. S. 130. B. M. I. 131.

mf Moderato.

1. Sin - ner, whith - er would you wan - der? With - er would you stray?
2. Sa - tan has re-solved to have you For His law - ful prey;
3. Soon you'll see the Lord de - scend - ing On His great white throne,
4. Would you 'scape the aw - ful sen-tence? From dest-ruc - tion flee!
Oh, re-mem - ber, life is slen - der, 'Tis but a short day.
Je - sus Christ has died to save you–Haste, oh, haste a - way!
Saints and sin - ners all at - tend - ing To re - ceive their doom.
Seek the Lord by true re - pent-ance–Haste to Cal - va - ry.
f CHORUS.
Death is com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, And the Judg-ment day:
mf
Hast - en, sin - ner, to the Sav - iour! Seek the nar - row way!

177 I Need Thee Every Hour.

P. M. S. S. 762. B. M. I. 243.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWES. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-
CHORUS.
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come to Thee!

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178 Near Thy Cross Assembled.

Tune 176. S. S. 511.

1 Near Thy cross assembled, Master,
At Thy feet we fall;
Seeking power to send us faster,
Hear, Lord, while we call.
Soul and body consecrating,
Leaving every sin;
Longing for a full salvation,
Victory we would win.

Send the fire, send the fire,
For this, Lord, we call;
Send the sanctifying fire,
Now baptize my soul.

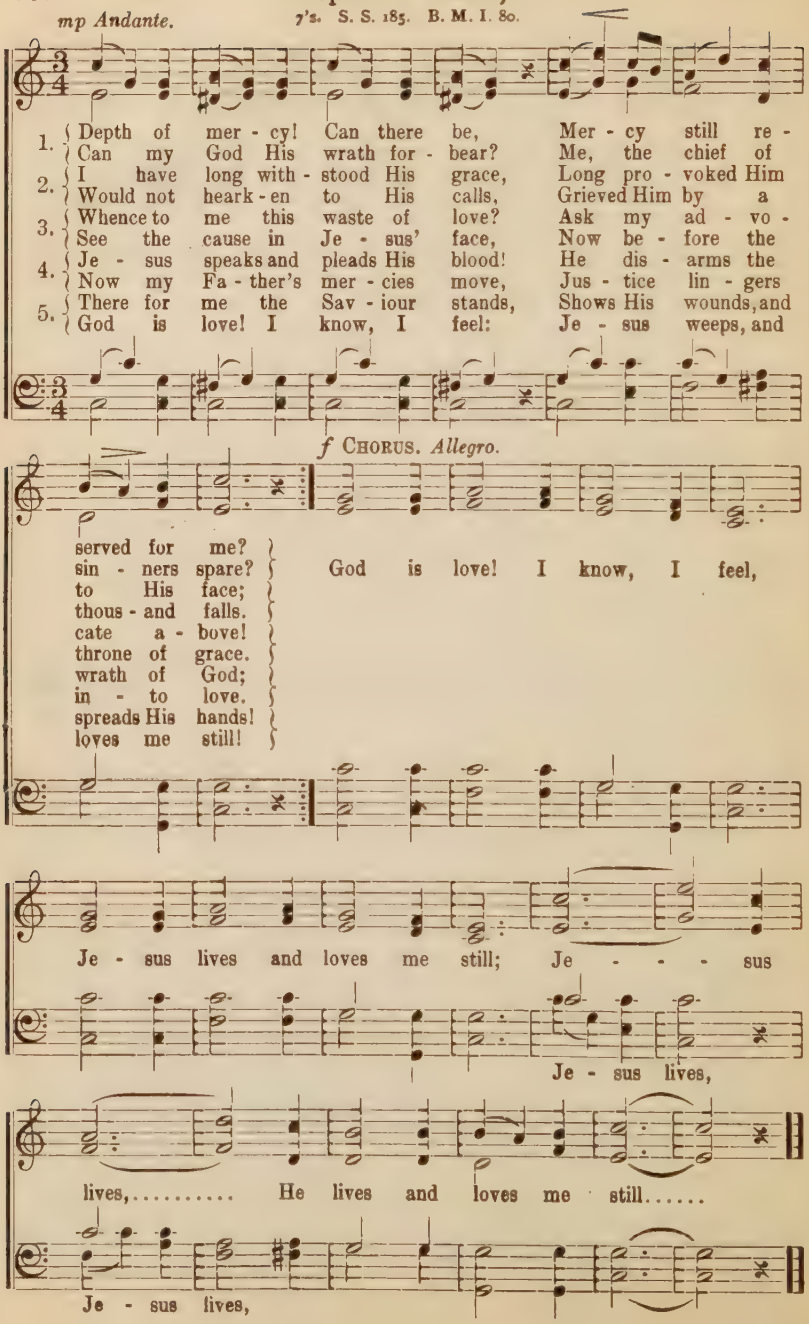
2 Fire that changes every craving
Into pure desire;
Fire destroying fear and doubting,
Fills and saves us higher:
Fire that takes its stand for Jesus,
Seeks and saves the lost;
Fire that follows where He pleases,
Fearless of the cost.

3 In the upper room beseeching,
Faith the promise seized;
Hearts united Godward reaching,
One and all believed.
Fiery blessings fell from heaven,
Stammering tongues set free!
Holy power to them was given,
With this, Lord, fill me.

4 Fire that turns men into heroes—
Makes of weakness might!
Fire that makes us more than conquerors,
Glories in the fight.
Fire that's daring crosses bearing,
Now 'tis offered thee!
Fire our Master's suffering sharing,
Dauntless fire for me!

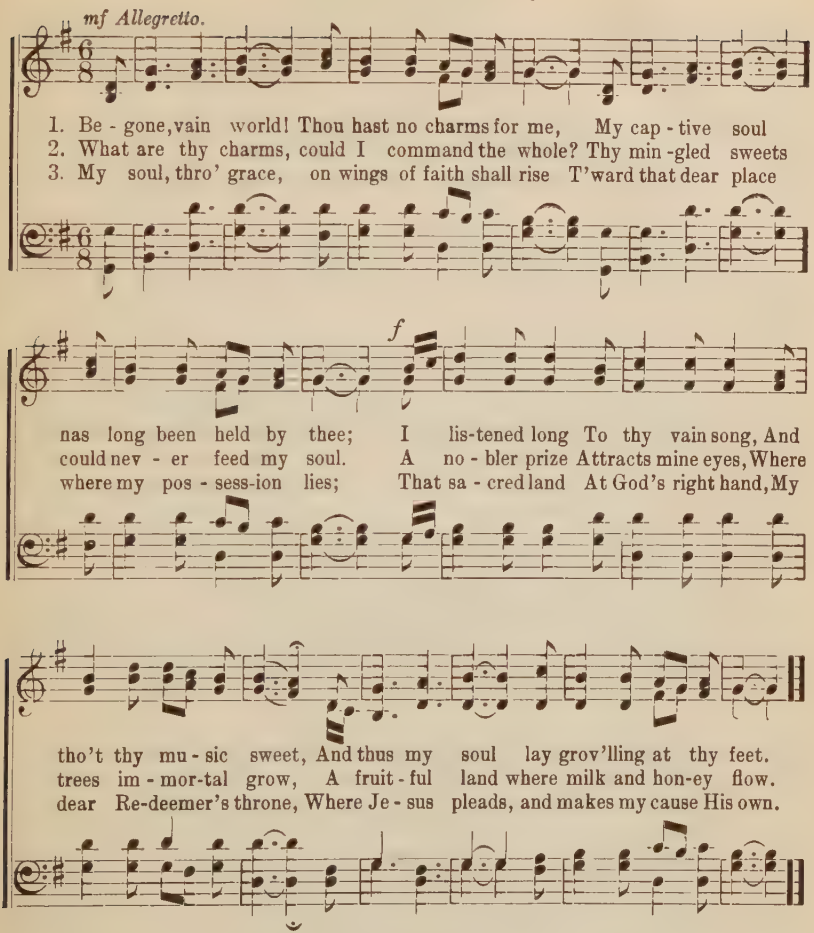
Depth of Mercy.

7's. S. S. 185. B. M. I. 80.

mp Andante.

1. Depth of mer - cy! Can there be, Mer - cy still re -
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of
2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro - voked Him
Would not heark - en to His calls, Grieved Him by a
3. Whence to me this waste of love? Ask my ad - vo -
See the cause in Je - sus' face, Now be - fore the
4. Je - sus speaks and pleads His blood! He dis - arms the
Now my Fa - ther's mer - cies move, Jus - tice lin - gers
5. There for me the Sav - iour stands, Shows His wounds, and
God is love! I know, I feel: Je - sus weeps, and
f CHORUS. Allegro.
served for me?
sin - ners spare?
to His face;
thous - and falls.
cate a - bove!
throne of grace.
wrath of God;
in - to love.
spreads His hands!
loves me still!
God is love! I know, I feel,
Je - sus lives and loves me still; Je - - - - sus
Je - sus lives,
lives,..... He lives and loves me still.....
Je - sus lives,

Begone, Vain World.

P. M. S. S. 220. B. M. I. 213.


mf Allegretto.
1. Be - gone, vain world! Thou hast no charms for me, My cap - tive soul
2. What are thy charms, could I command the whole? Thy min - gled sweets
3. My soul, thro' grace, on wings of faith shall rise T'ward that dear place
f
nas long been held by thee; I lis-tened long To thy vain song, And
could nev - er feed my soul. A no - bler prize Attracts mine eyes, Where
where my pos - sess-ion lies; That sa - cred land At God's right hand, My
tho't thy mu - sic sweet, And thus my soul lay grov'lling at thy feet.
trees im - mor-tal grow, A fruit - ful land where milk and hon-ey flow.
dear Re-deemer's throne, Where Je - sus pleads, and makes my cause His own.

181 I want, dear Lord, a Heart that's True and Clean.

Tune—297.

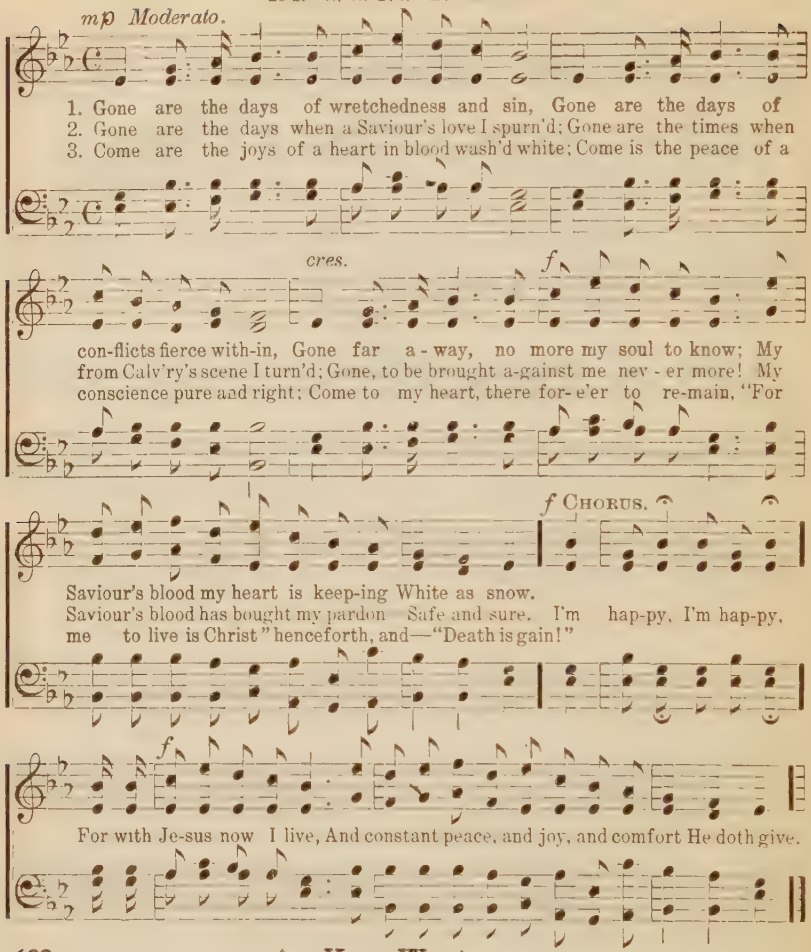
1 I want, dear Lord, a heart that's true and clean,
A sunlit heart, with not a cloud between,
A heart like Thine, a heart divine—
A heart as white as snow;
On me, dear Lord, a heart like this bestow.

2 I want, dear Lord, a love that feels for all,
A deep, strong love that answers every call;
A love like Thine, a love divine—
A love for high and low;
On me, dear Lord, a love like this bestow.

3 I want, dear Lord, a soul on fire for Thee,
A soul baptised with heavenly energy;
A willing mind, a ready hand,
To do whate'er I know,
And spread Thy light wherever I may go.

182 Gone Are the Days.

10's. S. S. 273. B. M. I. 179.


mp Moderato.
1. Gone are the days of wretchedness and sin, Gone are the days of
2. Gone are the days when a Saviour's love I spurn'd; Gone are the times when
3. Come are the joys of a heart in blood wash'd white; Come is the peace of a
cres.
f
con-flicts fierce with-in, Gone far a-way, no more my soul to know; My
from Calv'ry's scene I turn'd; Gone, to be brought a-gainst me nev-er more! My
conscience pure and right; Come to my heart, there for-e'er to re-main, "For
f CHORUS.
Saviour's blood my heart is keep-ing White as snow.
Saviour's blood has bought my pardon Safe and sure. I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py,
me to live is Christ" henceforth, and—"Death is gain!"
f
For with Je-sus now I live, And constant peace, and joy, and comfort He doth give.

183 Keep Waving.

Tune—182. S. S. 522.

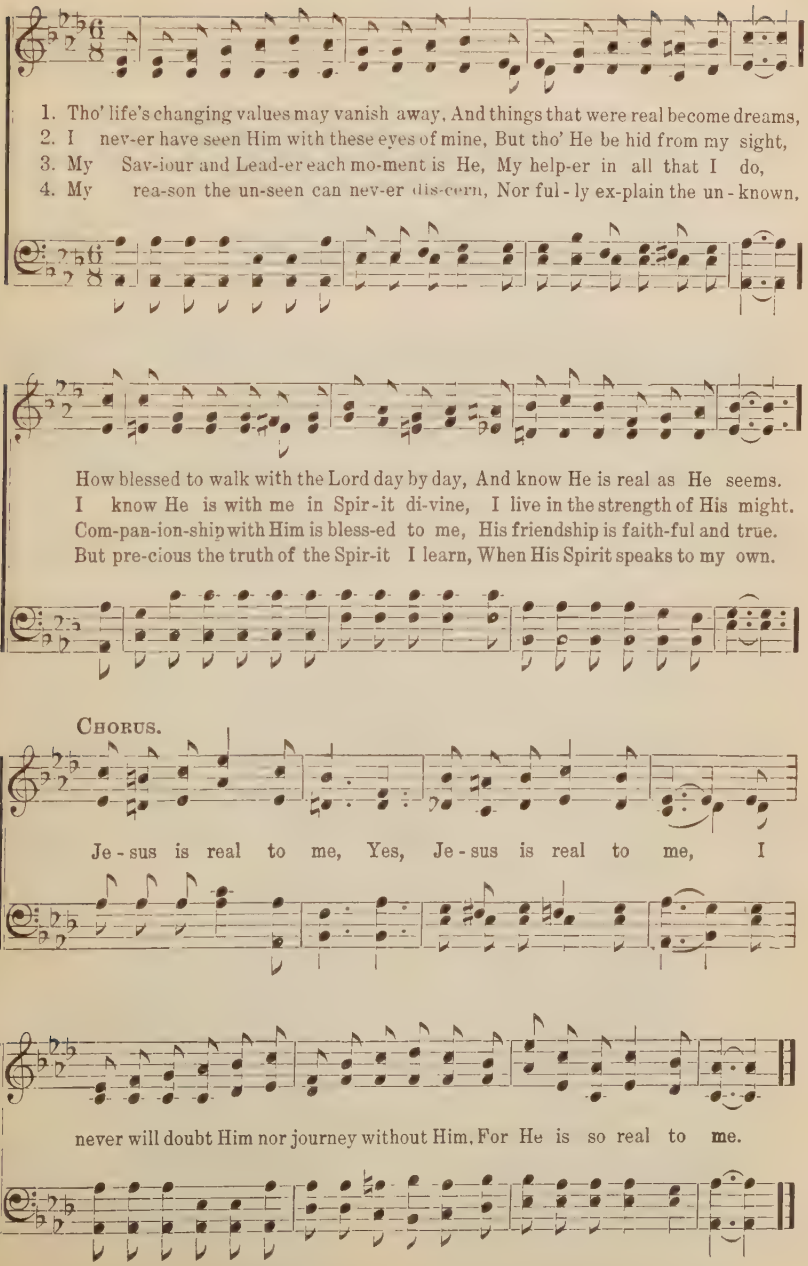
1 All round the world
The Army chariot rolls,
All round the world
The Lord is saving souls;
All round the world
Our soldiers will be brave,
Around our colors we will rally—
Wave, soldiers, wave!

CHO.—Keep waving, keep waving,
Keep every flag unfurled,
We soon shall have our colors waving
All round the world.

2 All round the world
With music and with song,
All round the world
We'll boldly march along;
All round the world
To free each sin-bound slave,
We'll wave our Army flags for Jesus—
Wave, soldiers, wave!

3 All round the world
The Saviour's blood shall flow,
All round the world
We will to battle go;
All round the world
The universe to save, [feeling—
With blood and fire, with faith and
Wave, soldiers, wave!

Jesus is Real to Me.


1. Tho' life's changing values may vanish away, And things that were real become dreams,
2. I nev-er have seen Him with these eyes of mine, But tho' He be hid from my sight,
3. My Sav-iour and Lead-er each mo-ment is He, My help-er in all that I do,
4. My rea-son the un-seen can nev-er dis-cern, Nor ful-ly ex-plain the un-known,
How blessed to walk with the Lord day by day, And know He is real as He seems.
I know He is with me in Spir-it di-vine, I live in the strength of His might.
Com-pan-ion-ship with Him is bless-ed to me, His friendship is faith-ful and true.
But pre-cious the truth of the Spir-it I learn, When His Spirit speaks to my own.
Chorus.
Je-sus is real to me, Yes, Je-sus is real to me, I
never will doubt Him nor journey without Him, For He is so real to me.

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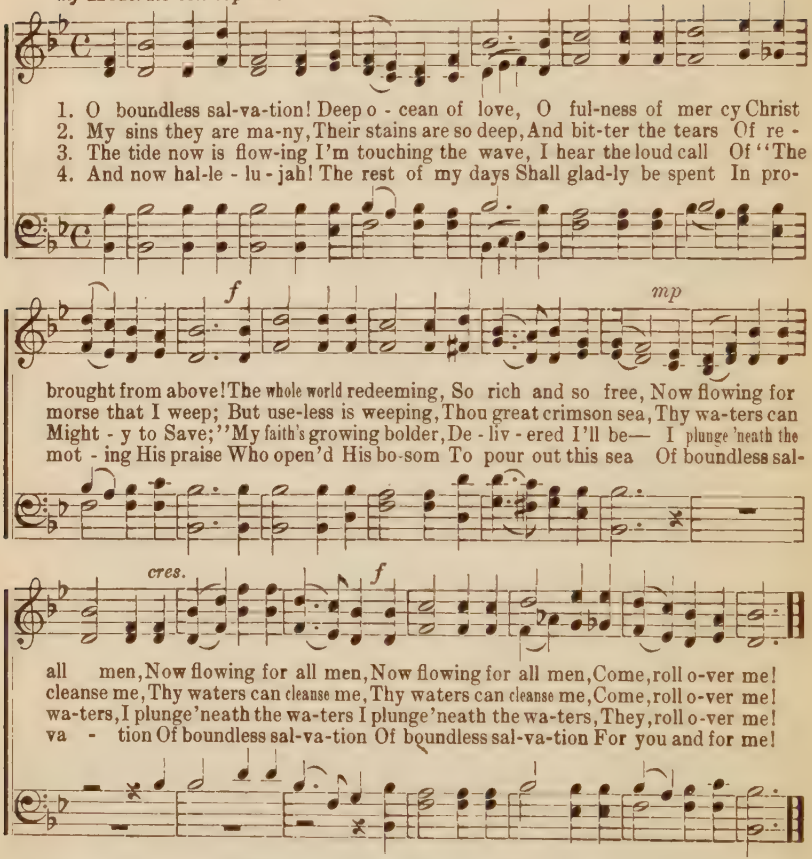
185 O, Boundless Salvation.

11's. S. S. 172. B. M. I. 185.


mf Moderato con espress.
1. O boundless sal-va-tion! Deep o - cean of love, O ful-ness of mer cy Christ
2. My sins they are ma-ny, Their stains are so deep, And bit-ter the tears Of re -
3. The tide now is flow-ing I'm touching the wave, I hear the loud call Of "The
4. And now hal-le - lu - jah! The rest of my days Shall glad-ly be spent In pro-
f
mp
brought from above! The whole world redeeming, So rich and so free, Now flowing for
morse that I weep; But use-less is weeping, Thou great crimson sea, Thy wa-ters can
Might - y to Save;" My faith's growing bolder, De - liv - ered I'll be— I plunge 'neath the
mot - ing His praise Who open'd His bo-som To pour out this sea Of boundless sal-
cres.
f
all men, Now flowing for all men, Now flowing for all men, Come, roll o-ver me!
cleanse me, Thy waters can cleanse me, Thy waters can cleanse me, Come, roll o-ver me!
wa-ters, I plunge 'neath the wa-ters I plunge 'neath the wa-ters, They, roll o-ver me!
va - tion Of boundless sal-va-tion Of boundless sal-va-tion For you and for me!

186 My Jesus I Love Thee.

Tune—185. S. S. 322.

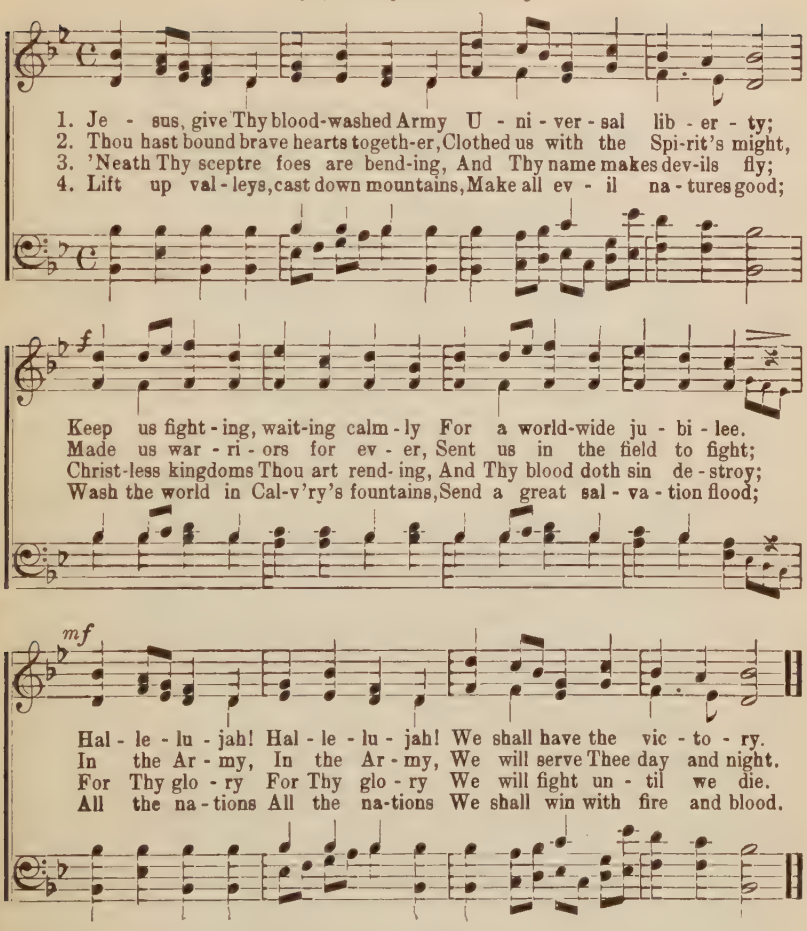
1 My Jesus, I love Thee,
I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures,
Of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer,
My Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee because Thou
Hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon
When nailed to the tree;
I love Thee for wearing
The thorns on Thy brow,
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life,
I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long
As Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death dew
Lies cold on my brow,
"If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now."

4 In mansions of glory
And endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee,
And dwell in Thy sight;
I'll sing with the glittering
Crown on my brow
"If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now."

187 **Hallelujah.**

8. 7. 4. S. S. 510. B. M. I. 165.

1. Je - sus, give Thy blood-washed Army U - ni - ver - sal lib - er - ty;
2. Thou hast bound brave hearts togeth-er, Clothed us with the Spi-rit's might,
3. 'Neath Thy sceptre foes are bend-ing, And Thy name makes dev-ils fly;
4. Lift up val - leys, cast down mountains, Make all ev - il na - tures good;
Keep us fight - ing, wait-ing calm - ly For a world-wide ju - bi - lee.
Made us war - ri - ors for ev - er, Sent us in the field to fight;
Christ-less kingdoms Thou art rend- ing, And Thy blood doth sin de - stroy;
Wash the world in Cal-v'ry's fountains, Send a great sal - va - tion flood;
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! We shall have the vic - to - ry.
In the Ar - my, In the Ar - my, We will serve Thee day and night.
For Thy glo - ry For Thy glo - ry We will fight un - til we die.
All the na - tions All the na-tions We shall win with fire and blood.

188 **The New Born King.**

Tune—187. S. S. 806.

1 Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth,
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

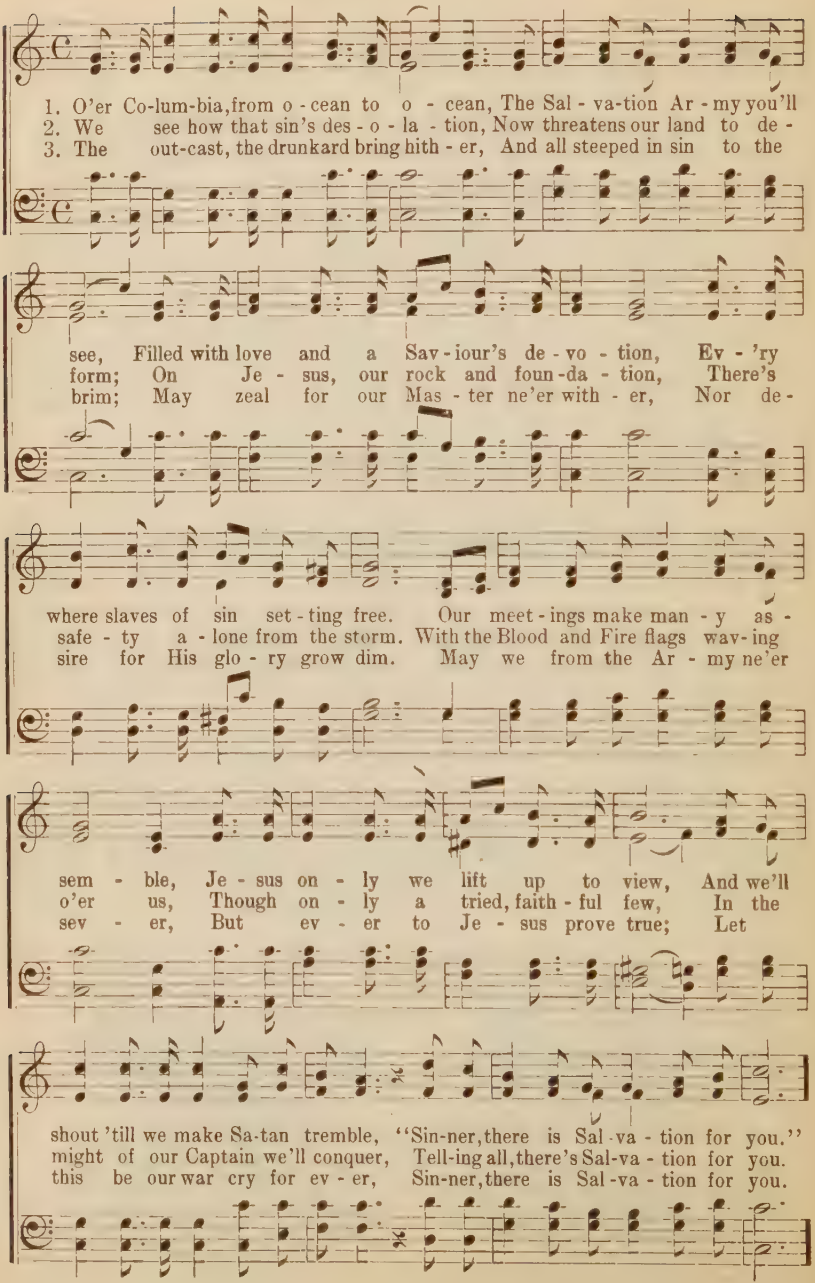
2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long with hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners, moved by true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence—
Mercy calls you—breaks your chains;
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

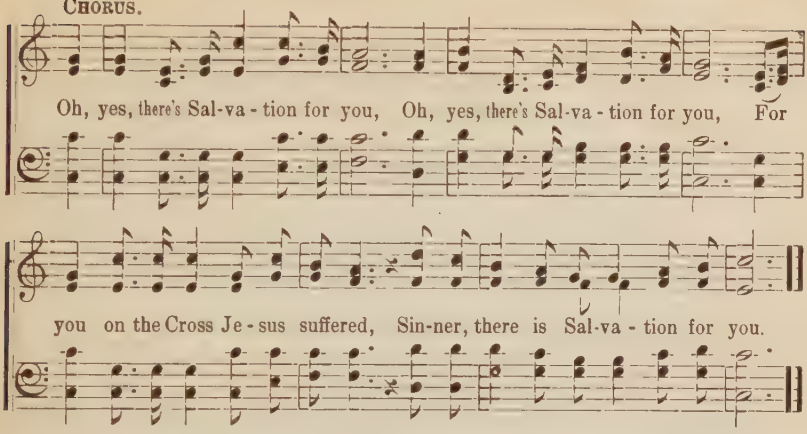
Oh, yes, there's Salvation for You.

7's. S. S. 80. B. J. 42.

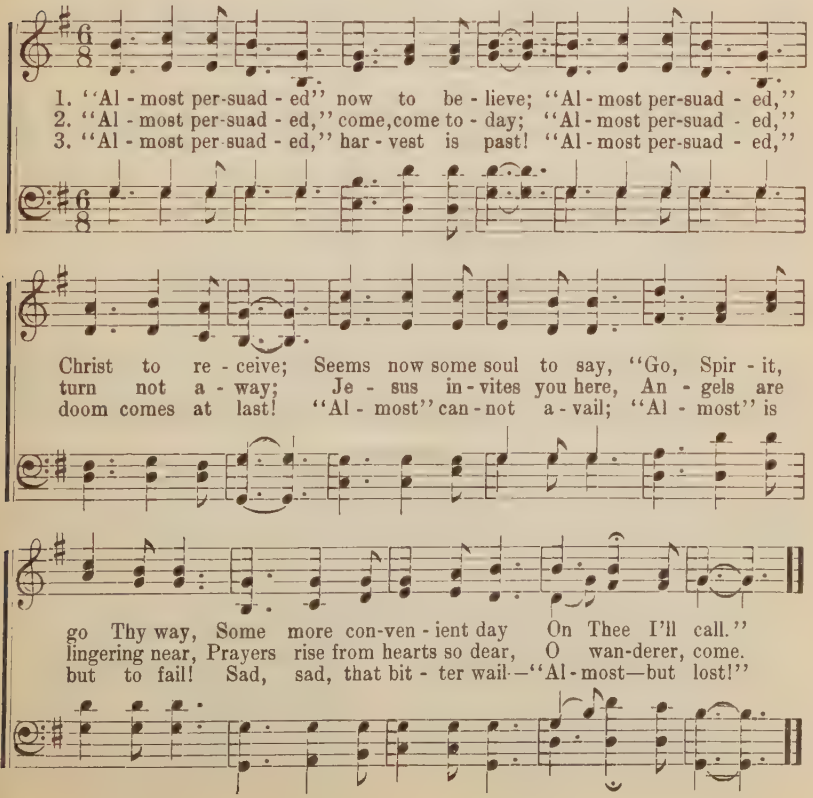

1. O'er Co-lum-bia, from o - cean to o - cean, The Sal - va-tion Ar - my you'll see, Filled with love and a Sav-iour's de - vo - tion, Ev - 'ry where slaves of sin set - ting free. Our meet - ings make man - y as - sem - ble, Je - sus on - ly we lift up to view, And we'll shout 'till we make Sa-tan tremble, "Sin-ner, there is Sal-va - tion for you."
2. We see how that sin's des - o - la - tion, Now threatens our land to de - form; On Je - sus, our rock and foun-da - tion, There's safe - ty a - lone from the storm. With the Blood and Fire flags wav-ing o'er us, Though on - ly a tried, faith - ful few, In the might of our Captain we'll conquer, Tell-ing all, there's Sal-va - tion for you.
3. The out-cast, the drunkard bring hith - er, And all steeped in sin to the brim; May zeal for our Mas - ter ne'er with - er, Nor de - sire for His glo - ry grow dim. May we from the Ar - my ne'er sev - er, But ev - er to Je - sus prove true; Let this be our war cry for ev - er, Sin-ner, there is Sal-va - tion for you.

Oh, yes, there's Salvation for You.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

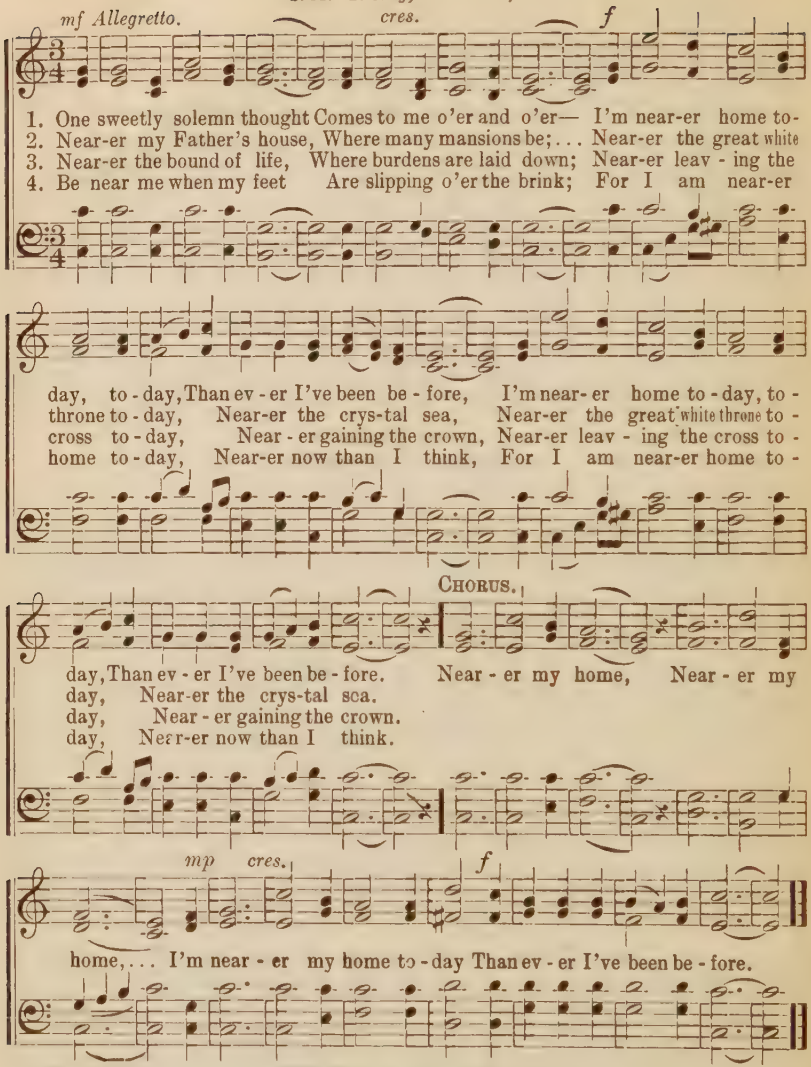

Oh, yes, there's Sal-va - tion for you, Oh, yes, there's Sal-va - tion for you, For
you on the Cross Je - sus suffered, Sin-ner, there is Sal-va - tion for you.

190 "Almost Persuaded."

S. S. 109. B. J. 51.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wan-derer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

Nearer, my Home.

S. M. S. S. 639. B. M. I 71.


mf Allegretto.
cres.
f
1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er— I'm near-er home to-
2. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be;... Near-er the great white
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er leav - ing the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink; For I am near-er
day, to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore, I'm near-er home to - day, to -
throne to - day, Near-er the crys-tal sea, Near-er the great white throne to -
cross to - day, Near - er gaining the crown, Near-er leav - ing the cross to -
home to - day, Near-er now than I think, For I am near-er home to -
Chorus.
day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore. Near - er my home, Near - er my
day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
day, Near - er gaining the crown.
day, Near-er now than I think.
mp
cres.
f
home,... I'm near - er my home to - day Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

192 Walking in White.

S. M. Tune—267. S. S. 423.

1 Jesus, Thy fulness give,
My soul and body bless;
Cleanse me from sin, that I may live
The life of holiness.

In white, in white, walking in white;
He makes me worthy, thro' His blood,
To walk with Him in white.
I dare to leave it there, etc.

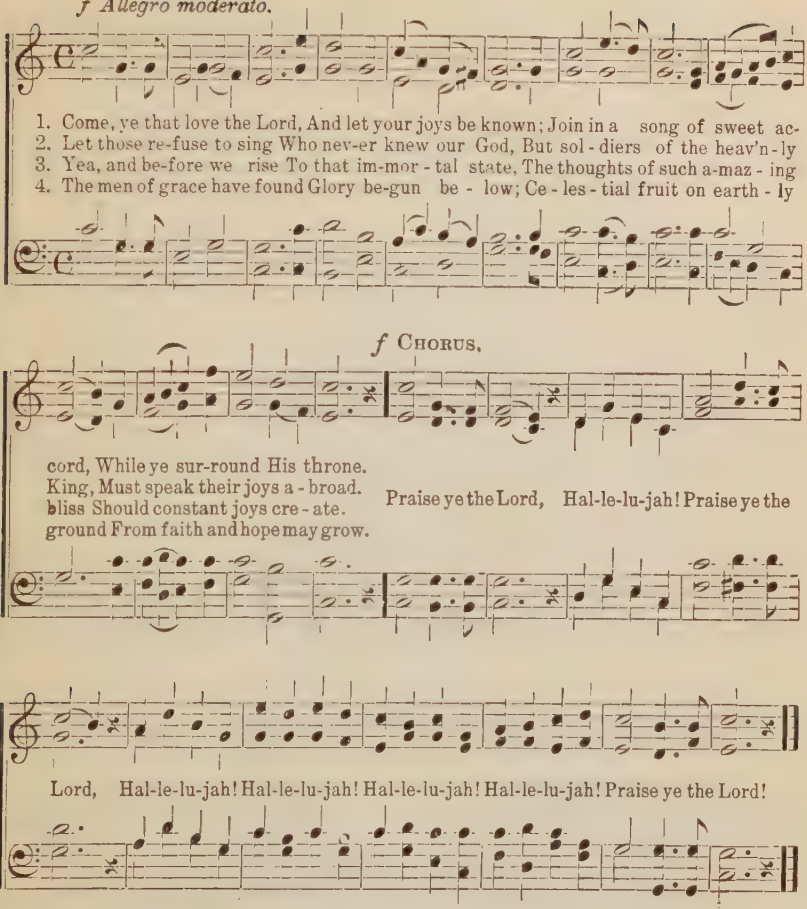
2 With full salvation might,
My heart and mind made strong,
Help me to live and do the right,
And part with all that's wrong.

3 Give me full joy and peace,
Eternal inward rest;
Lead me to Calvary's holy feast,
There let my soul be blest.

193 Praise Ye the Lord.

S. M. S. S. 314. B. M. I. 67.

f Allegro moderato.


1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac-
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God, But sol-diers of the heav'n-ly
3. Yea, and be-fore we rise To that im-mor-tal state, The thoughts of such a-maz-ing
4. The men of grace have found Glory be-gun be-low; Ce-les-tial fruit on earth-ly
f CHORUS.
cord, While ye sur-round His throne.
King, Must speak their joys a-broad.
bliss Should constant joys cre-ate.
ground From faith and hope may grow.
Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the
Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

194 Stand Up, and Bless the Lord.

Tune—193. S. S. 331.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice,
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And bless and magnify?

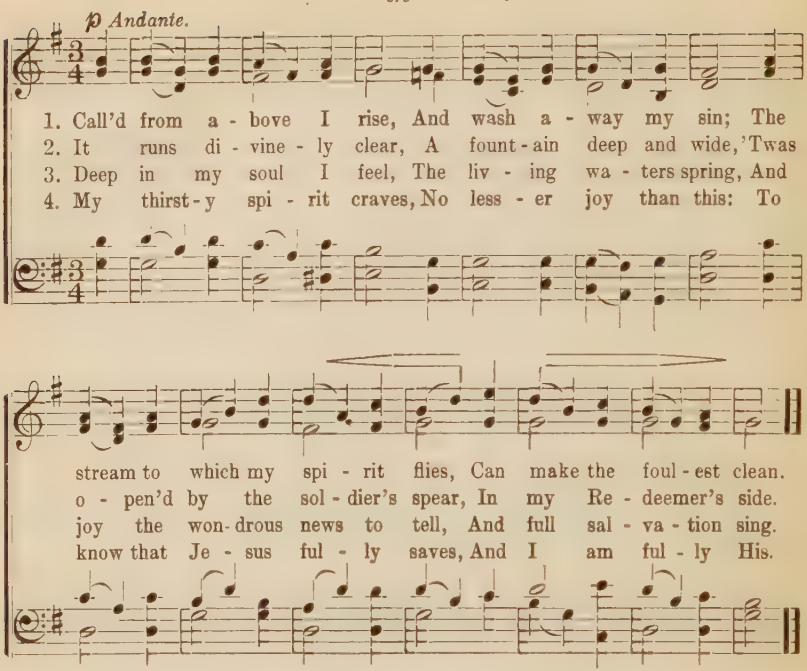
3 Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our Strength and Song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

195 Called From Above.

S. M. S. S. 373. B. M. I. 76.


p Andante.
1. Call'd from a - bove I rise, And wash a - way my sin; The
2. It runs di - vine - ly clear, A fount - ain deep and wide, 'Twas
3. Deep in my soul I feel, The liv - ing wa - ters spring, And
4. My thirst - y spi - rit craves, No less - er joy than this: To
stream to which my spi - rit flies, Can make the foul - est clean.
o - pen'd by the sol - dier's spear, In my Re - deemer's side.
joy the won - drous news to tell, And full sal - va - tion sing.
know that Je - sus ful - ly saves, And I am ful - ly His.

196 A Charge to Keep.

S. M. Tune—195. S. S. 441. B. M. I. 76.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

197 Spirit Of Faith.

S. M. Tune—195. S. S. 468. M. B. I. 76.

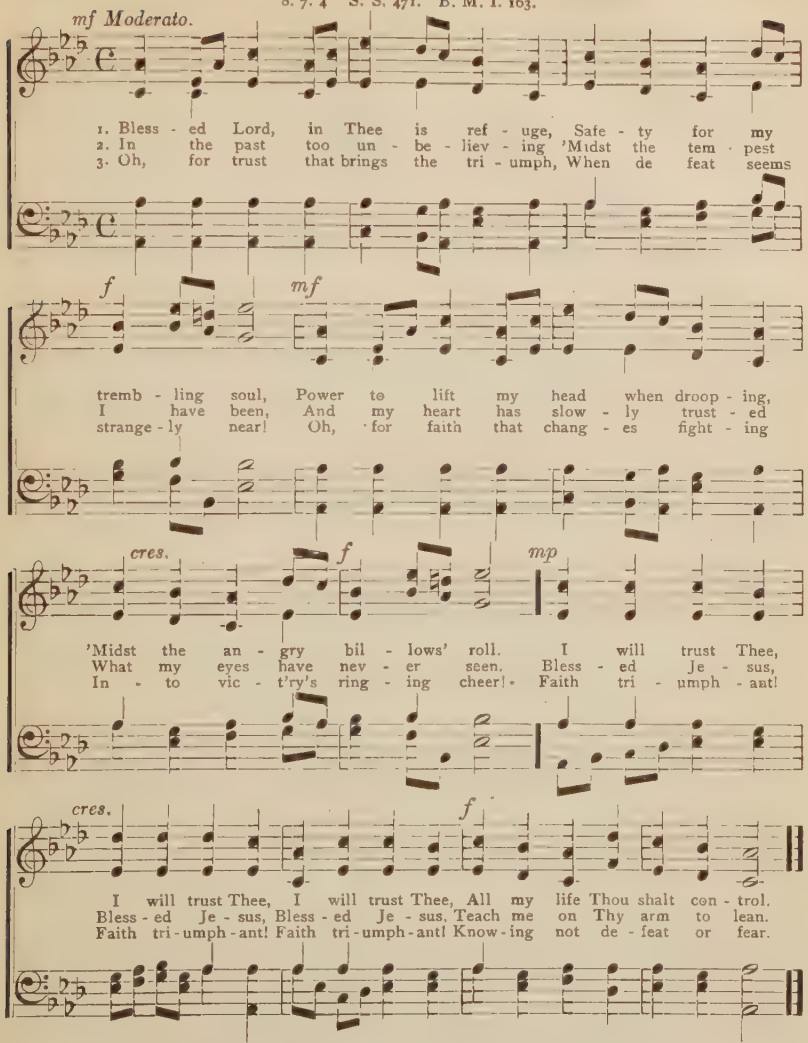
1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes.

4 The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

198 Blessed Lord in Thee is Refuge.

8. 7. 4 S. S. 471. B. M. I. 163.

mf Moderato.
1. Bless - ed Lord, in Thee is ref - uge, Safe - ty for my
2. In the past too un - be - liev - ing 'Midst the tem - pest
3. Oh, for trust that brings the tri - umph, When de feat seems
f
mf
tremb - ling soul, Power to lift my head when droop - ing,
I have been, And my heart has slow - ly trust - ed
strange - ly near! Oh, for faith that chang - es fight - ing
cres.
f
mp
'Midst the an - gry bil - lows' roll. I will trust Thee,
What my eyes have nev - er seen. Bless - ed Je - sus,
In - to vic - t'ry's ring - ing cheer! Faith tri - umph - ant!
cres.
f
I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, All my life Thou shalt con - trol.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Teach me on Thy arm to lean.
Faith tri - umph - ant! Faith tri - umph - ant! Know - ing not de - feat or fear.

199 Oh, Thou God of Full Salvation.

8. 7. 4. Tune—198. B. M. I. 163.

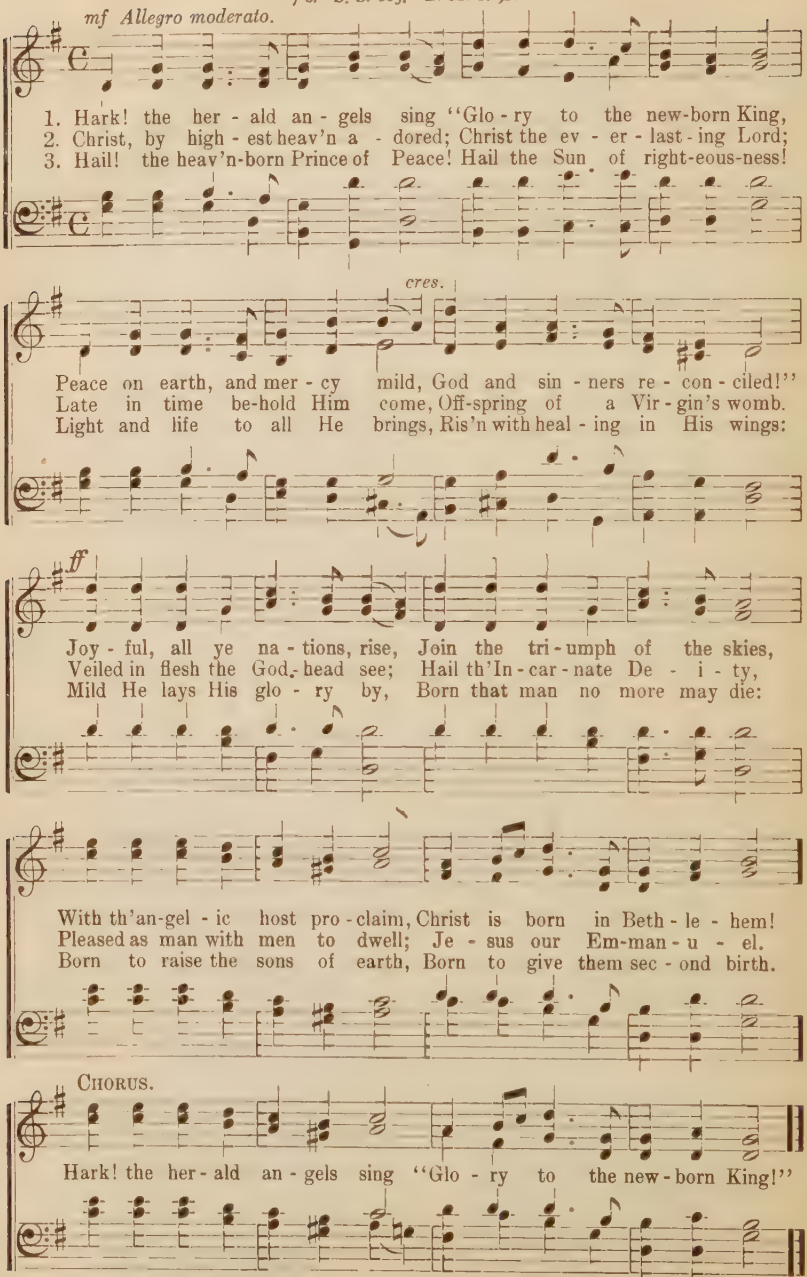
1 O Thou God of full salvation,
King of righteousness divine,
Author of the new creation,
Light of life, within us shine!
Make us holy!
With Thy blessing make us Thine

2 From self and sin deliver,
With Thy nature make us good;
Make us kings and priests for ever,
Wash our garments in Thy blood.
O'er our Army
Send a great salvation flood.

3 Sun of righteousness arising,
Cheer us while we bear the cross,
Living, dying, sacrificing,
Purify from sinful dross
Thy disciples,
Teach us how to gain by loss.

4 Thou art love's unfathomed ocean,
Wisdom's deepest, clearest sea,
Heaven and earth's salvation portion,
Parent of eternity;
Grace and glory
In abundance flow from thee.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

7's. S. S. 805. B. M. I. 92.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new-born King,
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
cres.
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"
Late in time be-hold Him come, Off-spring of a Vir - gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
ff
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies,
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th'In - car - nate De - i - ty,
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die:
With th'an-gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus our Em-man - u - el.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Chorus.
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"

This Is Why I Love My Jesus.

8's & 7's. S. S. 225. B. M. I. 159.

mp Moderato.

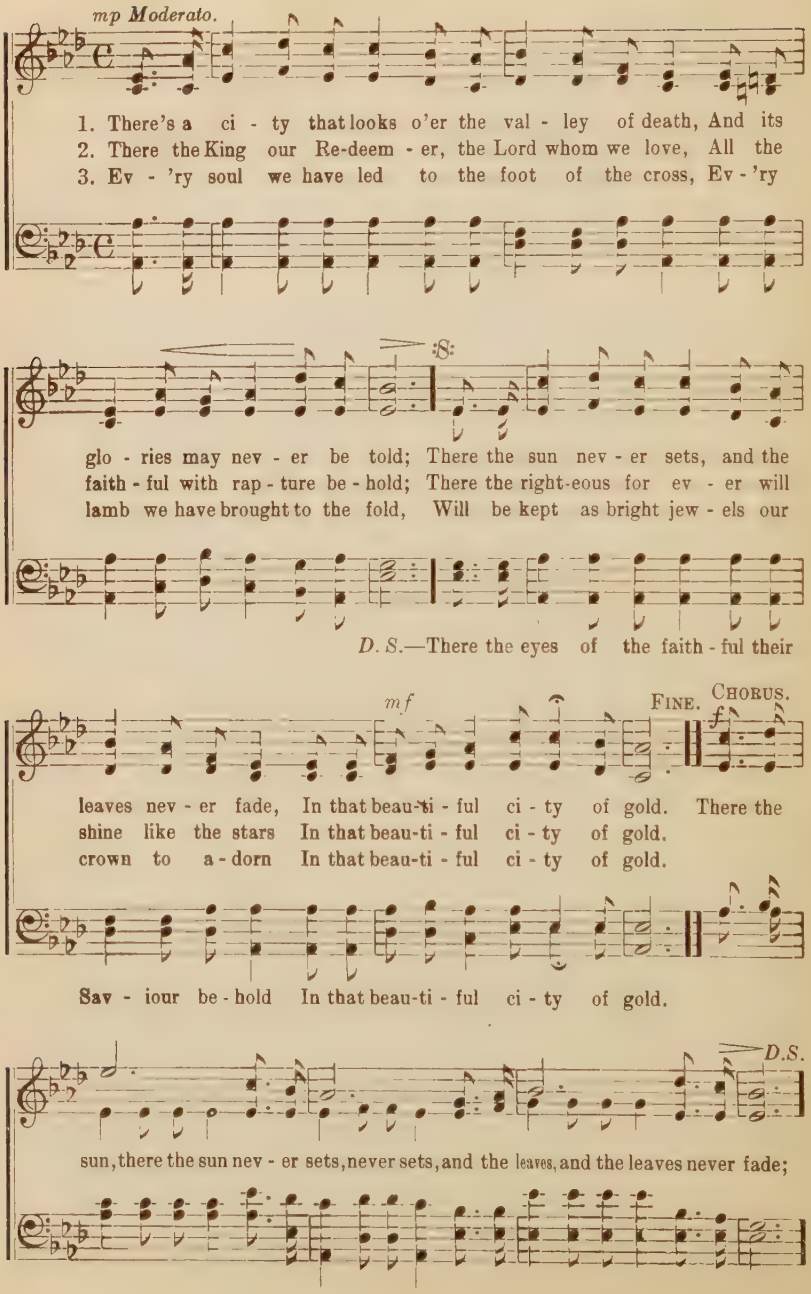
1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
3. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
4. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?

'Tis be-cause my bless-ed Je - sus, From my sins has ran-somed me.
'Tis be-cause the Blood of Je - sus, Ful - ly saves and cleans-es me.
'Tis be-cause a - mid temp-ta - tion, He sup-ports and strengthens me.
'Tis be-cause my Friend and Sav - iour He will ev - er, ev - er be.

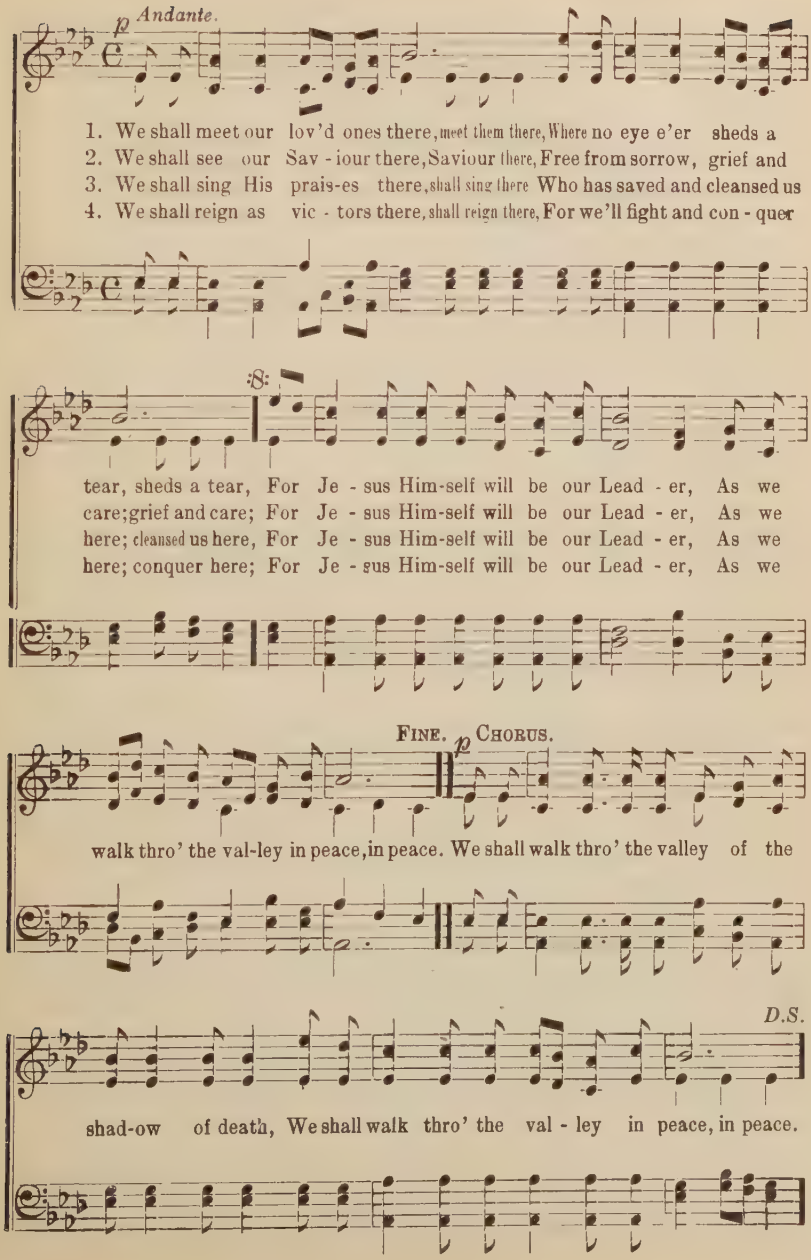
f CHORUS.

This is why..... I love my Je - - - sus, This is
This is why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love Him so, This is

why .... I love Him so, He has par - don'd my trans-
why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love Him so, He has pardon'd my trangressions, He has

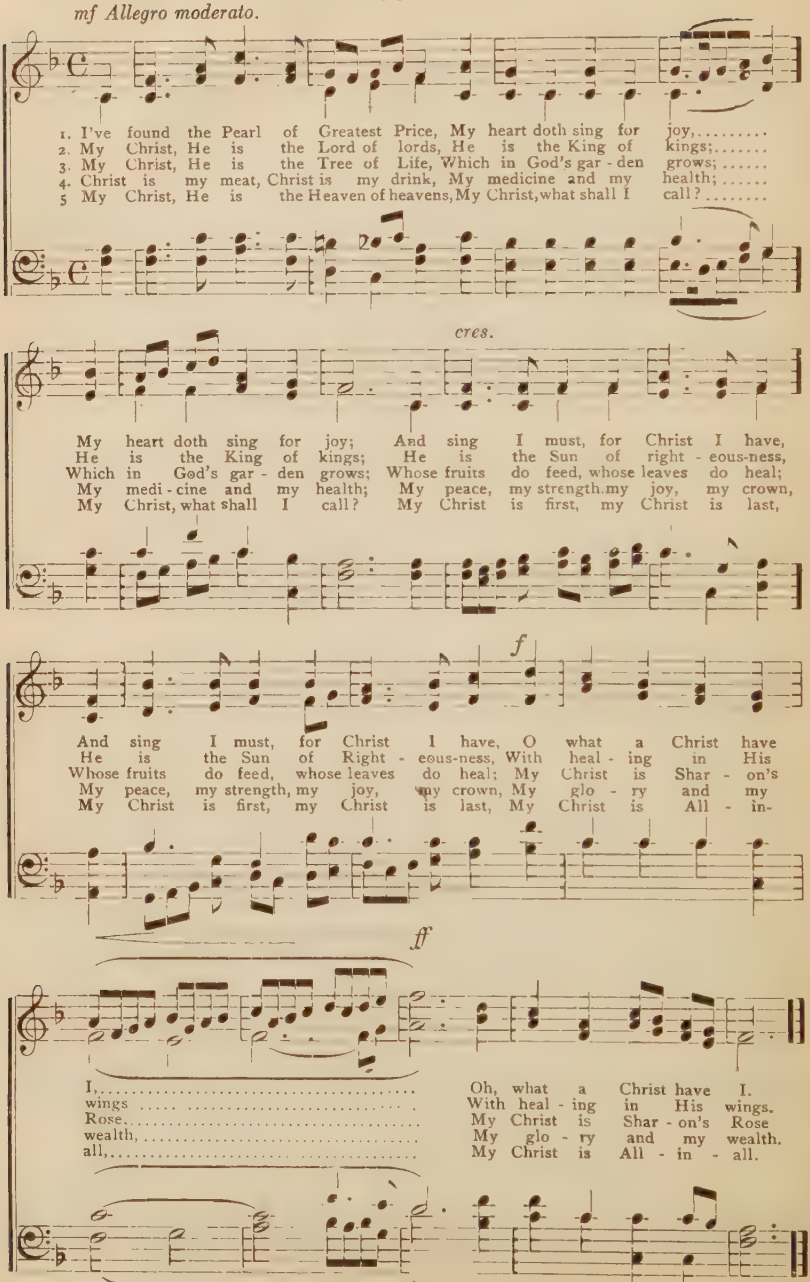
gres - sions, He has wash'd..... . ... me white as snow, white as snow.
pardon'd my transgressions, He has wash'd me, He has wash'd me white as snow, white as snow.

mp Moderato.
1. There's a ci - ty that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the
3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - 'ry
glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold; There the right-eous for ev - er will
lamb we have brought to the fold, Will be kept as bright jew - els our
D. S.—There the eyes of the faith - ful their
mf
Fine.
Chorus.
f
leaves nev - er fade, In that beau-ti - ful ci - ty of gold. There the
shine like the stars In that beau-ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
crown to a - dorn In that beau-ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
Sav - iour be - hold In that beau-ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
D.S.
sun, there the sun nev - er sets, never sets, and the leaves, and the leaves never fade;

We shall Walk through the Valley.

S. S. 827. B. M. I. 287.

p Andante.
1. We shall meet our lov'd ones there, meet them there, Where no eye e'er sheds a
2. We shall see our Sav - iour there, Saviour there, Free from sorrow, grief and
3. We shall sing His prais-es there, shall sing there Who has saved and cleansed us
4. We shall reign as vic - tors there, shall reign there, For we'll fight and con - quer
tear, sheds a tear, For Je - sus Him-self will be our Lead - er, As we
care; grief and care; For Je - sus Him-self will be our Lead - er, As we
here; cleansed us here, For Je - sus Him-self will be our Lead - er, As we
here; conquer here; For Je - sus Him-self will be our Lead - er, As we
FINE. p CHORUS.
walk thro' the val-ley in peace, in peace. We shall walk thro' the valley of the
D.S.
shad-ow of death, We shall walk thro' the val - ley in peace, in peace.

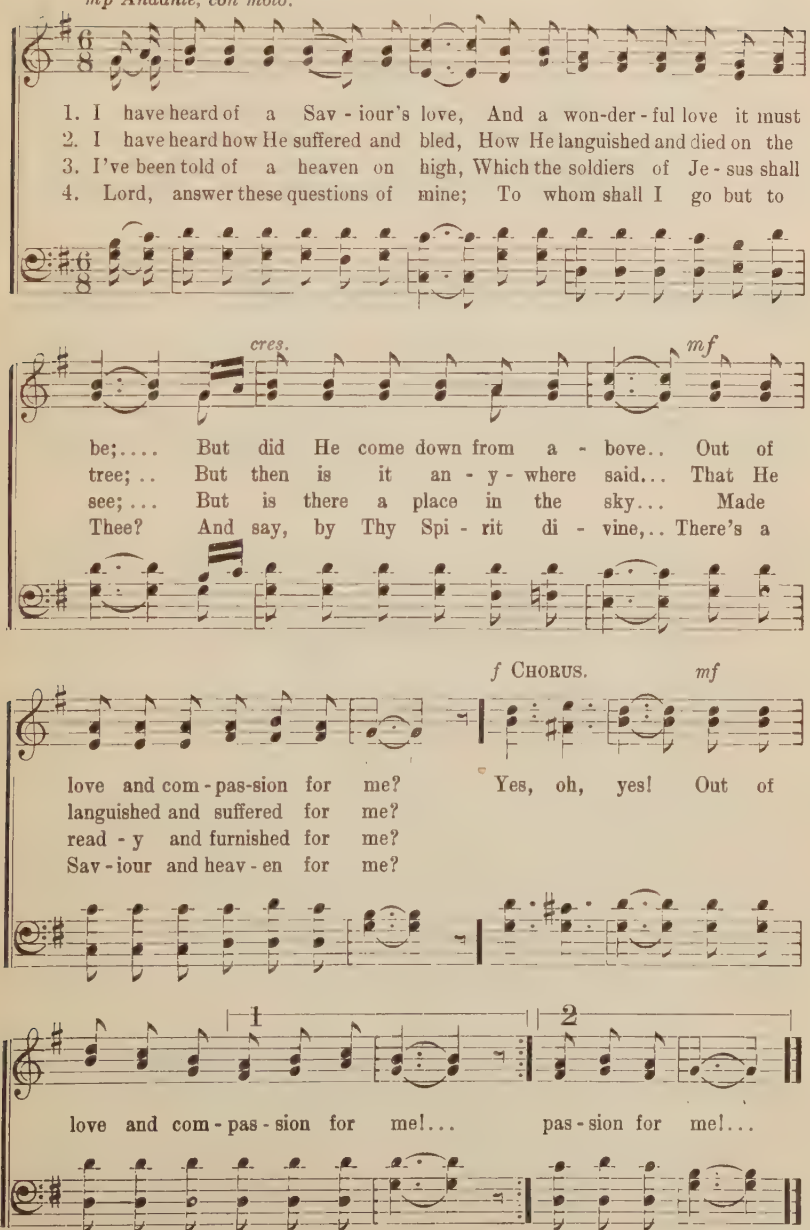
I've Found the Pearl.

C. M. S. S. 315. B. M. I. 302.

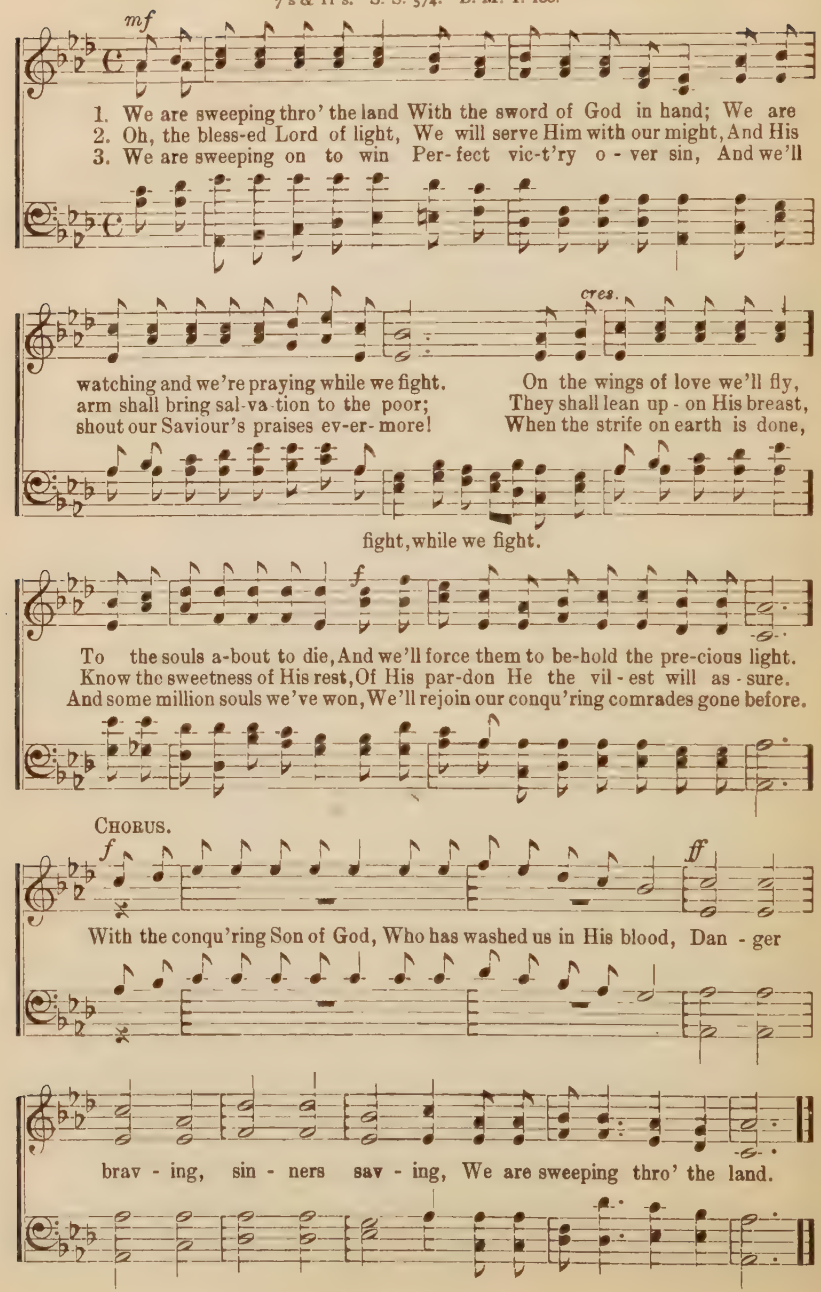
mf Allegro moderato.

1. I've found the Pearl of Greatest Price, My heart doth sing for joy,.....
2. My Christ, He is the Lord of lords, He is the King of kings;.....
3. My Christ, He is the Tree of Life, Which in God's gar - den grows;.....
4. Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink, My medicine and my health;.....
5 My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens, My Christ, what shall I call?.....
cres.
My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I must, for Christ I have,
He is the King of kings; He is the Sun of right - eous-ness,
Which in God's gar - den grows; Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal;
My medi - cine and my health; My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My Christ, what shall I call? My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
f
And sing I must, for Christ I have, O what a Christ have
He is the Sun of Right - eous-ness, With heal - ing in His
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal; My Christ is Shar - on's
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown, My glo - ry and my
My Christ is first, my Christ is last, My Christ is All - in-
ff
I,.....
wings .....
Rose,.....
wealth,.....
all,.....
Oh, what a Christ have I.
With heal - ing in His wings.
My Christ is Shar - on's Rose
My glo - ry and my wealth.
My Christ is All - in - all.

Yes, Oh, Yes!

8's (4 lines). S. S. 175. B. M. I. 115.

mp Andante, con moto.

1. I have heard of a Sav - iour's love, And a won-der - ful love it must
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languished and died on the
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the soldiers of Je - sus shall
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine; To whom shall I go but to
cres.
mf
be;.... But did He come down from a - bove.. Out of
tree;.. But then is it an - y - where said... That He
see;... But is there a place in the sky... Made
Thee? And say, by Thy Spi - rit di - vine,.. There's a
f CHORUS.
mf
love and com - pas-sion for me? Yes, oh, yes! Out of
languished and suffered for me?
read - y and furnished for me?
Sav - iour and heav - en for me?
1
2
love and com - pas - sion for me!...
pas - sion for me!...

With the Conquering Son of God.

7's & 11's. S. S. 574. B. M. I. 108.

mf
1. We are sweeping thro' the land With the sword of God in hand; We are
2. Oh, the bless-ed Lord of light, We will serve Him with our might, And His
3. We are sweeping on to win Per-fect vic-t'ry o-ver sin, And we'll
cres.
watching and we're praying while we fight.
arm shall bring sal-va-tion to the poor;
shout our Saviour's praises ev-er-more!
On the wings of love we'll fly,
They shall lean up-on His breast,
When the strife on earth is done,
fight, while we fight.
f
To the souls a-bout to die, And we'll force them to be-hold the pre-cious light.
Know the sweetness of His rest, Of His par-don He the vil-est will as-sure.
And some million souls we've won, We'll rejoin our conqu'ring comrades gone before.
Chorus.
f
ff
With the conqu'ring Son of God, Who has washed us in His blood, Dan-ger
brav-ing, sin-ners sav-ing, We are sweeping thro' the land.

207 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

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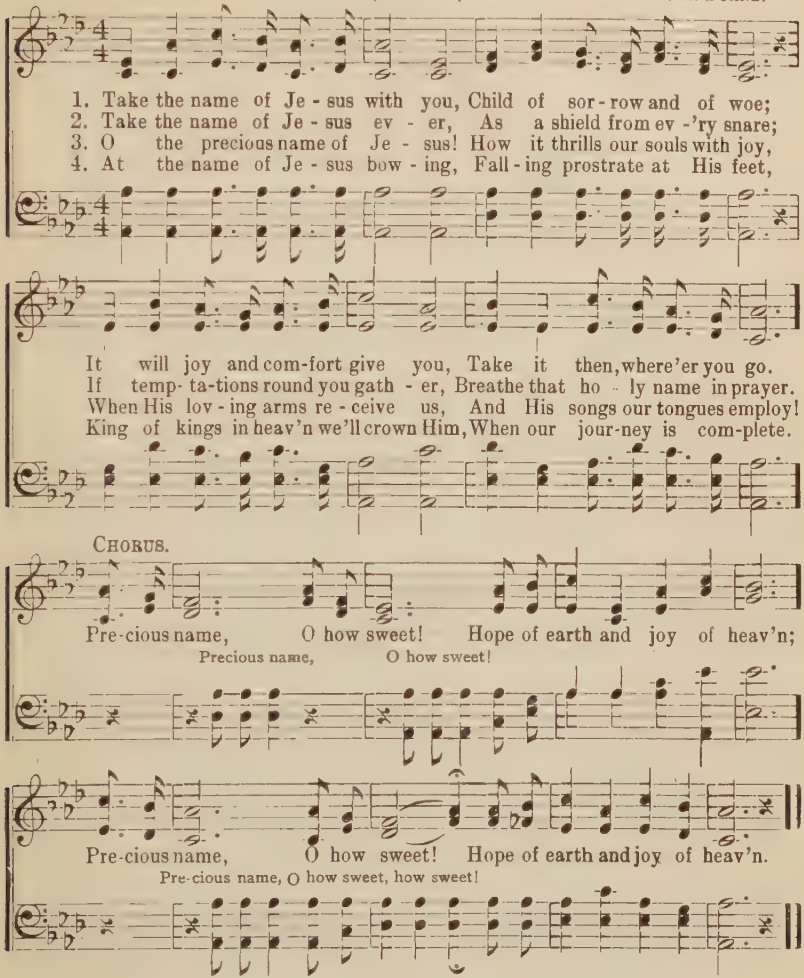
Mrs. Lillian Baxter. 8's & 7's. S. S. 768. W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev -'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp- ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
Chorus.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

208 Only Thee.

8's & 7's. Tune—207. S. S. 499.

1 Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer!
Whom have I in heaven beside?
Who on earth, with love so tender,
All my wandering steps will guide?

Only Thee, only Thee!
Loving Saviour, only Thee

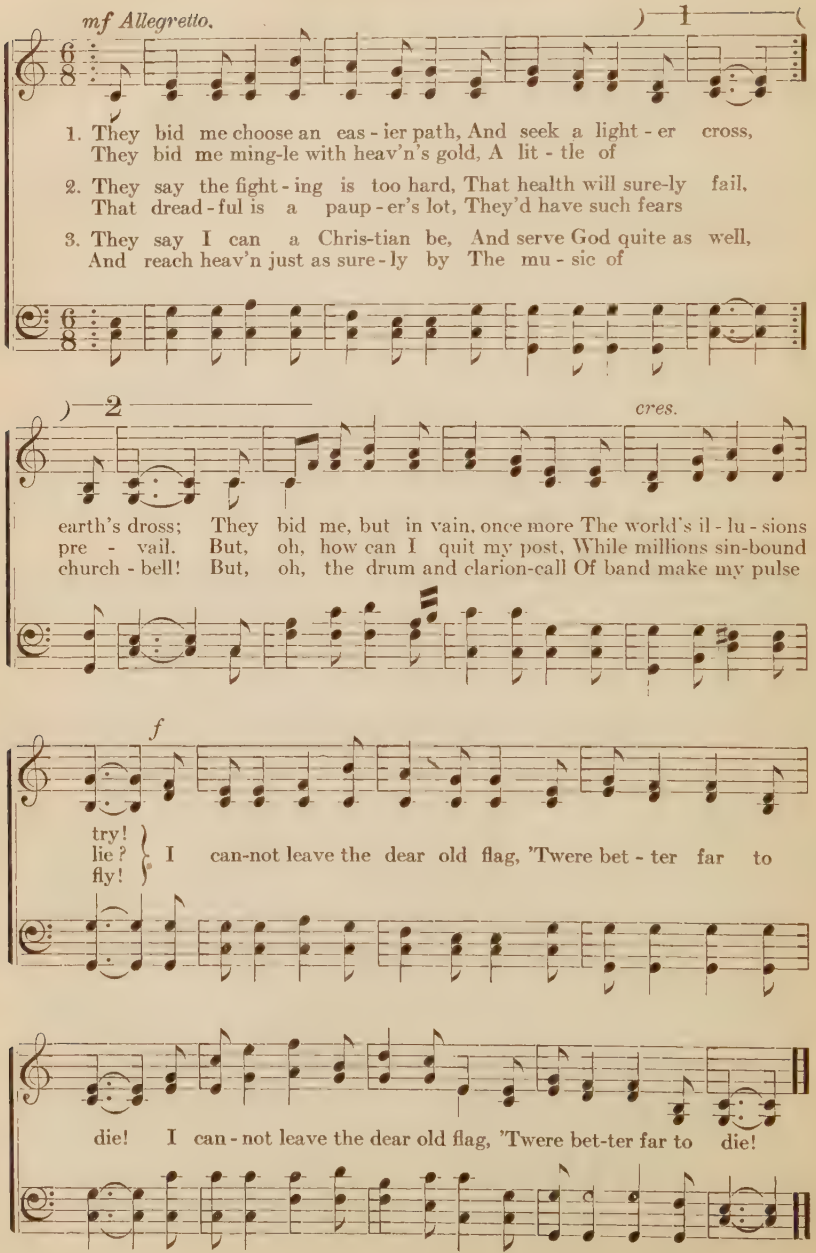
2 Only Thee! No joy I covet
But the joy to call Thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance
Thou hast owned, and sealed me Thine.

3 Only Thee! I ask no other,
Thou art more than all to me;
Life or health or creature comfort—
I would give them all for Thee.

4 Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

I Cannot Leave the Dear Old Flag.

P. M.—S. S. 526. B. M. I. 301.


mf Allegretto.
1
1. They bid me choose an eas - ier path, And seek a light - er cross,
They bid me ming-le with heav'n's gold, A lit - tle of
2. They say the fight - ing is too hard, That health will sure-ly fail,
That dread - ful is a paup - er's lot, They'd have such fears
3. They say I can a Chris-tian be, And serve God quite as well,
And reach heav'n just as sure - ly by The mu - sic of
2
cres.
earth's dross; They bid me, but in vain, once more The world's il - lu - sions
pre - vail. But, oh, how can I quit my post, While millions sin-bound
church - bell! But, oh, the drum and clarion-call Of band make my pulse
f
try!
lie?
fly!
I can-not leave the dear old flag, 'Twere bet - ter far to
die! I can - not leave the dear old flag, 'Twere bet-ter far to die!

210 Shall We Gather At the River?

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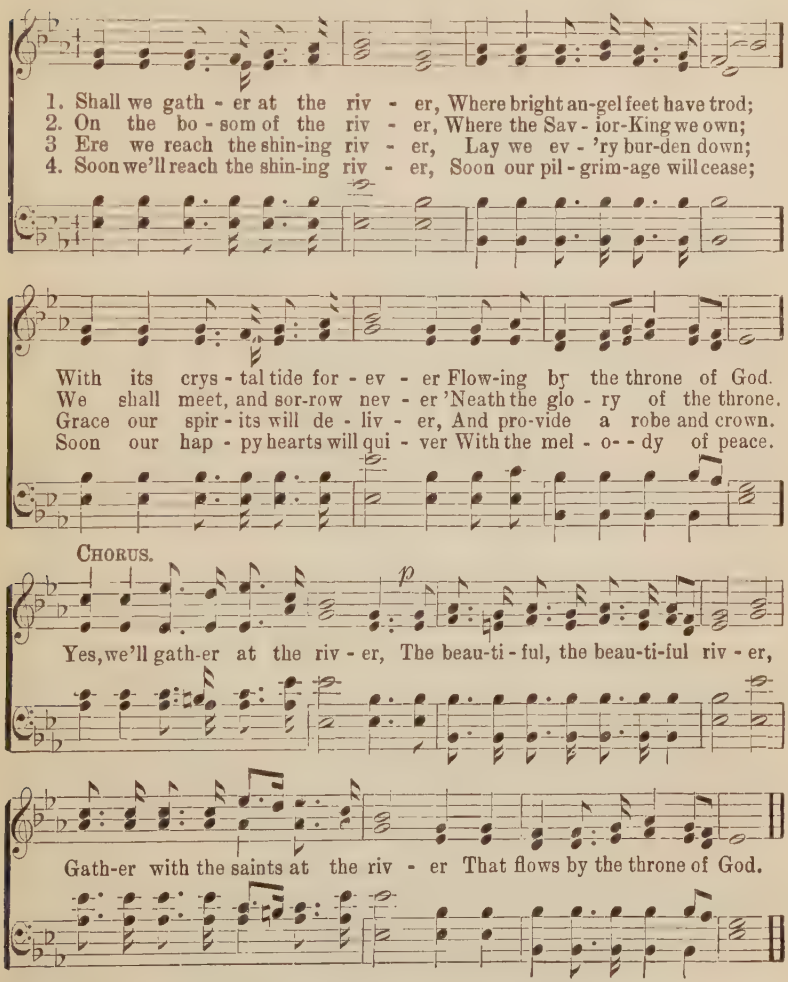
R. L. 8's & 7's. S. S. 835. B. M. I. 155. Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior-King we own;
3 Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God.
We shall meet, and sor-row nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o- - dy of peace.
Chorus.
p
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

211 Yes, There Flows a Wondrous River.

Tune,—210.—S. S. 348.

1. Yes, there flows a wondrous river,
That can make the foulest clean;
To the soul it is the giver
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river,
The holy, mighty, wonder-working river,
That can make a saint of a sinner;
It flows from the throne of God.

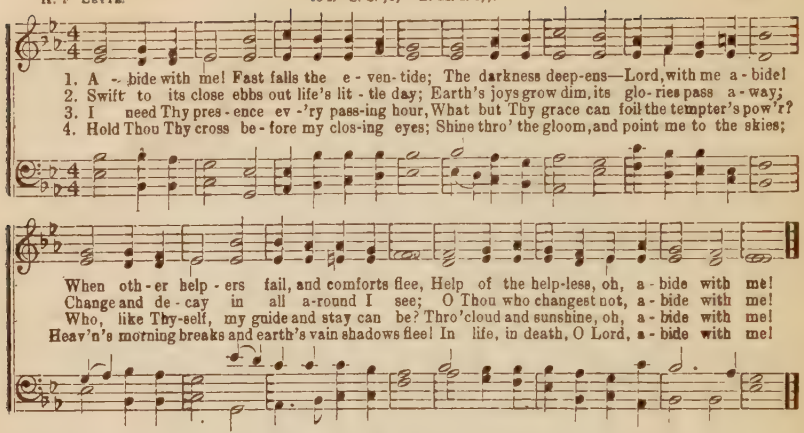
2. All who seek this cleansing river
Have their deepest needs supplied;
From all stains its waves deliver,
To the soul when they're applied.

3. Have you proved this precious river
Perfect cleansing gaining there,
Losing burdens that need never
Rise again to bring you care?

4. On the margin of this river,
In your stains, why still delay?
Why not now be free forever,
And the voice of God obey?

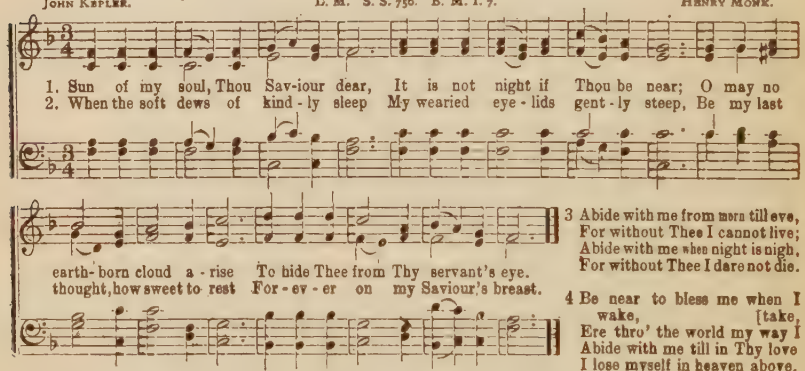
212 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. 10's. S. S. 767. B. M. I. 177. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deep-ens—Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev -'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

213 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. L. M. S. S. 756. B. M. I. 7. Henry Monk.

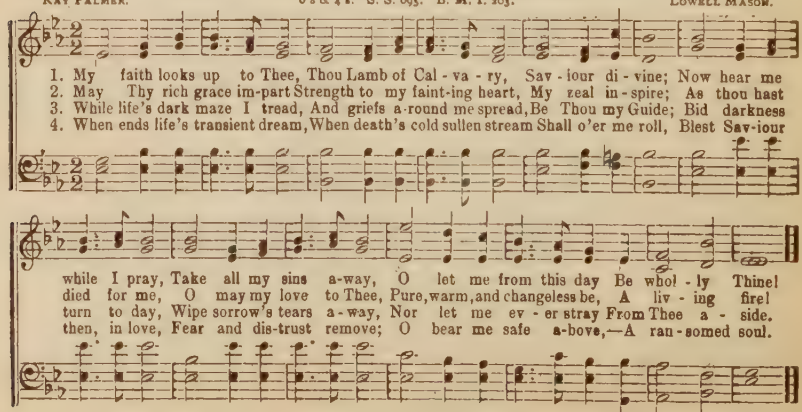

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

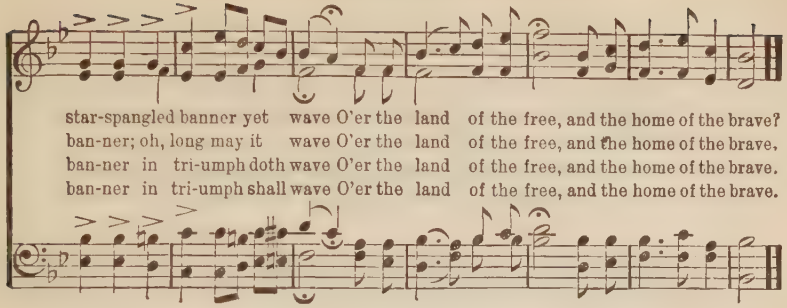
4 Be near to bless me when I wake, [take,
Ere thro' the world my way I
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

214 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. 6's & 4's. S. S. 695. B. M. I. 203. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour
while I pray, Take all my sins a-way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis-trust remove; O bear me safe a-bove,—A ran-somed soul.

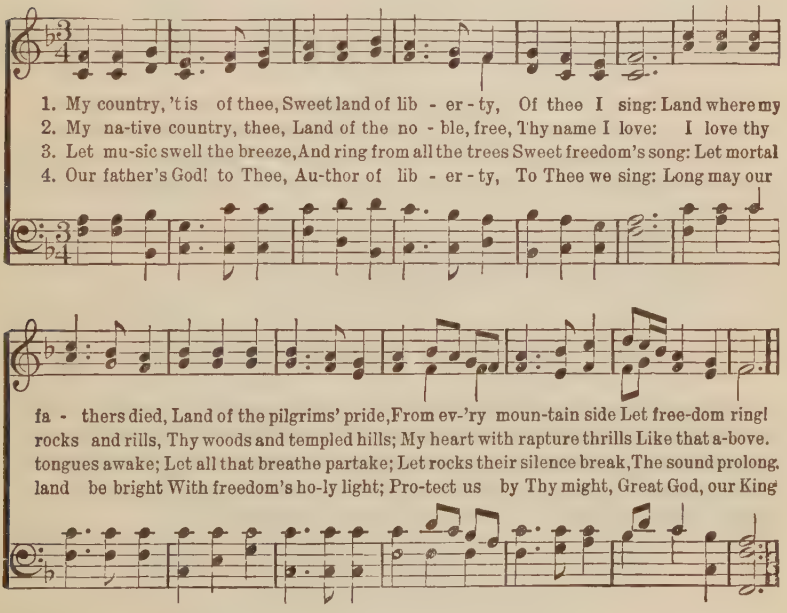
The Star-Spangled Banner.


star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

217

America.

S. F. Smith. B. M. I. 202. English.


1. My country, 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King

218

God Bless Our Army Brave.

Tune,—"America,"—217.—S. S. 507.

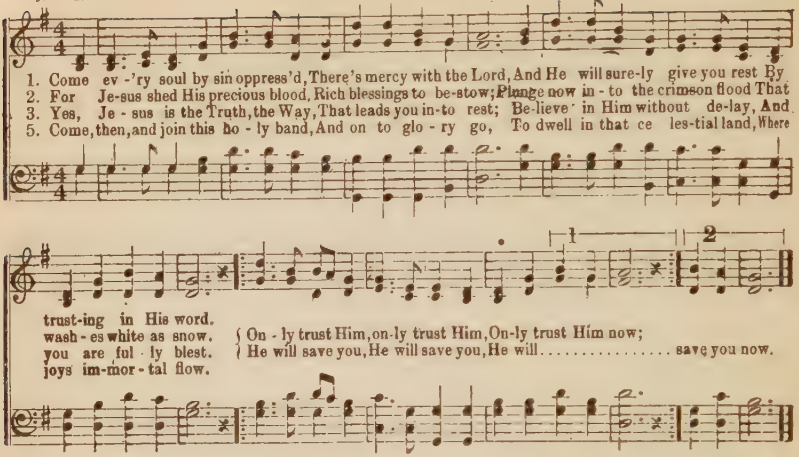
1 God bless our Army brave,
Soon shall our colors wave
O'er land and sea.
Clothe us with righteousness,
Our faithful soldiers bless,
And crown with great success
Our Army brave.

2 The "blood and fire" bestow,
Go with us when we go
To fight for Thee.
Still with our Army stay,
Drive sin and fear away,
Give victory day by day
On Israel's side.

3 God bless our General,
Our Officers as well—
God bless them all.
Oh, give us power to fight
To put all hell to flight,
Let victory still delight
Our Army brave.

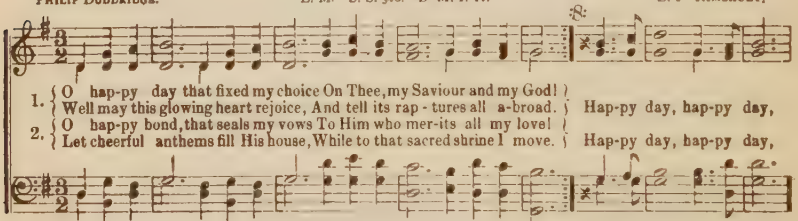
219 Only Trust Him.

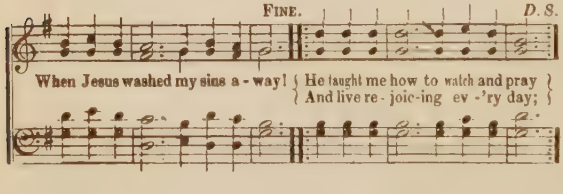
J. H. S. S. S. 100. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Come ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure-ly give you rest By
2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to be-stow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in Him without de-lay, And
5. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce les-tial land, Where
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful-ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
{ On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.

220 O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. L. M. S. S. 346. B. M. I. 11. E. F. RIMBAULT.


1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! }
{ Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }
{ Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

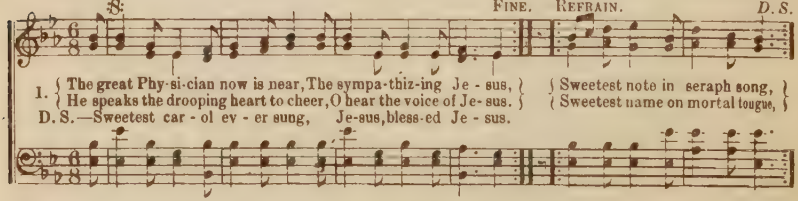


3 'Tis done this great transaction's done; [mine;
I am my Lord's, and He is
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice
divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided
heart; [rest;
Fixed on this blissful centre,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

221 The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. S. S. 51. J. H. STOCKTON.

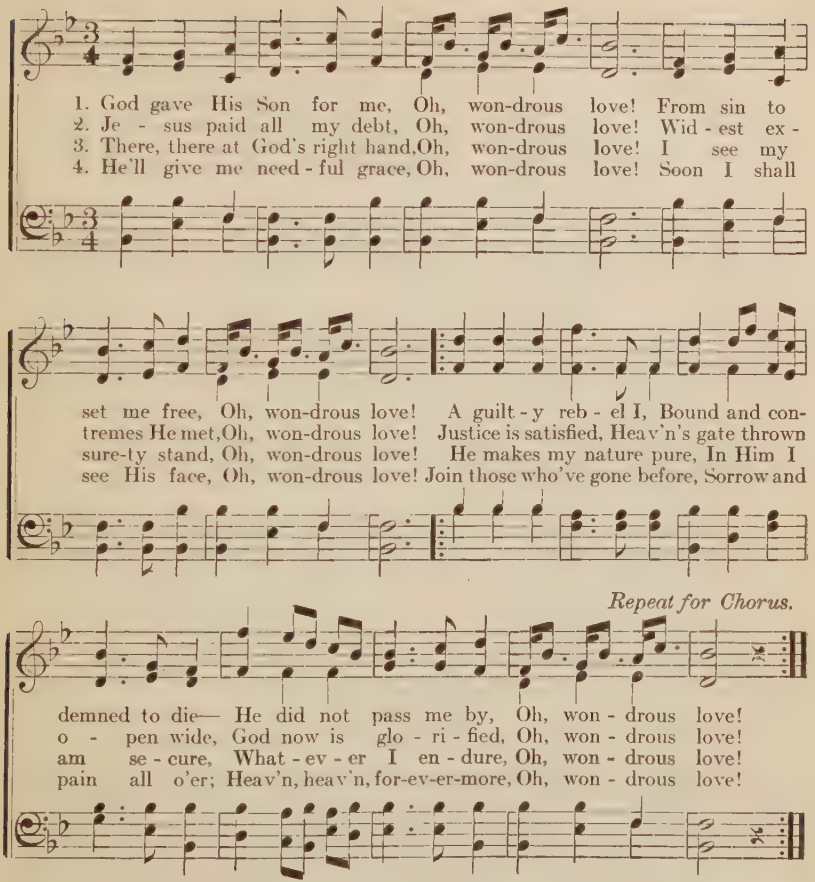

FINE.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sympa-thiz-ing Je-sus, }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je-sus. }
{ Sweetest note in seraph song, }
{ Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
D. S.—Sweetest car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

222 God Gave His Son for Me.

P. M.—B. M. I. 232.

1. God gave His Son for me, Oh, won-drous love! From sin to
2. Je - sus paid all my debt, Oh, won-drous love! Wid - est ex -
3. There, there at God's right hand, Oh, won-drous love! I see my
4. He'll give me need - ful grace, Oh, won-drous love! Soon I shall
set me free, Oh, won-drous love! A guilt - y reb - el I, Bound and con-
tremes He met, Oh, won-drous love! Justice is satisfied, Heav'n's gate thrown
sure-ty stand, Oh, won-drous love! He makes my nature pure, In Him I
see His face, Oh, won-drous love! Join those who've gone before, Sorrow and
Repeat for Chorus.
demned to die— He did not pass me by, Oh, won - drous love!
o - pen wide, God now is glo - ri - fied, Oh, won - drous love!
am se - cure, What - ev - er I en - dure, Oh, won - drous love!
pain all o'er; Heav'n, heav'n, for-ev-er-more, Oh, won - drous love!

223 Jesus is Mine.

S. S. 296, Tune—222.

1 When fade my earthly joys,
Jesus is mine!
When break earth's tender ties,
Jesus is mine;
Though dark this wilderness,
Though here no resting place,
Jesus will surely bless;
Jesus is mine!

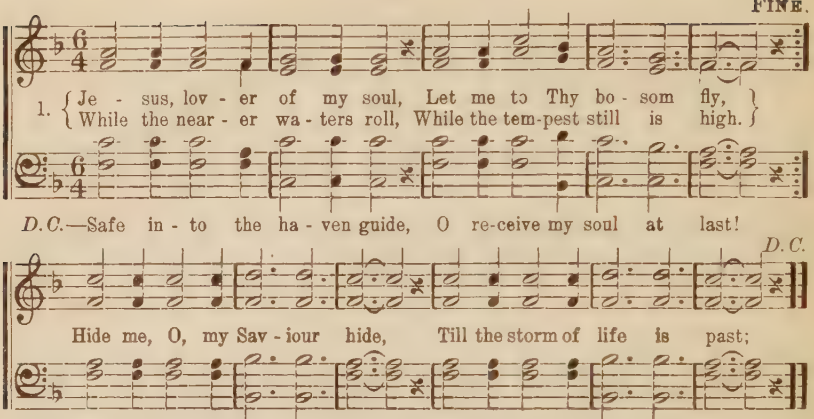
Jesus does satisfy; Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine!
He's my unfailing Stay;
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born for but one brief day,
Turn not my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light;
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine!

224 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. S. 170.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
D.C.
Hide me, O, my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

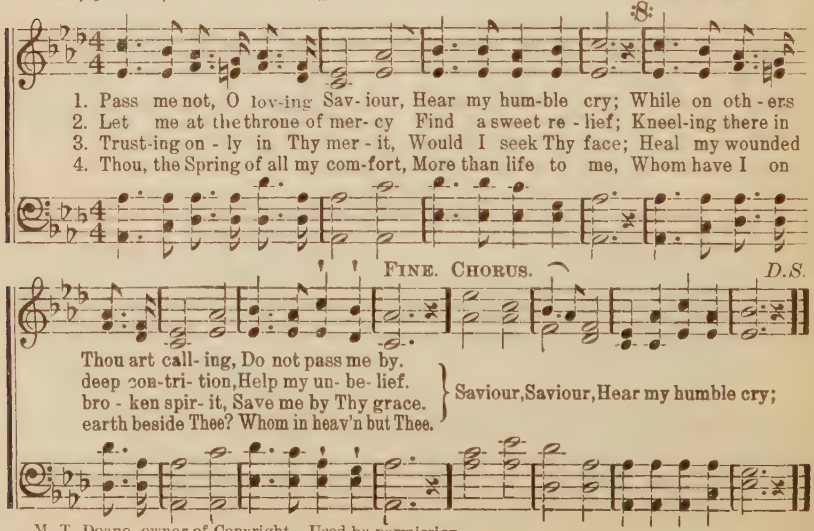
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to wash away my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

225 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. S. S. 191. B. J. 14. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O lov-ing Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at the throne of mer- cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
Thou art call- ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri- tion, Help my un- be- lief.
bro - ken spir- it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.
Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry;

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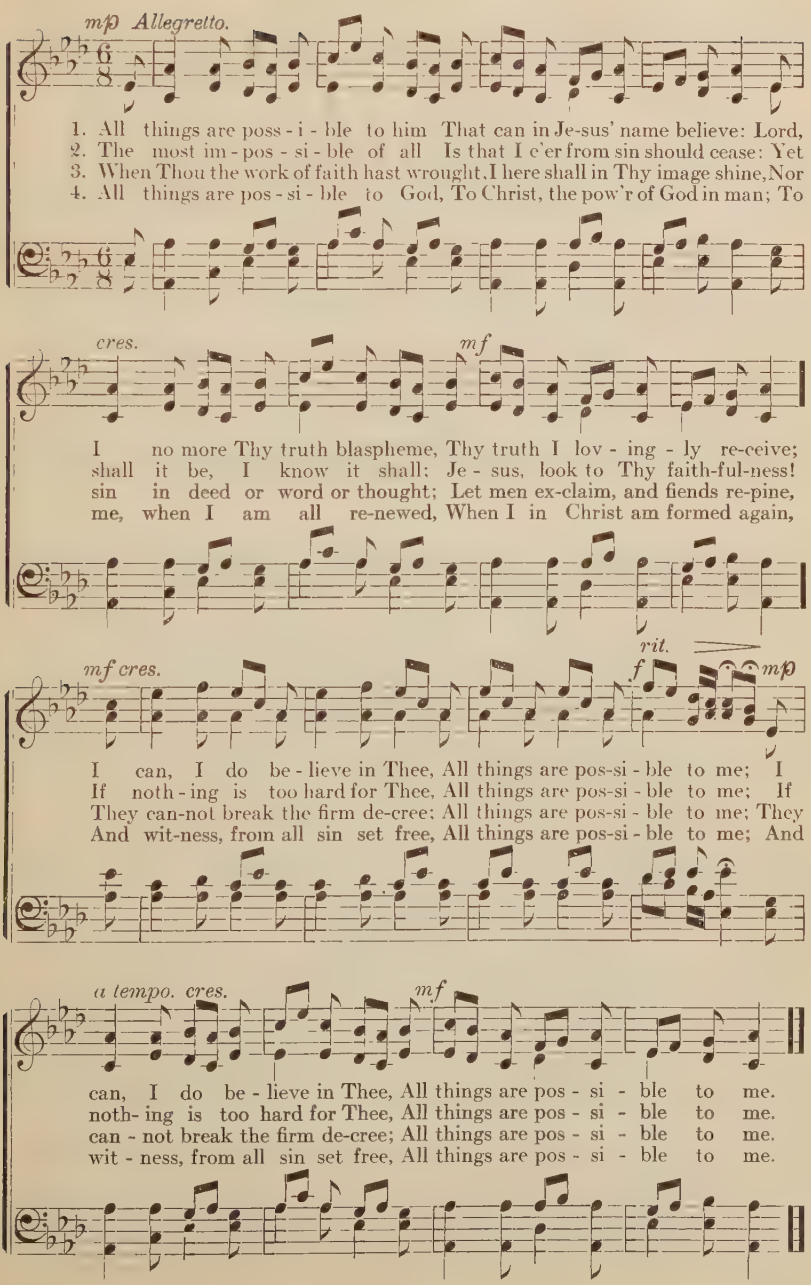
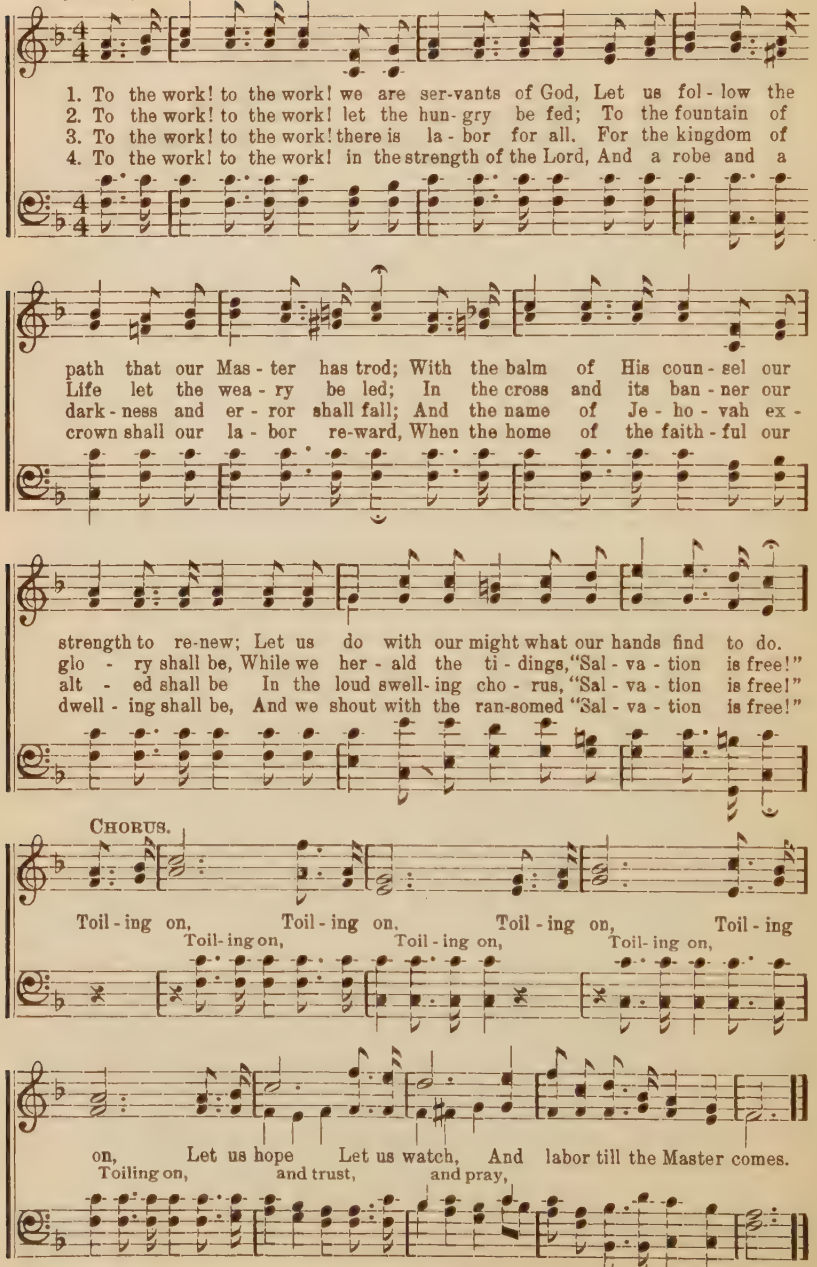
All Things are Possible.

6-8's.—S. S. 479. B. M. I. 121.


mp Allegretto.
1. All things are poss - i - ble to him That can in Je-sus' name believe: Lord,
2. The most im - pos - si - ble of all Is that I e'er from sin should cease: Yet
3. When Thou the work of faith hast wrought, I here shall in Thy image shine, Nor
4. All things are pos - si - ble to God, To Christ, the pow'r of God in man; To
cres.
mf
I no more Thy truth blaspheme, Thy truth I lov - ing - ly re-ceive;
shall it be, I know it shall; Je - sus, look to Thy faith-ful-ness!
sin in deed or word or thought; Let men ex-claim, and fiends re-pine,
me, when I am all re-newed, When I in Christ am formed again,
mf cres.
rit.
f
mp
I can, I do be - lieve in Thee, All things are pos-si - ble to me; I
If noth - ing is too hard for Thee, All things are pos-si - ble to me; If
They can-not break the firm de-cree; All things are pos-si - ble to me; They
And wit-ness, from all sin set free, All things are pos-si - ble to me; And
a tempo. cres.
mf
can, I do be - lieve in Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me.
noth- ing is too hard for Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me.
can - not break the firm de-cree; All things are pos - si - ble to me.
wit - ness, from all sin set free, All things are pos - si - ble to me.

To the Work.

F. J. Crosby. B. J. 382. W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the
path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His coun-sel our
strength to re-new; Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the fountain of
Life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our
glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all. For the kingdom of
dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-
alt-ed shall be In the loud swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a
crown shall our la-bor re-ward, When the home of the faith-ful our
dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ran-somed "Sal-va-tion is free!"
CHORUS.
Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on. Toil-ing on, Toil-ing
Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
on, Let us hope Let us watch, And labor till the Master comes.
Toiling on, and trust, and pray,

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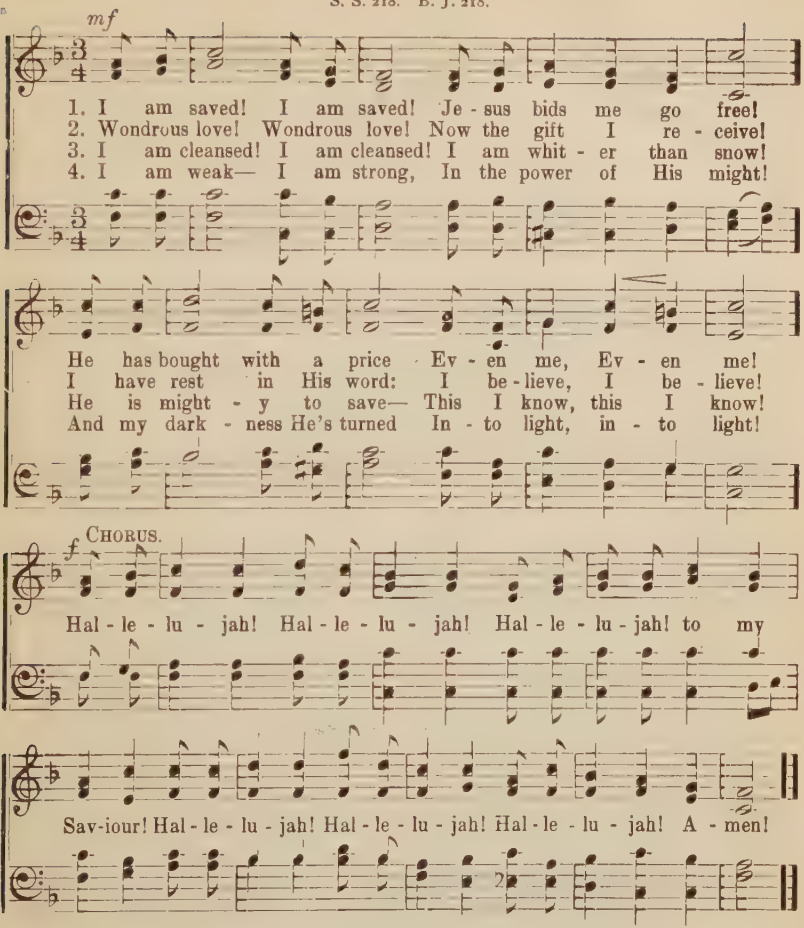
228 I am Saved.

S. S. 218. B. J. 218.

mf
1. I am saved! I am saved! Je - sus bids me go free!
2. Wondrous love! Wondrous love! Now the gift I re - ceive!
3. I am cleansed! I am cleansed! I am whit - er than snow!
4. I am weak— I am strong, In the power of His might!
He has bought with a price Ev - en me, Ev - en me!
I have rest in His word: I be - lieve, I be - lieve!
He is might - y to save— This I know, this I know!
And my dark - ness He's turned In - to light, in - to light!
f CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! to my
Sav-iour! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

229 To the War.

Tune—227. S. S. 545.

1 To the war! to the war!
Loud and long sounds thy cry;
To the war! every soldier
Who fears not to die;
See the millions who're drifting
To hell's endless woe,
Oh, who in the name
Of Jehovah will go?

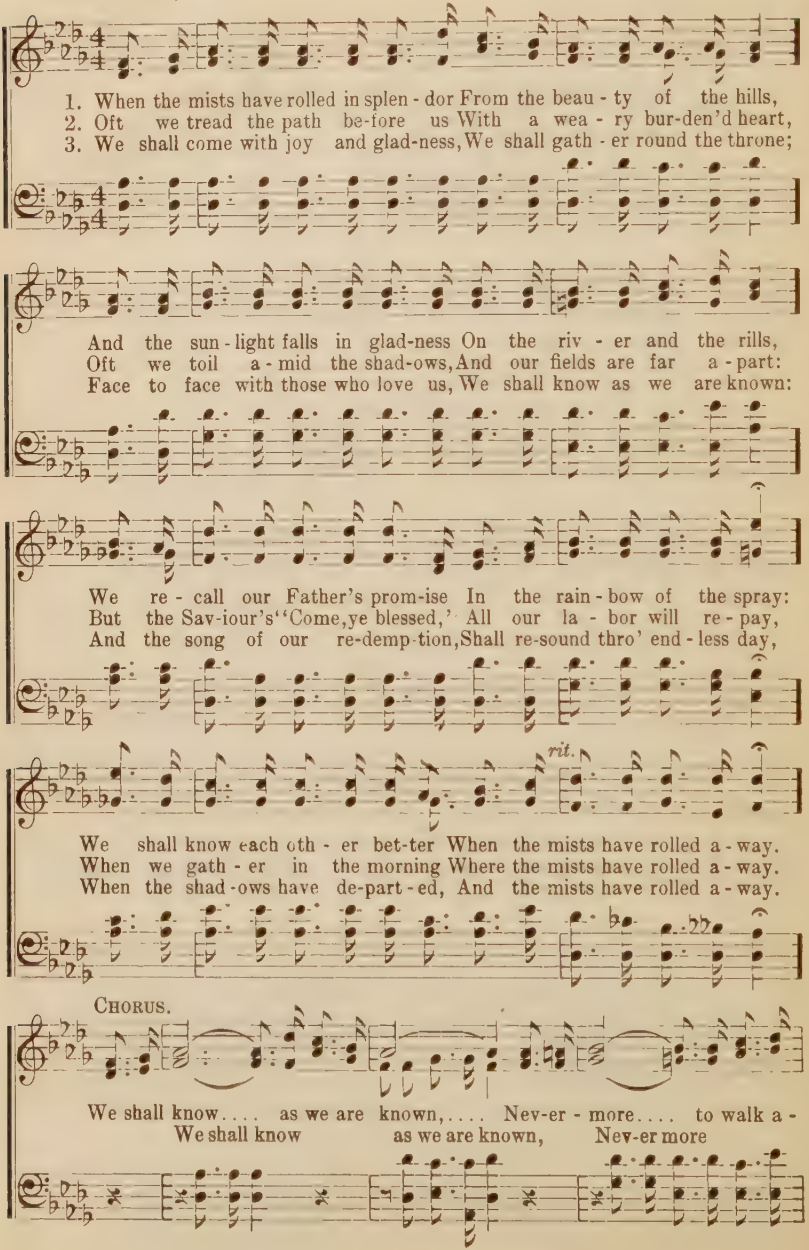
CHO.—Fighting on, fighting on, fighting on, fighting on,
With the blood and fire we will never tire,
We'll fight until the Master calls.

2 To the war! to the war!
Who'll the war cry obey?
'Tis the great God who calls you
To fight while 'tis day;
Though the battle be fierce,
And though mighty the foe,
The Salvation Army
To victory must go.

3 To the war! to the war!
Every man to his post;
Go care for the dying,
Go, seek for the lost;
Hark! converts are singing.
Their bright faces glow,
As they joyfully shout:
"To the war we will go!"

230 When the Mists have Rolled Away.

ANNIE HERBERT, Arr. 8's & 7's. B. J. 7. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wea - ry bur-den'd heart,
3. We shall come with joy and glad-ness, We shall gath - er round the throne;
And the sun - light falls in glad-ness On the riv - er and the rills,
Oft we toil a - mid the shad-ows, And our fields are far a - part:
Face to face with those who love us, We shall know as we are known:
We re - call our Father's prom-ise In the rain - bow of the spray:
But the Sav-iour's "Come, ye blessed," All our la - bor will re - pay,
And the song of our re-demp-tion, Shall re-sound thro' end - less day,
rit.
We shall know each oth - er bet-ter When the mists have rolled a - way.
When we gath - er in the morning Where the mists have rolled a - way.
When the shad - ows have de-part - ed, And the mists have rolled a - way.
CHORUS.
We shall know.... as we are known,.... Nev-er - more.... to walk a -
We shall know as we are known, Nev-er more

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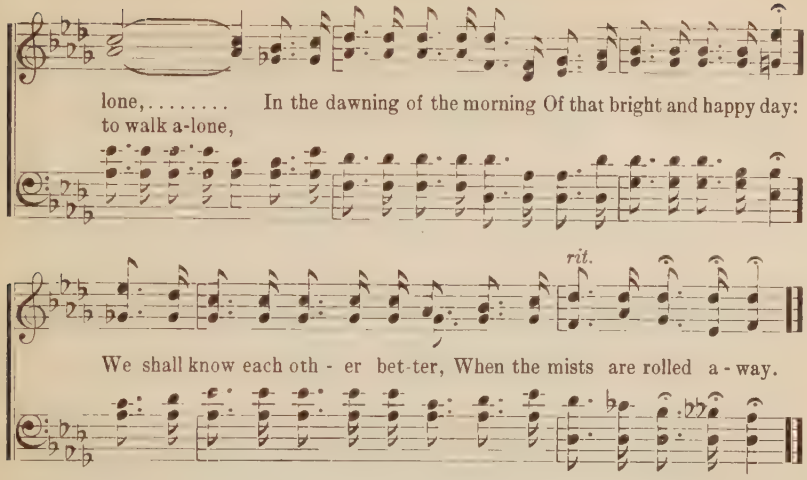

lone,.....
to walk a-lone,
In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:
rit.
We shall know each oth - er bet-ter, When the mists are rolled a - way.

231 Happy Home.

Tune – 230. S. S. 585. B. J. 7.

1 There's a crown laid up in glory,
There's a robe for all to wear,
And we never need be sorry
That we did life's troubles share;
For our crown will shine the brighter
For the battles we have won,
And our robes will be the whiter
When our trav'ling days are done.

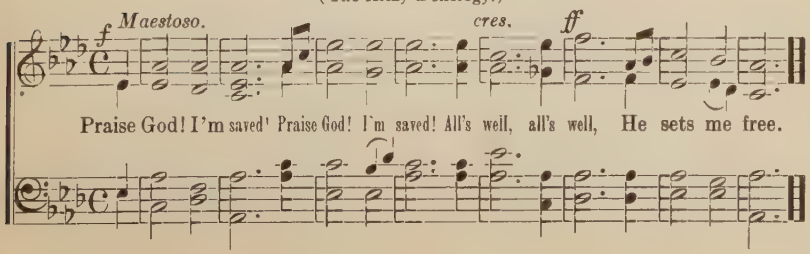
CHORUS.
Happy home, a happy home,
Never more from Christ to roam!
When our fighting here is over,
And our vict'ries all are won,
There's a mansion up in glory,
When our trav'ling days are done.

2 There's a golden harp in glory,
There's a welcome for the true;
There's a rest for all the weary,
There's a victor's palm for you.
Oh, we'll praise the Lord forever
When we stand before His throne,
And our joys will end—no never!
When our trav'ling days are done.

3 There will be no room for sadness,
There will be no sorrow there,
For unceasing songs of gladness
Will for ever fill the air.
There will be no farewell meetings
In that land where God's the Sun;
But one long eternal greeting
When our trav'ling days are done.

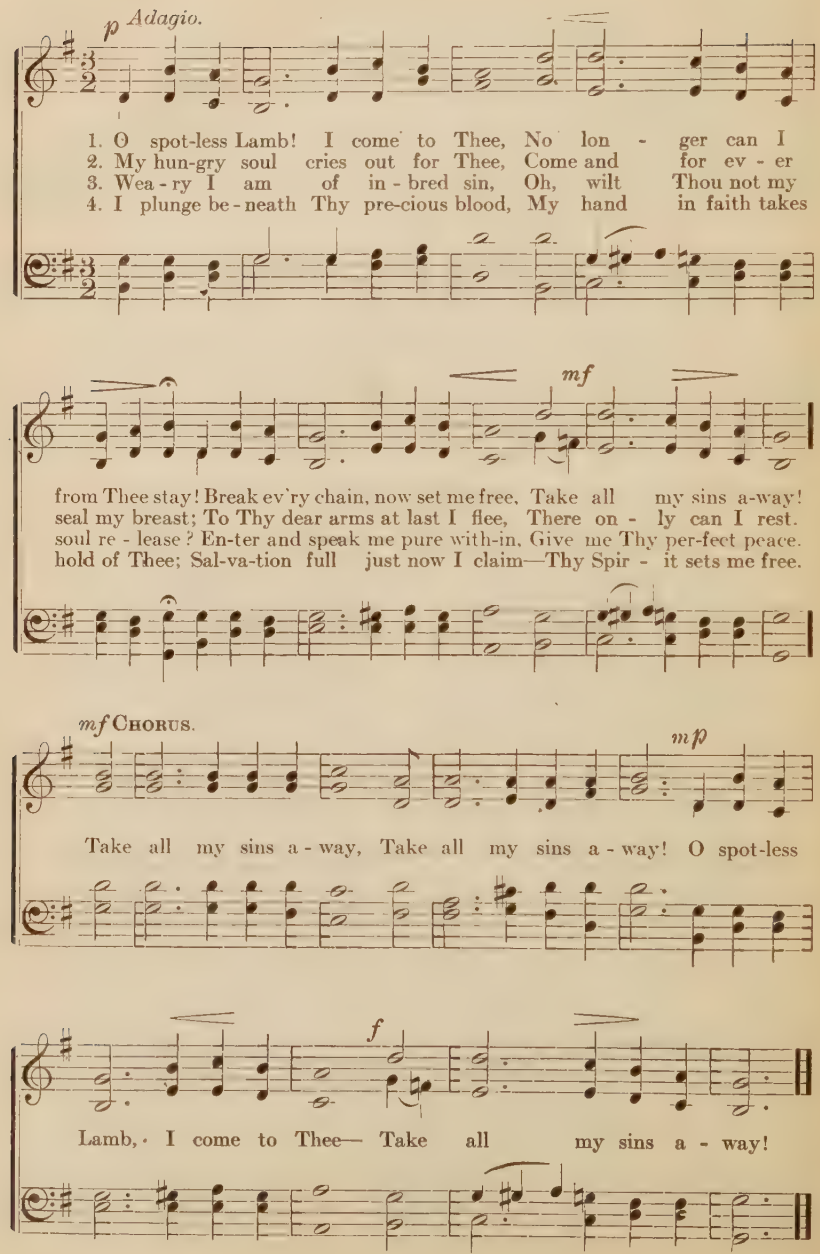
232 Praise God! I'm Saved.

(The Army Doxology.)

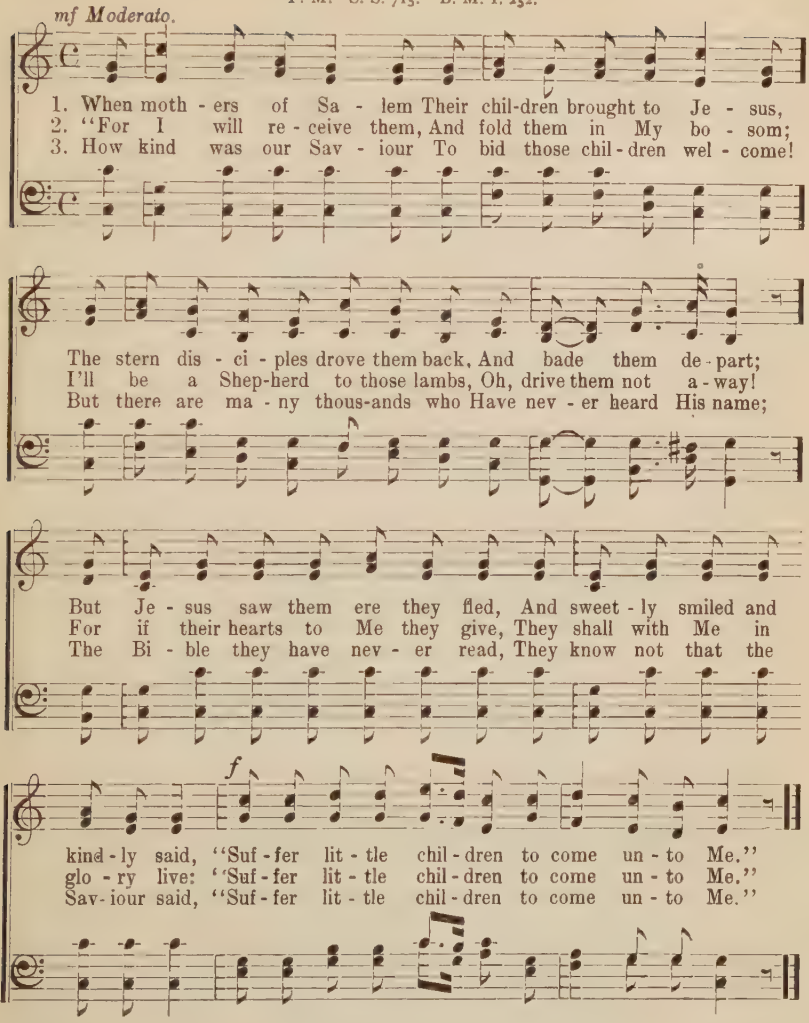


Take All My Sins Away.

8, 8, 8, 6.—S. S. 426. B. M. I. 135.


p Adagio.
1. O spot-less Lamb! I come to Thee, No lon - ger can I
2. My hun-gry soul cries out for Thee, Come and for ev - er
3. Wea - ry I am of in - bred sin, Oh, wilt Thou not my
4. I plunge be - neath Thy pre-cious blood, My hand in faith takes
mf
from Thee stay! Break ev'ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sins a-way!
seal my breast; To Thy dear arms at last I flee, There on - ly can I rest.
soul re - lease? En-ter and speak me pure with-in, Give me Thy per-fect peace.
hold of Thee; Sal-va-tion full just now I claim—Thy Spir - it sets me free.
mf Chorus.
mp
Take all my sins a - way, Take all my sins a - way! O spot-less
f
Lamb, I come to Thee— Take all my sins a - way!

Mothers of Salem.

P. M. S. S. 715. B. M. I. 252.

mf Moderato.
1. When moth - ers of Sa - lem Their chil-dren brought to Je - sus,
2. "For I will re - ceive them, And fold them in My bo - som;
3. How kind was our Sav - iour To bid those chil - dren wel - come!
The stern dis - ci - ples drove them back, And bade them de - part;
I'll be a Shep-herd to those lambs, Oh, drive them not a - way!
But there are ma - ny thous-ands who Have nev - er heard His name;
But Je - sus saw them ere they fled, And sweet - ly smiled and
For if their hearts to Me they give, They shall with Me in
The Bi - ble they have nev - er read, They know not that the
f
kind - ly said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."
glo - ry live: "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."
Sav - iour said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."

235 Oh, Come, Come Away.

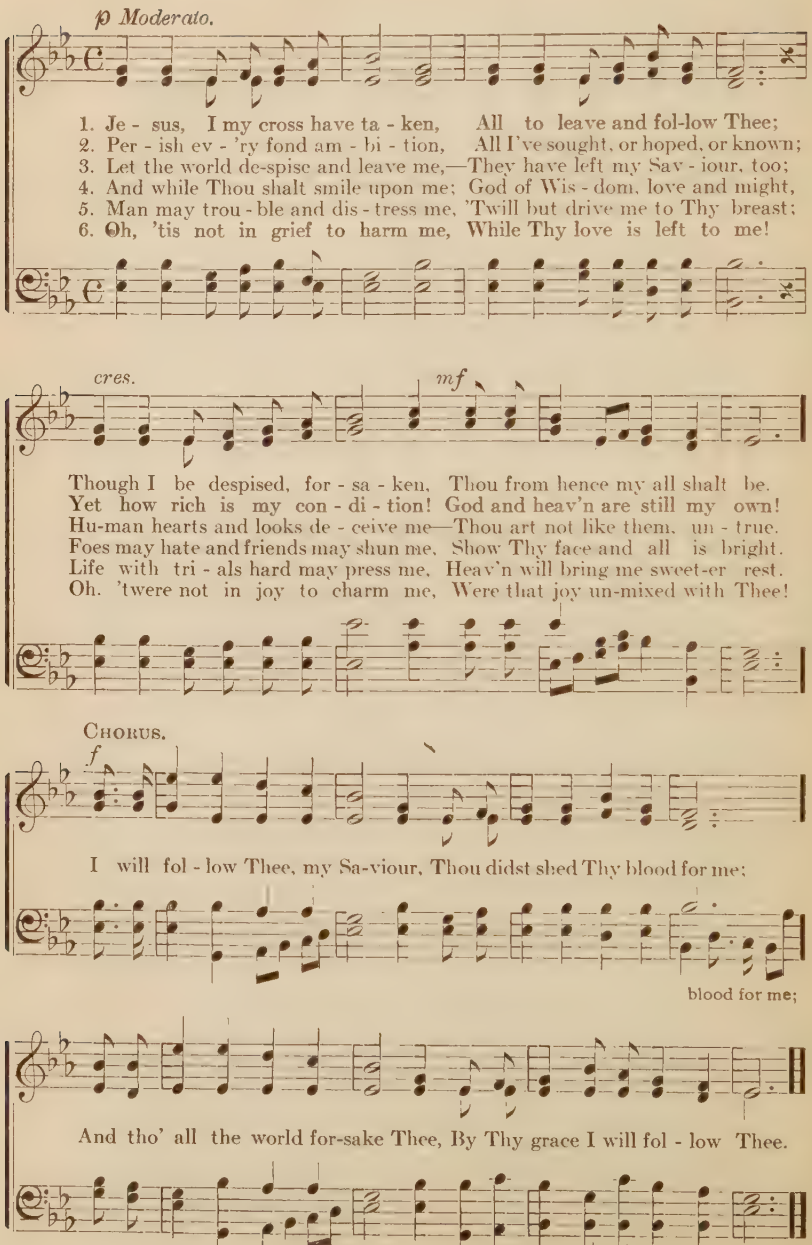
P. M. Tune—234. S. S. 97. B. M. I. 252.

1 Oh, come, come away,
Ye sinners are invited
A feast to share so now prepare:
Oh, come, come away!
No longer do excuses make,
But every sinful way forsake,
And the heavenly feast partake.
Oh, come, come away!

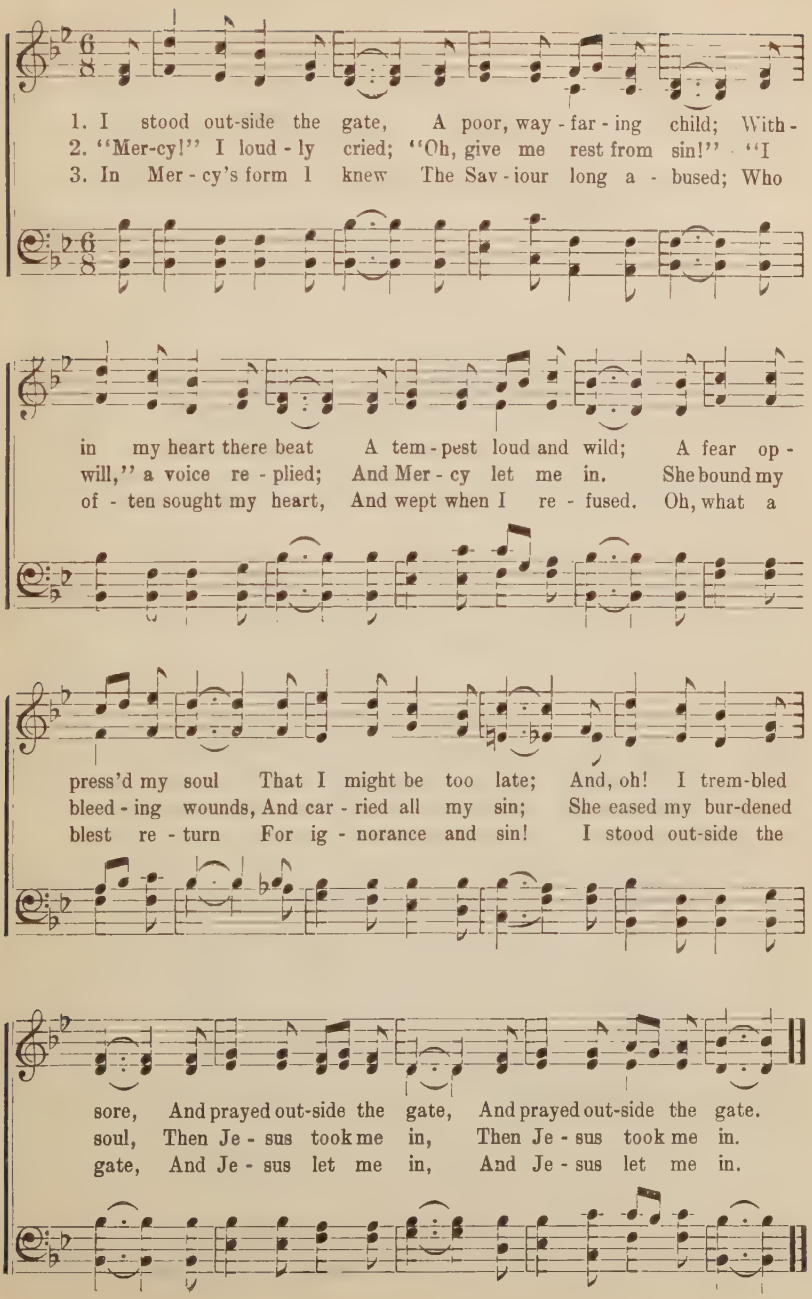
2 Oh, come, come away.
And haste to yonder mountair,
There mercy rolls for guilty souls;
Oh, come, come away!
The fountain still is open wide,
It gushes from the Saviour's side;
Come, plunge beneath the tide.
Oh, come, come, away!

3 Oh, come. come away,
The Saviour now is waiting;
He will receive all who believe,
Oh, come, come away!
And in the world He'll be your friend,
He'll love and keep you to the end,
Then to heaven you shall ascend;
Oh, come, come away!

I Will Follow Thee, My Saviour.

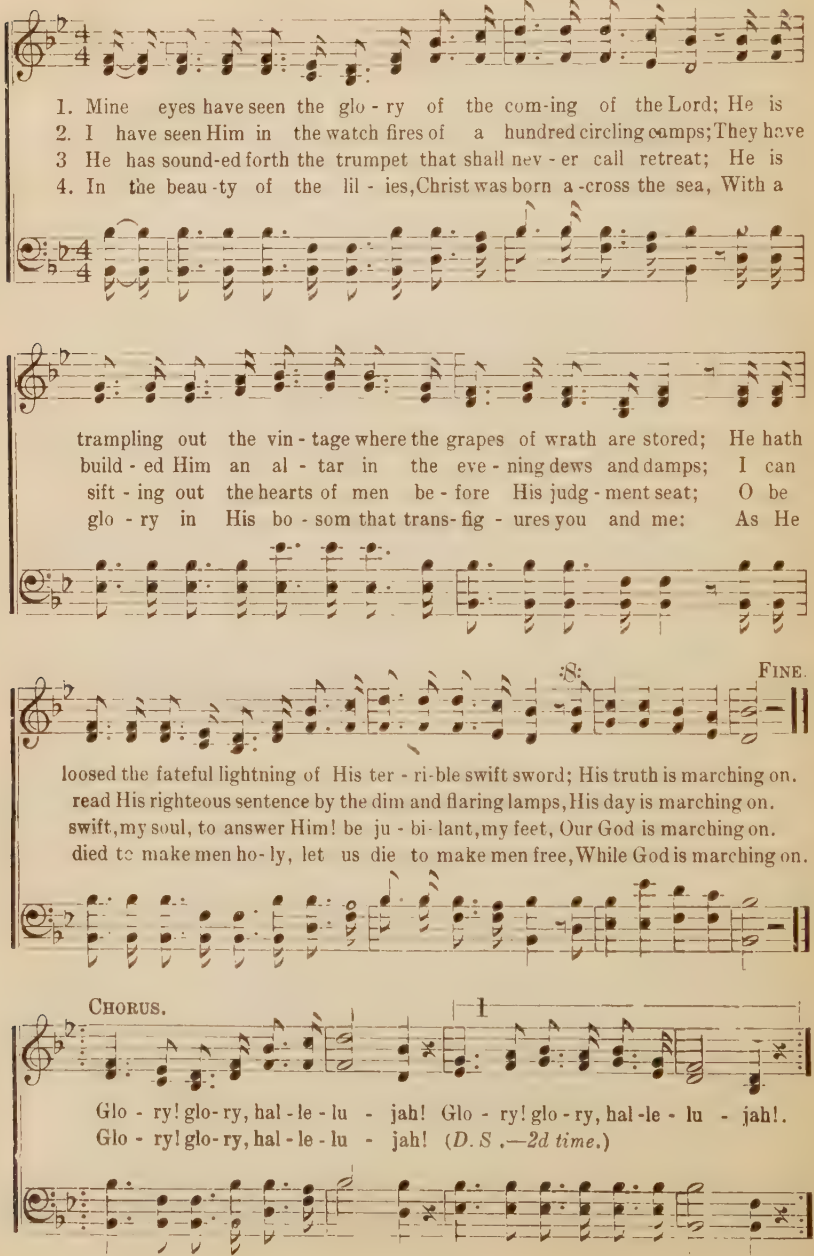
8s. 7s.—S. S. 438. B. M. I. 144.

p Moderato.
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
2. Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
3. Let the world de-spise and leave me,—They have left my Sav - iour, too;
4. And while Thou shalt smile upon me; God of Wis - dom, love and might,
5. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
6. Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
cres.
mf
Though I be despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own!
Hu-man hearts and looks de - ceive me—Thou art not like them, un - true.
Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee!
Chorus.
f
I will fol - low Thee, my Sa-viour, Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
blood for me;
And tho' all the world for-sake Thee, By Thy grace I will fol - low Thee.

Outside the Gate.


1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child; With -
2. "Mer-cy!" I loud - ly cried; "Oh, give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mer - cy's form I knew The Sav - iour long a - bused; Who
in my heart there beat A tem - pest loud and wild; A fear op -
will," a voice re - plied; And Mer - cy let me in. She bound my
of - ten sought my heart, And wept when I re - fused. Oh, what a
press'd my soul That I might be too late; And, oh! I trem-bled
bleed - ing wounds, And car - ried all my sin; She eased my bur-dened
blest re - turn For ig - norance and sin! I stood out-side the
sore, And prayed out-side the gate, And prayed out-side the gate.
soul, Then Je - sus took me in, Then Je - sus took me in.
gate, And Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let me in.

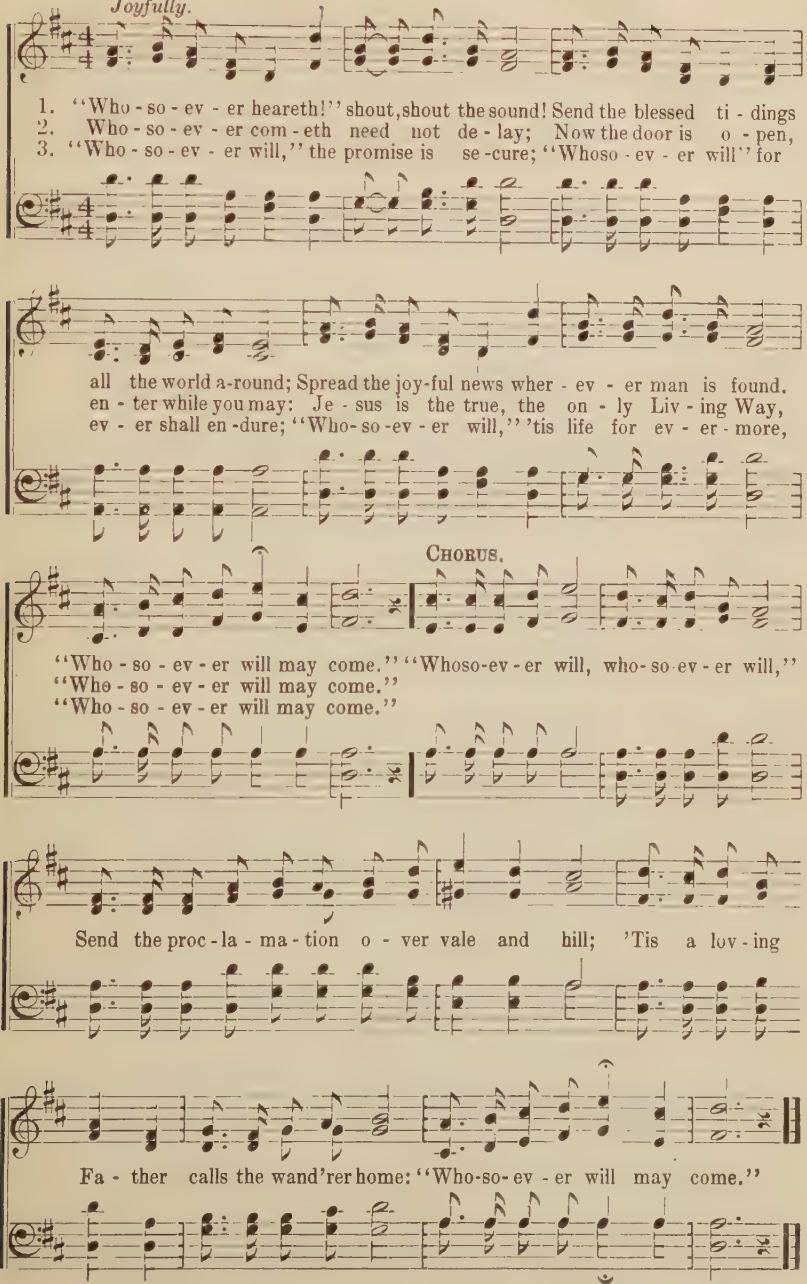
Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3 He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call retreat; He is
4. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; O be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig - ures you and me: As He
:S:
FINE.
loosed the fateful lightning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps, His day is marching on.
swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet, Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.
CHORUS.
1
Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah!.
Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! (D. S .—2d time.)

"Whosoever Will!"

S. S. 62.

Joyfully.

1. "Who - so - ev - er heareth!" shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti - dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay; Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the promise is se - cure; "Whoso - ev - er will" for
all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found.
en - ter while you may: Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way,
ev - er shall en - dure; "Who- so - ev - er will," 'tis life for ev - er - more,
Chorus.
"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Whoso-ev - er will, who- so-ev - er will,"
"Who - so - ev - er will may come."
"Who - so - ev - er will may come."
Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing
Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so- ev - er will may come."

God be With You.

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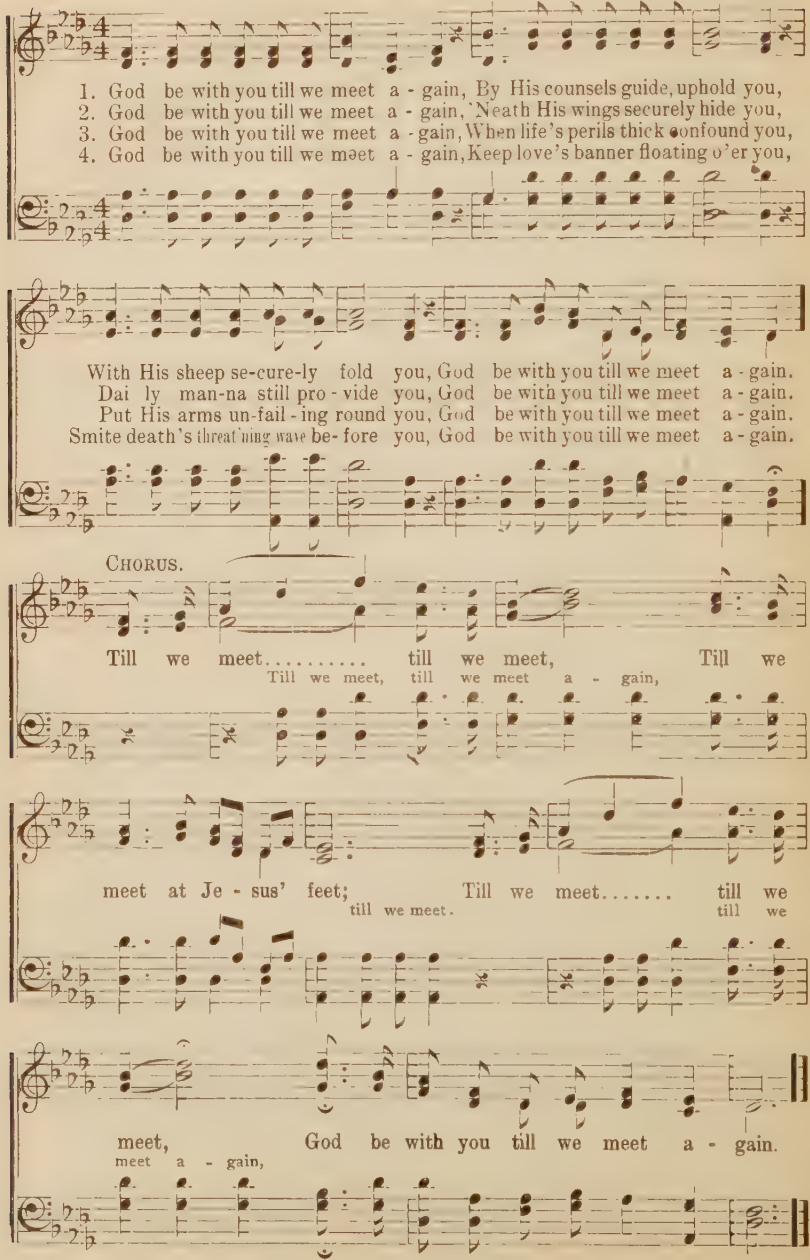
J. E. RANKIN, D. D. S. S. 829. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai ly man-na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un-fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be- fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet..... till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,
meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet..... till we
till we meet. till we
meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
meet a - gain,

241 Come, Thou Fount.

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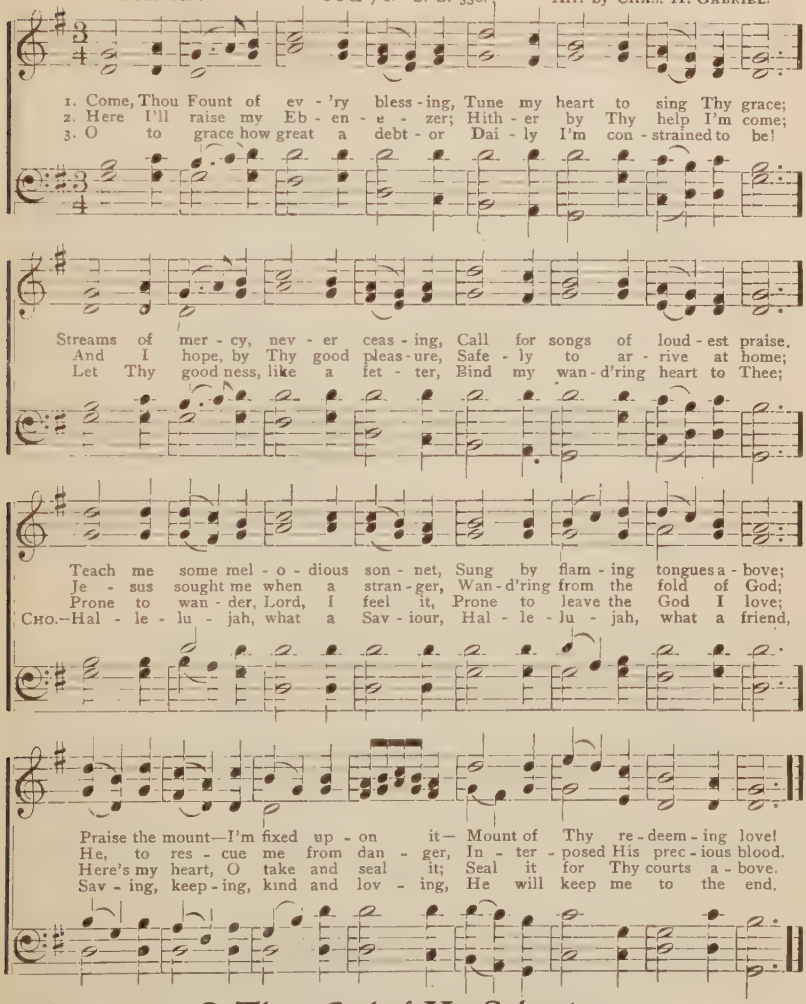
ROBERT ROBINSON. 8's & 7's. S. S. 338. Arr. by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home;
Let Thy good ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee;
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour, Hal - le - lu - jah, what a friend,
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it— Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love!
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His prec - ious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
Sav - ing, keep - ing, kind and lov - ing, He will keep me to the end.

242 O Thou God of My Salvation.

8's 7's & 4's. Tune—241. S. S. 311.

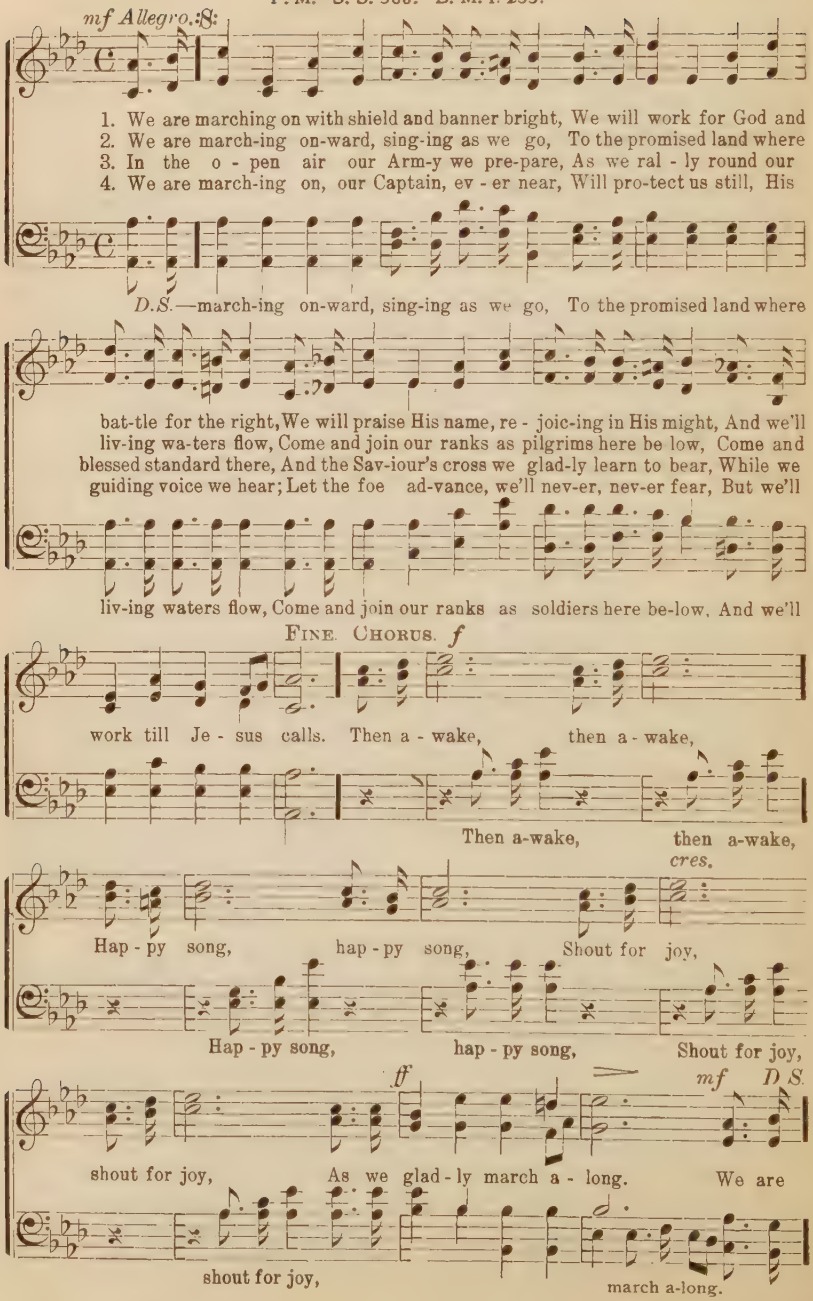
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor,
And within me doth appear:
Soul and body
Then His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel-choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM!"
I with them will still be vying
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
Oh, how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

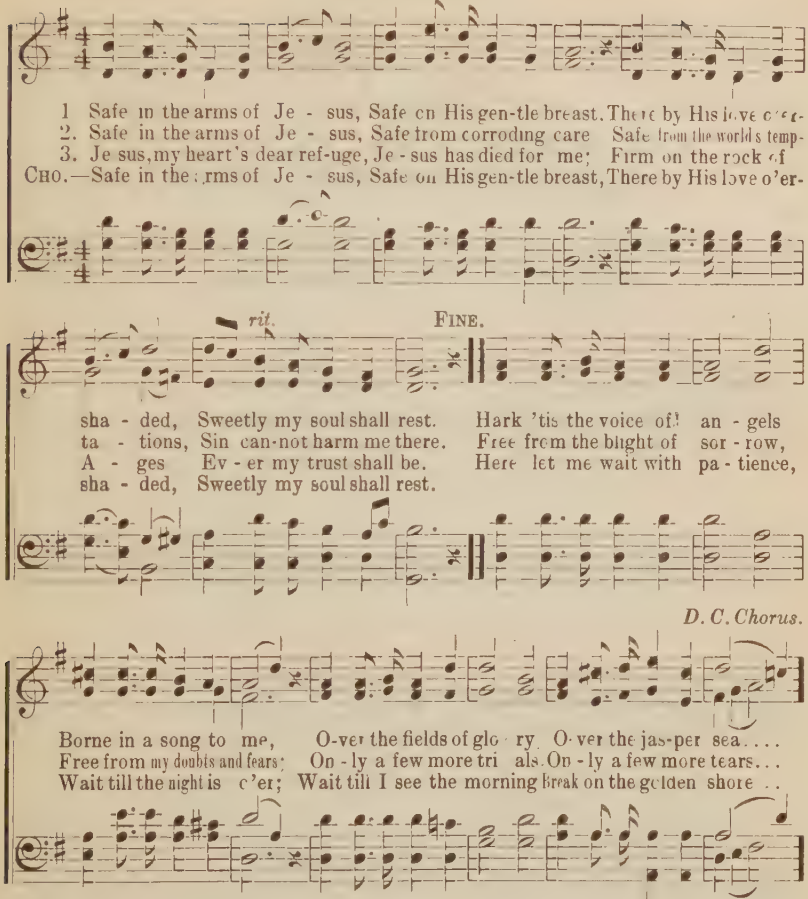
4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wondering at the love that found us,
Glad to join our holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong.

Happy Song.

P. M.—S. S. 586. B. M. I. 235.

mf Allegro.
1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and
2. We are march-ing on-ward, sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where
3. In the o - pen air our Arm-y we pre-pare, As we ral - ly round our
4. We are march-ing on, our Captain, ev - er near, Will pro-tect us still, His
D.S.—march-ing on-ward, sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where
bat-tle for the right, We will praise His name, re - joic-ing in His might, And we'll
liv-ing wa-ters flow, Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here be low, Come and
blessed standard there, And the Sav-iour's cross we glad-ly learn to bear, While we
guiding voice we hear; Let the foe ad-vance, we'll nev-er, nev-er fear, But we'll
liv-ing waters flow, Come and join our ranks as soldiers here be-low, And we'll
FINE. CHORUS. f
work till Je - sus calls. Then a - wake, then a - wake,
Then a-wake, then a-wake,
cres.
Hap - py song, hap - py song, Shout for joy,
Hap - py song, hap - py song, Shout for joy,
ff
mf D.S.
shout for joy, As we glad - ly march a - long. We are
shout for joy, march a-long.

244 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

F. J. Crosby. Used by permission. W. H. Doane.


1 Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast. There by His love o'er-
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corroding care Safe from the world's temp-
3. Je sus, my heart's dear ref-uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the rock of
Cho.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-
rit.
Fine.
sha - ded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark 'tis the voice of an - gels
ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row,
A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa - tience,
sha - ded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
D. C. Chorus.
Borne in a song to me, O-ver the fields of glo - ry O-ver the jas-per sea....
Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri als. On - ly a few more tears...
Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morning break on the golden shore ..

245 We're an Army Fighting.

Tune—243. S. S 570

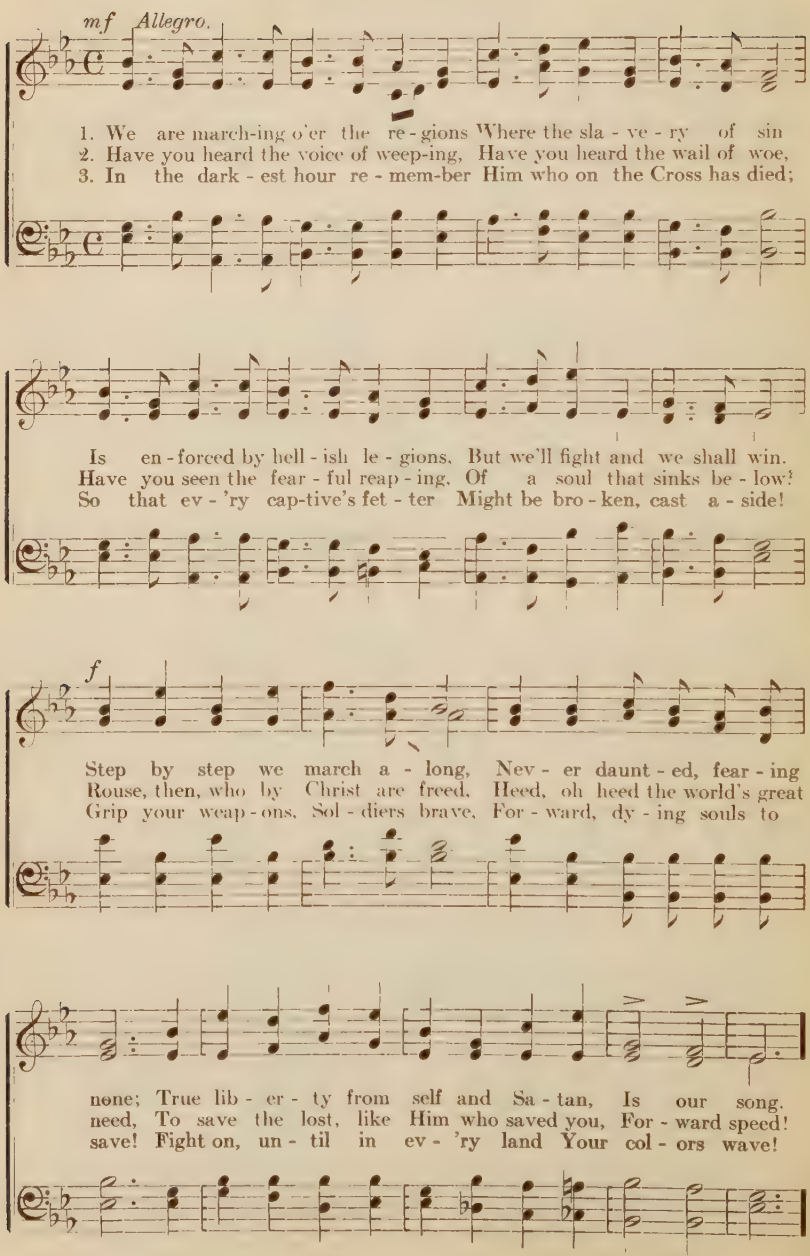
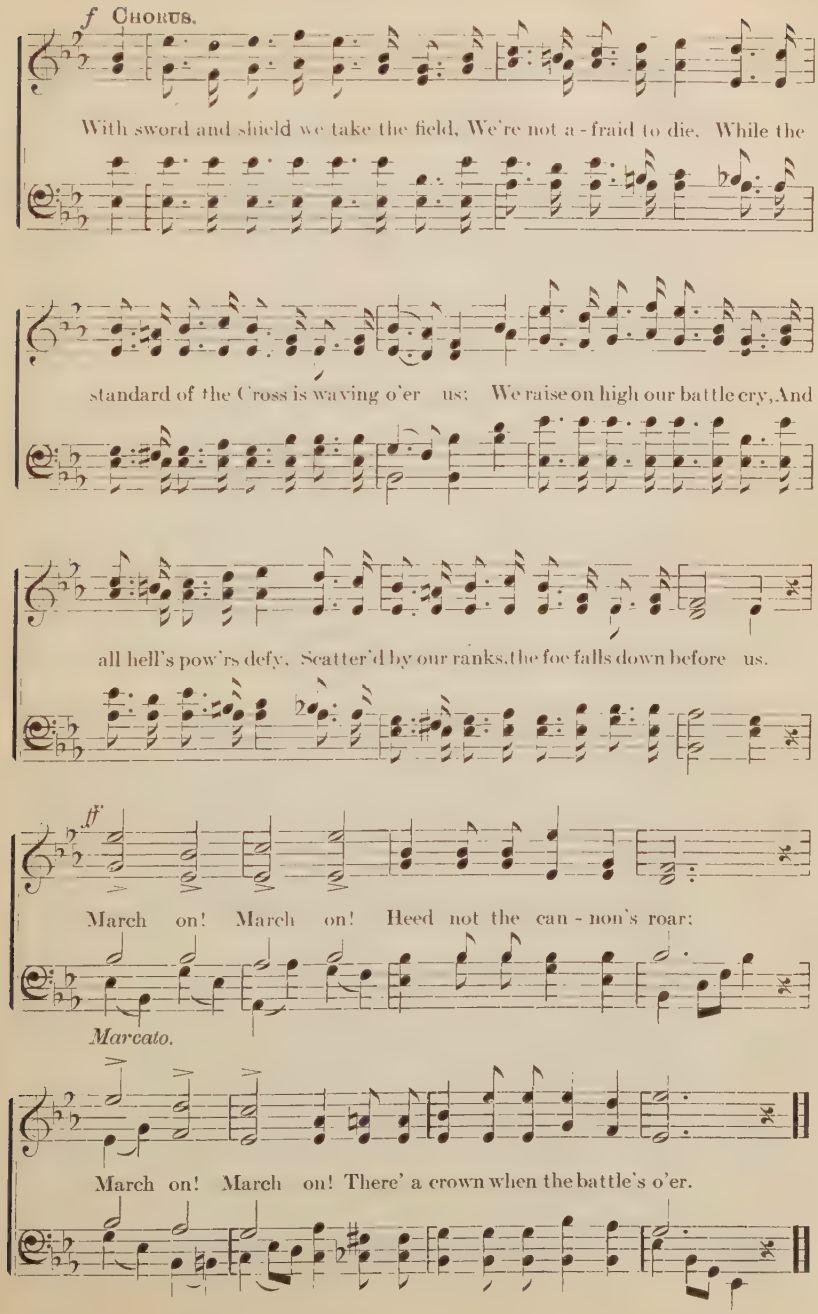
1 We're an Army fighting for a glorious King;
We will make the world with hallelujahs ring;
With victorious voices we will ever sing,
There's salvation for the world.

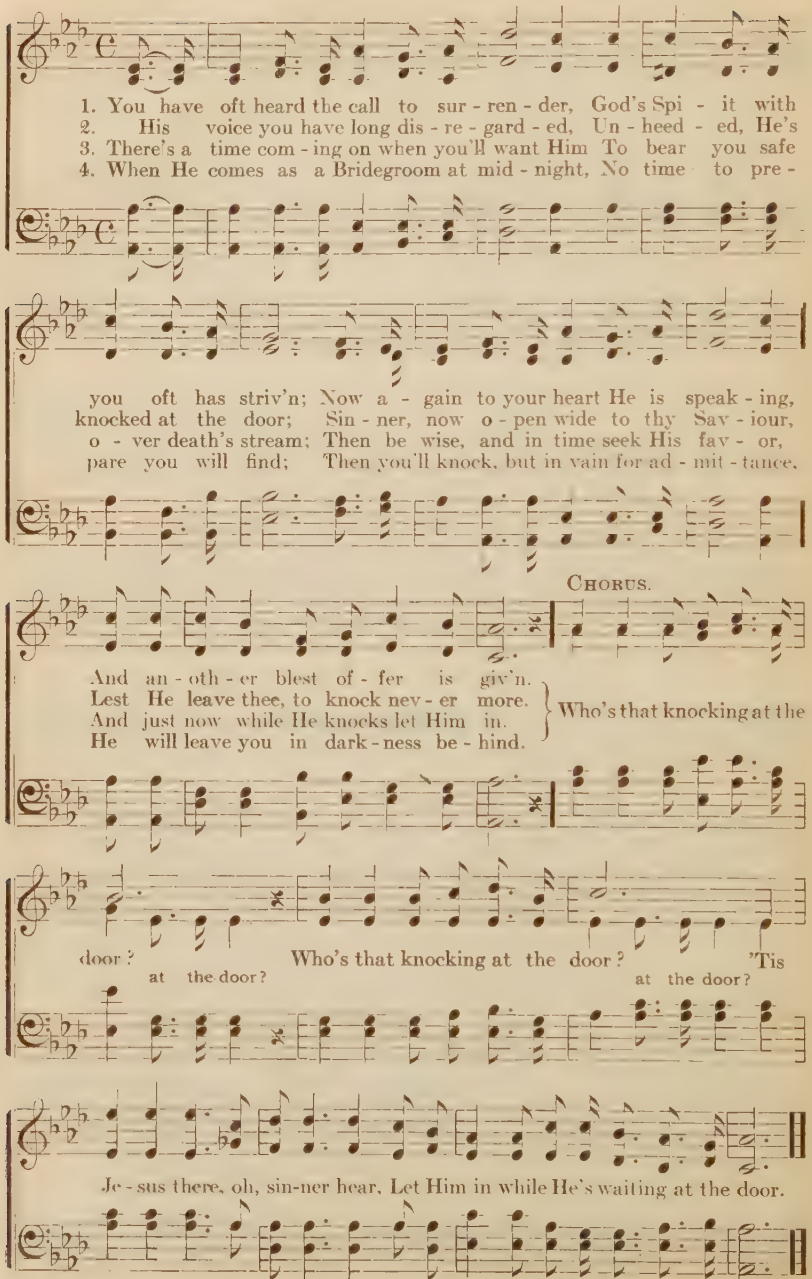
For the world, for the world,
Jesus died, Jesus died;
For the world, for the world,
There is room in Jesus' side.
All the world to save,
To battle we will go;
We will never fear
Our blood and fire to show
With a trumpet voice
We'll let the millions know
There's salvation for the world.

2 We're an Army brave, arrayed in armor bright; [to light;
We will turn the world from darkness in-
As we march along we'll shout with all our might,
There's salvation for the world.

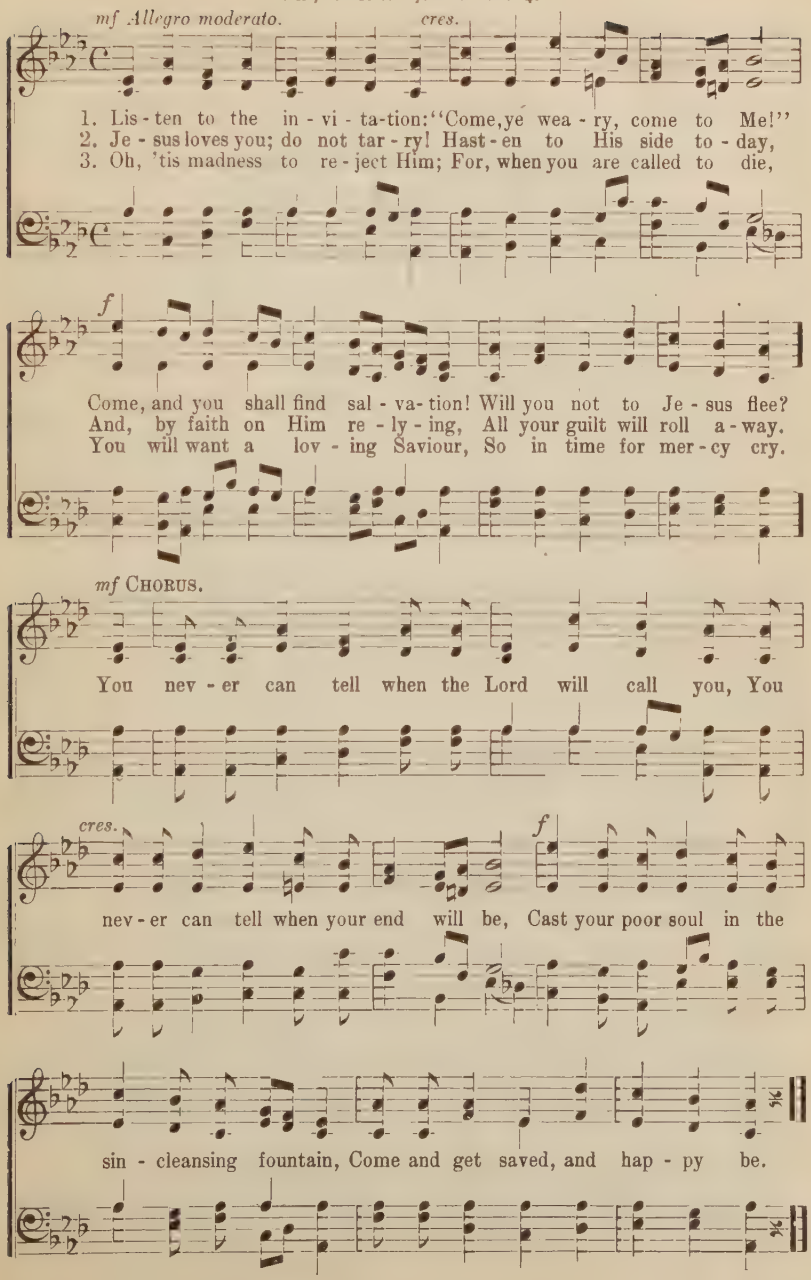
3 We're an Army saved, by blood and fire made strong, [quer wrong;
And with righteousness we mean to con-
This shall be our universal battle song,
There's salvation for the world.

With Sword and Shield.

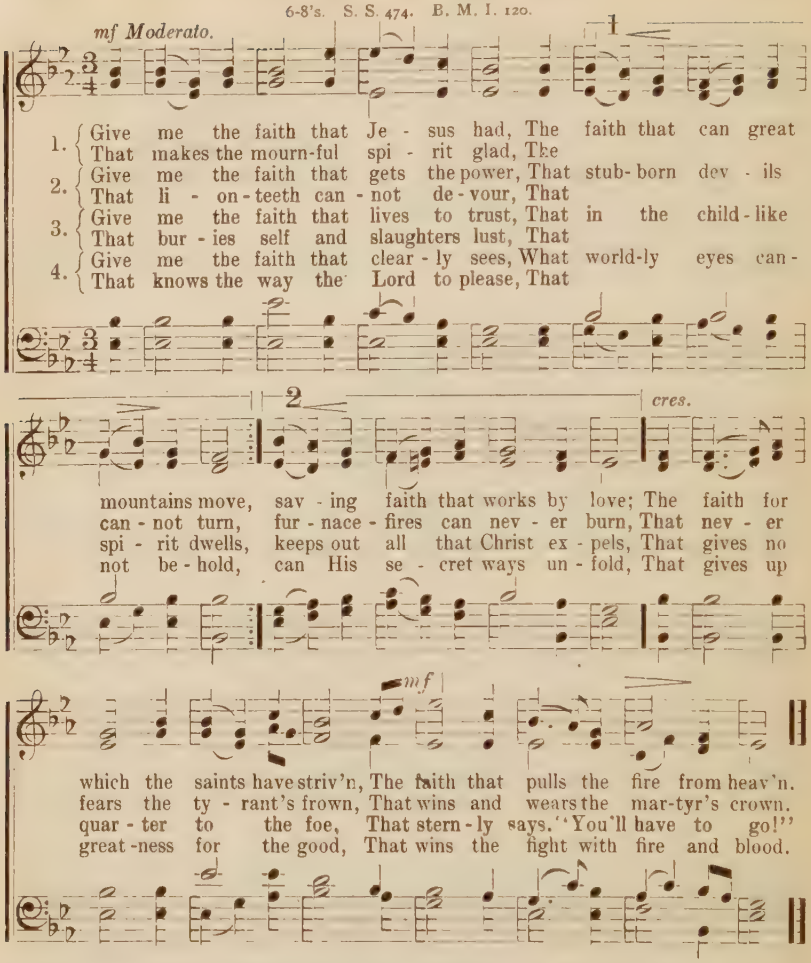
P. M.—S. S. 557. B. M. I. 275.

mf Allegro.
1. We are march-ing o'er the re-gions Where the sla-ve-ry of sin
2. Have you heard the voice of weep-ing, Have you heard the wail of woe,
3. In the dark-est hour re-mem-ber Him who on the Cross has died;
Is en-forced by hell-ish le-gions, But we'll fight and we shall win.
Have you seen the fear-ful reap-ing, Of a soul that sinks be-low?
So that ev-'ry cap-tive's fet-ter Might be bro-ken, cast a-side!
f
Step by step we march a-long, Nev-er daunt-ed, fear-ing
Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed, Heed, oh heed the world's great
Grip your weap-ons, Sol-diers brave, For-ward, dy-ing souls to
none; True lib-er-ty from self and Sa-tan, Is our song.
need, To save the lost, like Him who saved you, For-ward speed!
save! Fight on, un-til in ev-'ry land Your col-ors wave!

f Chorus.
With sword and shield we take the field, We're not a - fraid to die. While the
standard of the Cross is waving o'er us; We raise on high our battle cry, And
all hell's pow'rs defy. Scatter'd by our ranks, the foe falls down before us.
ff
March on! March on! Heed not the can - non's roar;
Marcato.
March on! March on! There' a crown when the battle's o'er.

Who's That Knocking At the Door?

1. You have oft heard the call to sur - ren - der, God's Spi - it with
2. His voice you have long dis - re - gard - ed, Un - heed - ed, He's
3. There's a time com - ing on when you'll want Him To bear you safe
4. When He comes as a Bridegroom at mid - night, No time to pre -
you oft has striv'n; Now a - gain to your heart He is speak - ing,
knocked at the door; Sin - ner, now o - pen wide to thy Sav - iour,
o - ver death's stream; Then be wise, and in time seek His fav - or,
pare you will find; Then you'll knock, but in vain for ad - mit - tance.
CHORUS.
And an - oth - er blest of - fer is giv'n.
Lest He leave thee, to knock nev - er more.
And just now while He knocks let Him in.
He will leave you in dark - ness be - hind.
Who's that knocking at the
door? Who's that knocking at the door? 'Tis
at the door? at the door?
Je - sus there, oh, sin-ner hear, Let Him in while He's waiting at the door.

Never Can Tell.

8's & 7's. S. S. 127. B. M. I. 148.

mf Allegro moderato.
cres.
1. Lis - ten to the in - vi - ta-tion: "Come, ye wea - ry, come to Me!"
2. Je - sus loves you; do not tar - ry! Hast - en to His side to - day,
3. Oh, 'tis madness to re - ject Him; For, when you are called to die,
f
Come, and you shall find sal - va- tion! Will you not to Je - sus flee?
And, by faith on Him re - ly - ing, All your guilt will roll a - way.
You will want a lov - ing Saviour, So in time for mer - cy cry.
mf CHORUS.
You nev - er can tell when the Lord will call you, You
cres.
f
nev - er can tell when your end will be, Cast your poor soul in the
sin - cleansing fountain, Come and get saved, and hap - py be.

249 Give Me the Faith.

6-8's. S. S. 474. B. M. I. 120.

mf Moderato.
1
1. Give me the faith that Je - sus had, The faith that can great
That makes the mourn-ful spi - rit glad, The
2. Give me the faith that gets the power, That stub-born dev - ils
That li - on-teeth can - not de-vour, That
3. Give me the faith that lives to trust, That in the child-like
That bur - ies self and slaughters lust, That
4. Give me the faith that clear - ly sees, What world-ly eyes can-
That knows the way the Lord to please, That
2
cres.
mountains move, sav - ing faith that works by love; The faith for
can - not turn, fur - nace - fires can nev - er burn, That nev - er
spi - rit dwells, keeps out all that Christ ex - pels, That gives no
not be - hold, can His se - cret ways un - fold, That gives up
mf
which the saints have striv'n, The faith that pulls the fire from heav'n.
fears the ty - rant's frown, That wins and wears the mar-tyr's crown.
quar - ter to the foe, That stern - ly says, "You'll have to go!"
great - ness for the good, That wins the fight with fire and blood.

250 Surrounded by a Host of Foes.

6-8's. Tune—249. S. S. 469. B. M. I. 120.

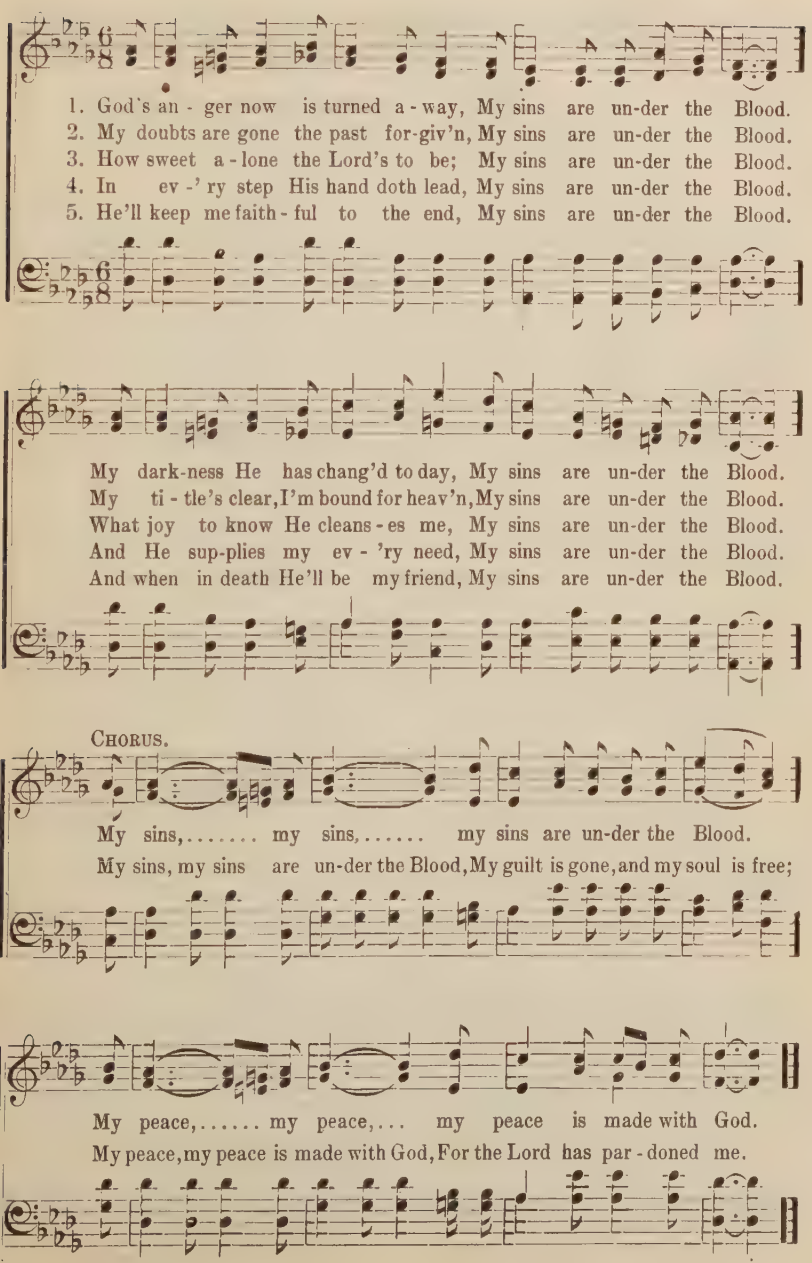
1 Surrounded by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single, against hell, earth, and sin:
Single, yet undismayed I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

2 What tho' a thousand hosts engage
A thousand worlds my soul to shake,
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back,
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

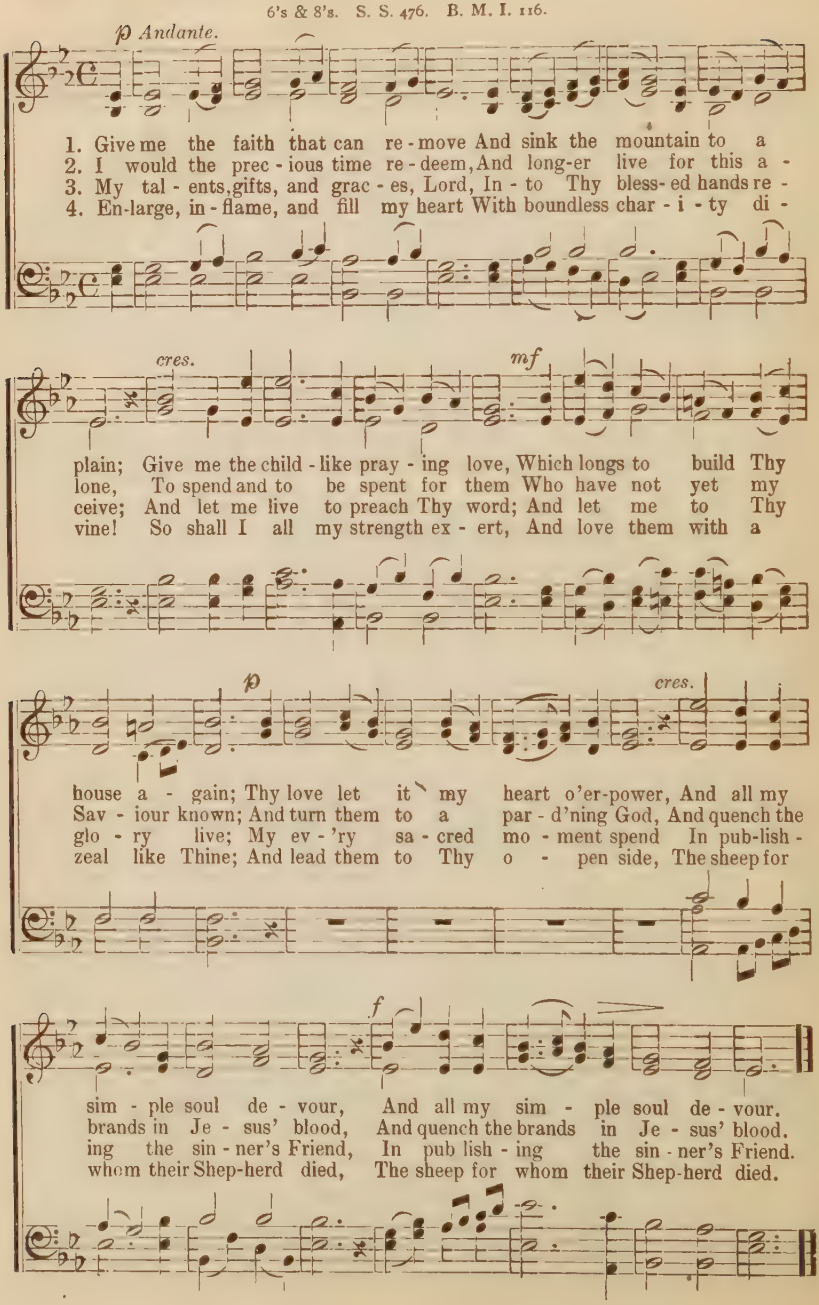
3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins and loose my bands
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven He came;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

4 Salvation in His name there is—
Salvation from sin, death, and hell—
Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great salvation who can tell?
But all He hath for mine I claim:
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

My Sins are Under the Blood.

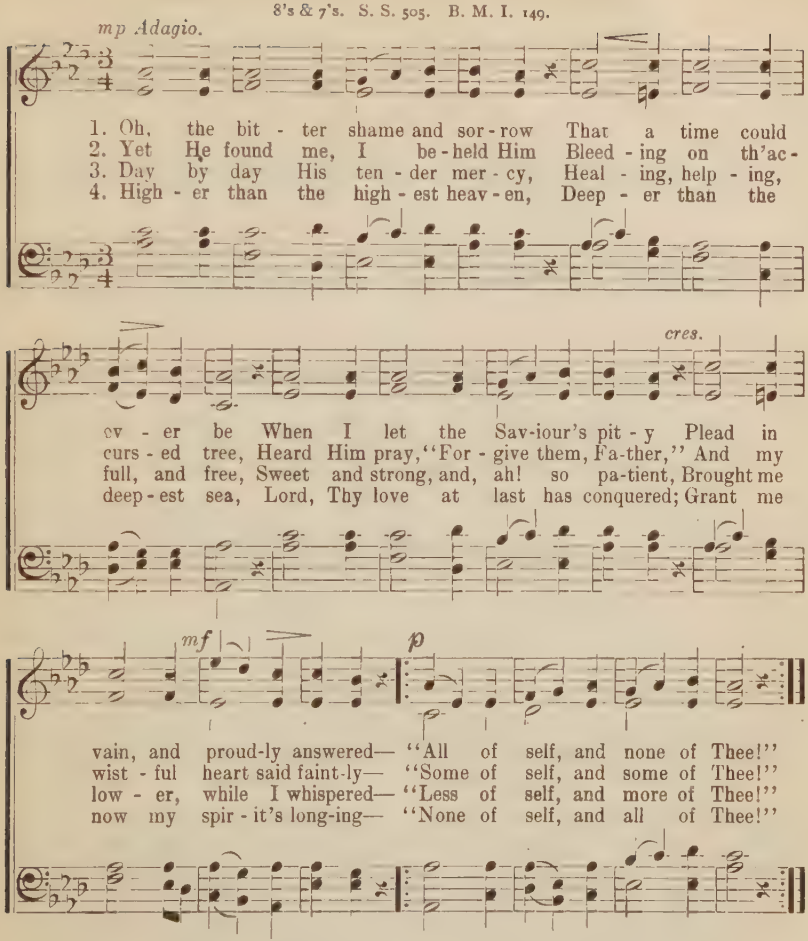
P. M. S. S. 237. B. M. I. 256.

1. God's an - ger now is turned a - way, My sins are un-der the Blood.
2. My doubts are gone the past for-giv'n, My sins are un-der the Blood.
3. How sweet a - lone the Lord's to be; My sins are un-der the Blood.
4. In ev -' ry step His hand doth lead, My sins are un-der the Blood.
5. He'll keep me faith - ful to the end, My sins are un-der the Blood.
My dark-ness He has chang'd to day, My sins are un-der the Blood.
My ti - tle's clear, I'm bound for heav'n, My sins are un-der the Blood.
What joy to know He cleans - es me, My sins are un-der the Blood.
And He sup-plies my ev - 'ry need, My sins are un-der the Blood.
And when in death He'll be my friend, My sins are un-der the Blood.
Chorus.
My sins, ... my sins, ... my sins are un-der the Blood.
My sins, my sins are un-der the Blood, My guilt is gone, and my soul is free;
My peace, ... my peace, ... my peace is made with God.
My peace, my peace is made with God, For the Lord has par - doned me.

252 Give Me the Faith that can Remove.

6's & 8's. S. S. 476. B. M. I. 116.

p Andante.
1. Give me the faith that can re - move And sink the mountain to a
2. I would the prec - ious time re - deem, And long-er live for this a -
3. My tal - ents, gifts, and grac - es, Lord, In - to Thy bless - ed hands re -
4. En-large, in - flame, and fill my heart With boundless char - i - ty di -
cres.
mf
plain; Give me the child - like pray - ing love, Which longs to build Thy
lone, To spend and to be spent for them Who have not yet my
ceive; And let me live to preach Thy word; And let me to Thy
vine! So shall I all my strength ex - ert, And love them with a
p
cres.
house a - gain; Thy love let it my heart o'er-power, And all my
Sav - iour known; And turn them to a par - d'ning God, And quench the
glo - ry live; My ev - 'ry sa - cred mo - ment spend In pub-lish -
zeal like Thine; And lead them to Thy o - pen side, The sheep for
f
sim - ple soul de - vour, And all my sim - ple soul de - vour.
brands in Je - sus' blood, And quench the brands in Je - sus' blood.
ing the sin - ner's Friend, In pub lish - ing the sin - ner's Friend.
whom their Shep-herd died, The sheep for whom their Shep-herd died.

253 None of Self.

8's & 7's. S. S. 505. B. M. I. 149.


mp Adagio.
1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row That a time could
2. Yet He found me, I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th'ac -
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing,
4. High - er than the high - est heav - en, Deep - er than the
cres.
ev - er be When I let the Sav-iour's pit - y Plead in
curs - ed tree, Heard Him pray, "For - give them, Fa-ther," And my
full, and free, Sweet and strong, and, ah! so pa-tient, Brought me
deep - est sea, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered; Grant me
mf
p
vain, and proud-ly answered— "All of self, and none of Thee!"
wist - ful heart said faint-ly— "Some of self, and some of Thee!"
low - er, while I whispered— "Less of self, and more of Thee!"
now my spir - it's long-ing— "None of self, and all of Thee!"

254 Thee Will I Love.

6–8's. m. Tune—252. S. S. 320.

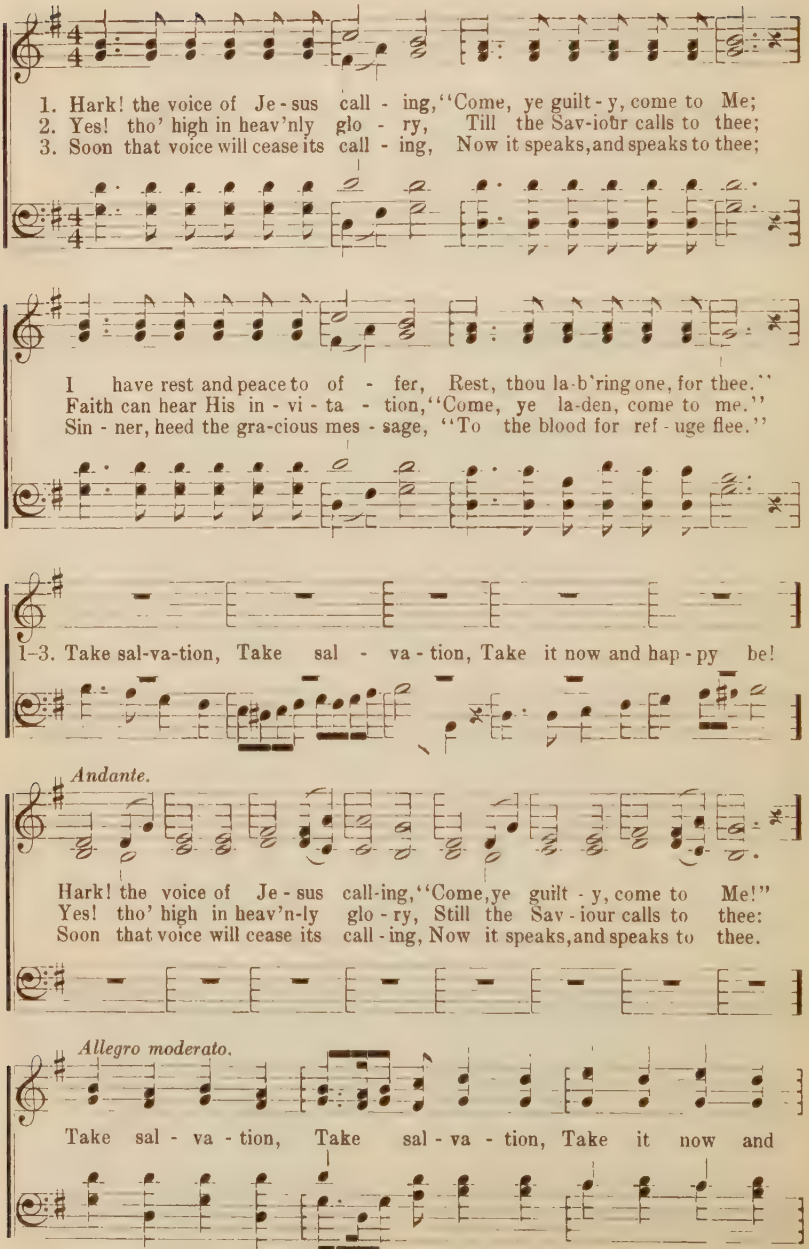
1 Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower;
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Uphold me in the heavenly race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward on Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill always with Thy heavenly light.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

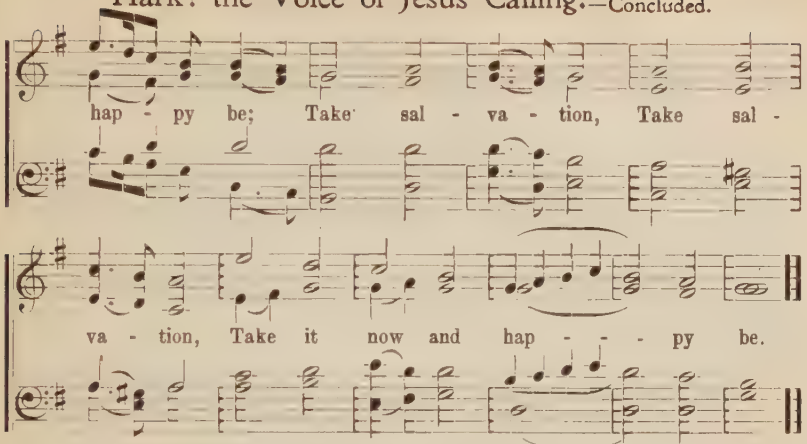
4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile—Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

8. 7. 4. S. S. 67.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Come, ye guilt - y, come to Me;
2. Yes! tho' high in heav'nly glo - ry, Till the Sav-iour calls to thee;
3. Soon that voice will cease its call - ing, Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
I have rest and peace to of - fer, Rest, thou la-b'ring one, for thee."
Faith can hear His in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, ye la-den, come to me."
Sin - ner, heed the gra-cious mes - sage, "To the blood for ref - uge flee."
1-3. Take sal-va-tion, Take sal - va - tion, Take it now and hap - py be!
Andante.
Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Come, ye guilt - y, come to Me!"
Yes! tho' high in heav'n-ly glo - ry, Still the Sav - iour calls to thee:
Soon that voice will cease its call - ing, Now it speaks, and speaks to thee.
Allegro moderato.
Take sal - va - tion, Take sal - va - tion, Take it now and

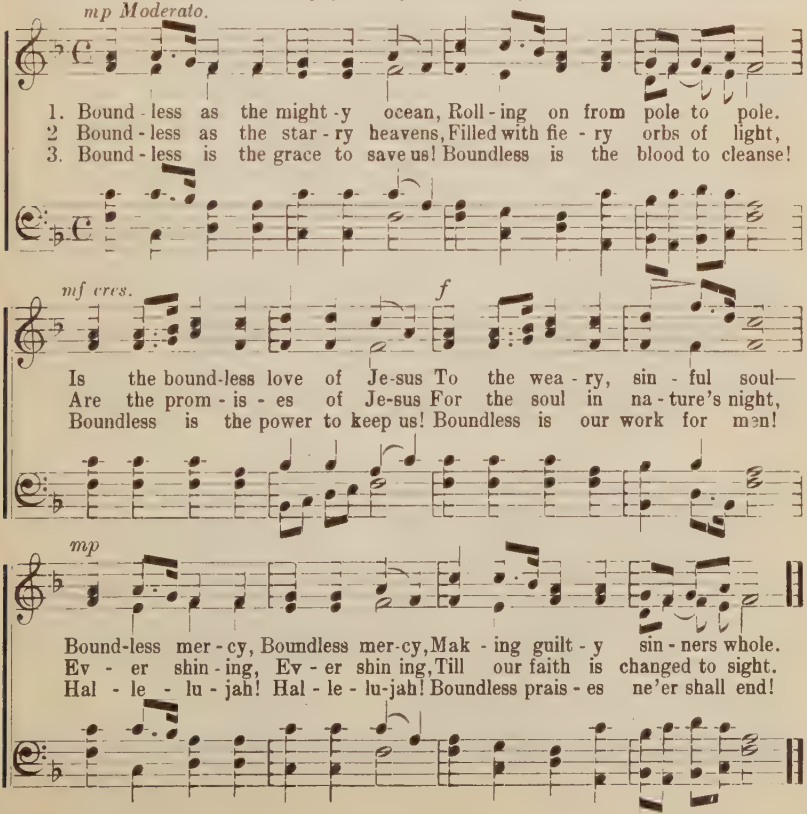
NOTE.—No. 255 can be sung as a congregational song to 256

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.—Concluded.

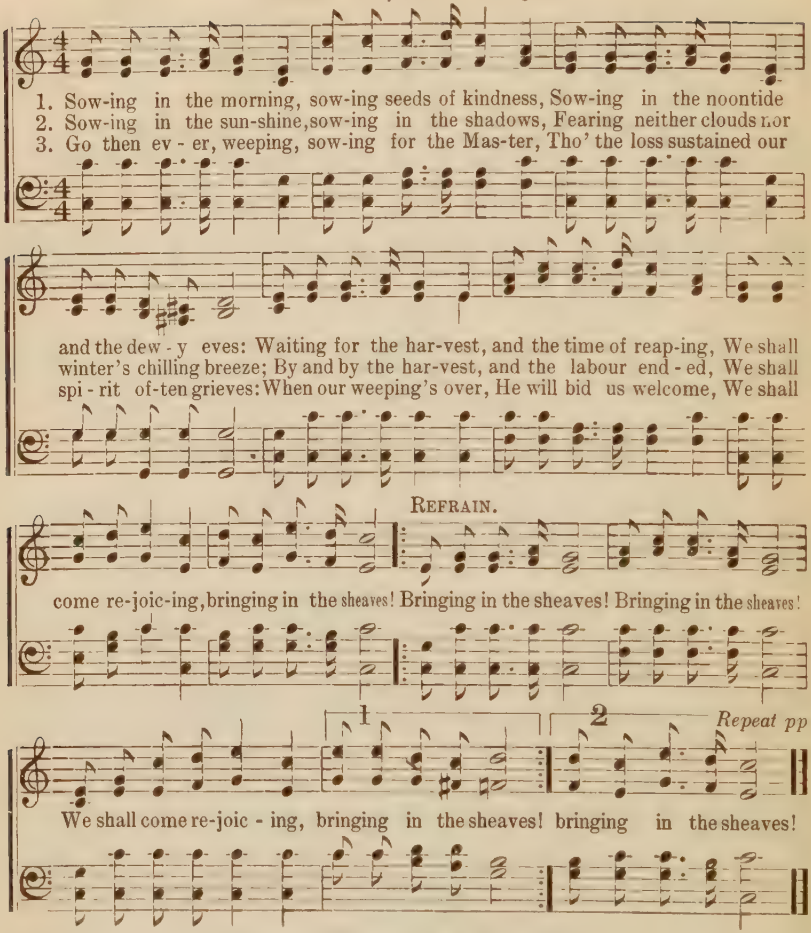


256 Boundless as the Mighty Ocean.

8. 7. 4. S. S. 78. B. M. I. 89.


mp Moderato.
1. Bound - less as the might - y ocean, Roll - ing on from pole to pole.
2 Bound - less as the star - ry heavens, Filled with fie - ry orbs of light,
3. Bound - less is the grace to save us! Boundless is the blood to cleanse!
mf cres.
f
Is the bound-less love of Je-sus To the wea - ry, sin - ful soul—
Are the prom - is - es of Je-sus For the soul in na - ture's night,
Boundless is the power to keep us! Boundless is our work for men!
mp
Bound-less mer - cy, Boundless mer-cy, Mak - ing guilt - y sin - ners whole.
Ev - er shin - ing, Ev - er shin ing, Till our faith is changed to sight.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu-jah! Boundless prais - es ne'er shall end!

257 Bringing in the Sheaves.

P. M. S. S. 786. B. M. I. 215.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noontide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go then ev - er, weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
and the dew - y eves: Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the labour end - ed, We shall
spi - rit of-ten grieves: When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome, We shall
REFRAIN.
come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves! Bringing in the sheaves! Bringing in the sheaves!
1
2
Repeat pp
We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves! bringing in the sheaves!

258 Sinner, Thou Art Speeding.

P. M. Tune—257. S. S. 116. B. M. I. 215.

1 Sinner, thou art speeding,
Down to death, unheeding,
Hear the Saviour pleading,
Haste, oh, haste away!
From His mercy turning,
Dying love still spurning,
Over thee He's yearning,
Oh, get saved to-day!

Coming home to-day, coming home to day;
Sinners and backsliders are coming home to-day;
Coming home to-day, coming home to-day;
Glory, Hallelujah! they're coming home to-day.

2 From thy bondage freeing,
Tenderly He's calling,
Precious blood still falling,
Sinner, 'tis for thee;
Kneel, with all thy sorrow,
Rise to fight and follow,
Wait not till to-morrow,
Do it here to day.

3 Often He has called thee
To accept salvation,
Often He has waited
At thy heart's closed door;
Outside still He's standing;
Now His Spirit's striving,
Will you heed His knocking—
Let Him in to-day?

He Will Forgive.

Commander E. C. Booth

mp Andante con espress. cres.

1. Ma - ny fears, Sins and tears, Crowd the path you've trod for years,
2. Sin - ner, hark! In the dark! Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark,
3. Sad to tell, How you fell, From great heights nigh down to hell,
4. Conscience seared, Judg-ment feared, Ev - 'ry hope your sin has bleared,
5. Deeds now past, How they cast Shad - ows o'er thy soul which last,
6. An - gels cry From the sky, "Will you not pre- pare to die?"
7. In His face, All can trace Won-drous love and boundless grace,

dim. CHORUS. *mp Moderato.*

Crowd the path you've trod for years.
Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark.
From great heights nigh down to hell.
Ev - 'ry hope your sin has bleared.
Shad - ows o'er thy soul which last.
"Will you not pre - pare to die?"
Won - drous love and bound-less grace.

And yet He will..... thy sins for-

And yet He will

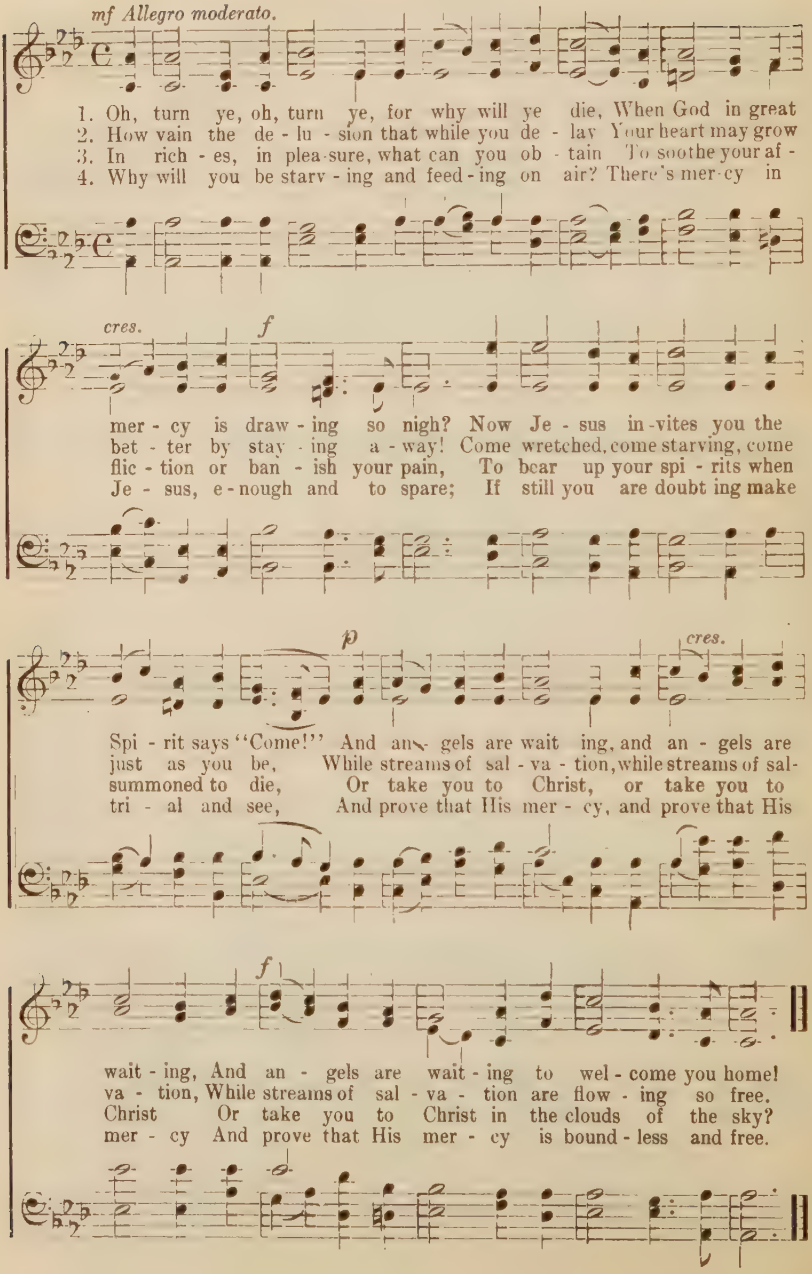
Allegro. *f*

give,..... And yet He will..... thy sins for - give;..... Oh,

thy sins forgive, And yet He will thy sins forgive, thy sins forgive;

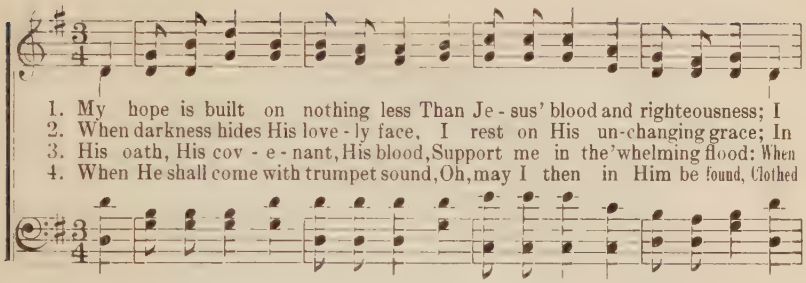
come a- long, for Je- sus is strong, And He will thy sins for - give.

Oh, Turn Ye, Oh, Turn Ye.

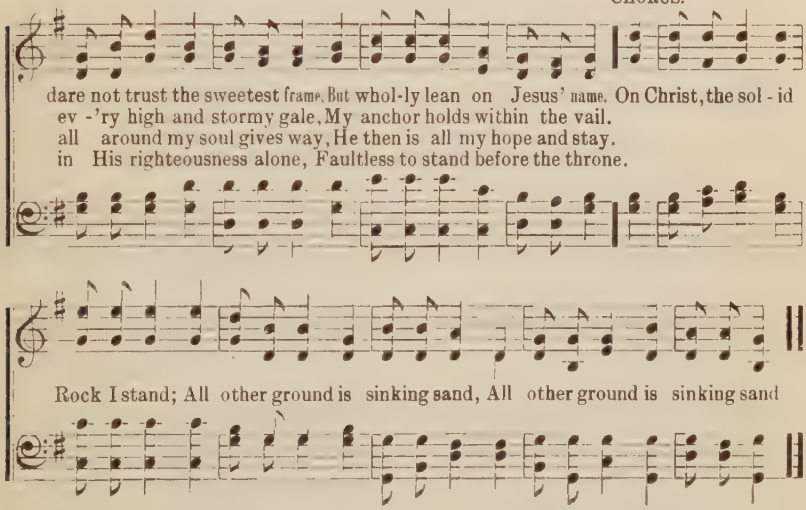
11's. S. S. 90. B. M. I. 199.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
2. How vain the de - lu - sion that while you de - lay Your heart may grow
3. In rich - es, in plea - sure, what can you ob - tain To soothe your af -
4. Why will you be starv - ing and feed - ing on air? There's mer - cy in
cres.
f
mer - cy is draw - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you the
bet - ter by stay - ing a - way! Come wretched, come starving, come
flic - tion or ban - ish your pain, To bear up your spi - rits when
Je - sus, e - nough and to spare; If still you are doubt ing make
p
cres.
Spi - rit says "Come!" And an - gels are wait ing, and an - gels are
just as you be, While streams of sal - va - tion, while streams of sal -
summoned to die, Or take you to Christ, or take you to
tri - al and see, And prove that His mer - cy, and prove that His
f
wait - ing, And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home!
va - tion, While streams of sal - va - tion are flow - ing so free.
Christ Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky?
mer - cy And prove that His mer - cy is bound - less and free.

261 The Solid Rock.

L. M. S. S. 466.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness; I
2. When darkness hides His love - ly face, I rest on His un-changing grace; In
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Support me in the'whelming flood: When
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found, Clothed

CHORUS.


dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Jesus' name. On Christ, the sol - id
ev -'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vail.
all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.
Rock I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand

262 The Harvest is Passing.

Tune—260. S. S. 118.

1 Hark, sinner! while God
From on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents
Of mercy do blend;
Give ear to His voice,
Lest in judgment He meet thee,
The harvest is passing,
The summer will end.

2 Despised and rejected
At length He may leave thee;
What anguish and horror
Thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner,
While He will receive thee;
The harvest is passing,
The summer will end.

3 The Saviour will call thee
In judgment before Him;
Oh, let all thy sins go,
And make Him thy friend!
Now yield Him thy heart,
And make haste to adore Him;
The harvest is passing,
The summer will end.

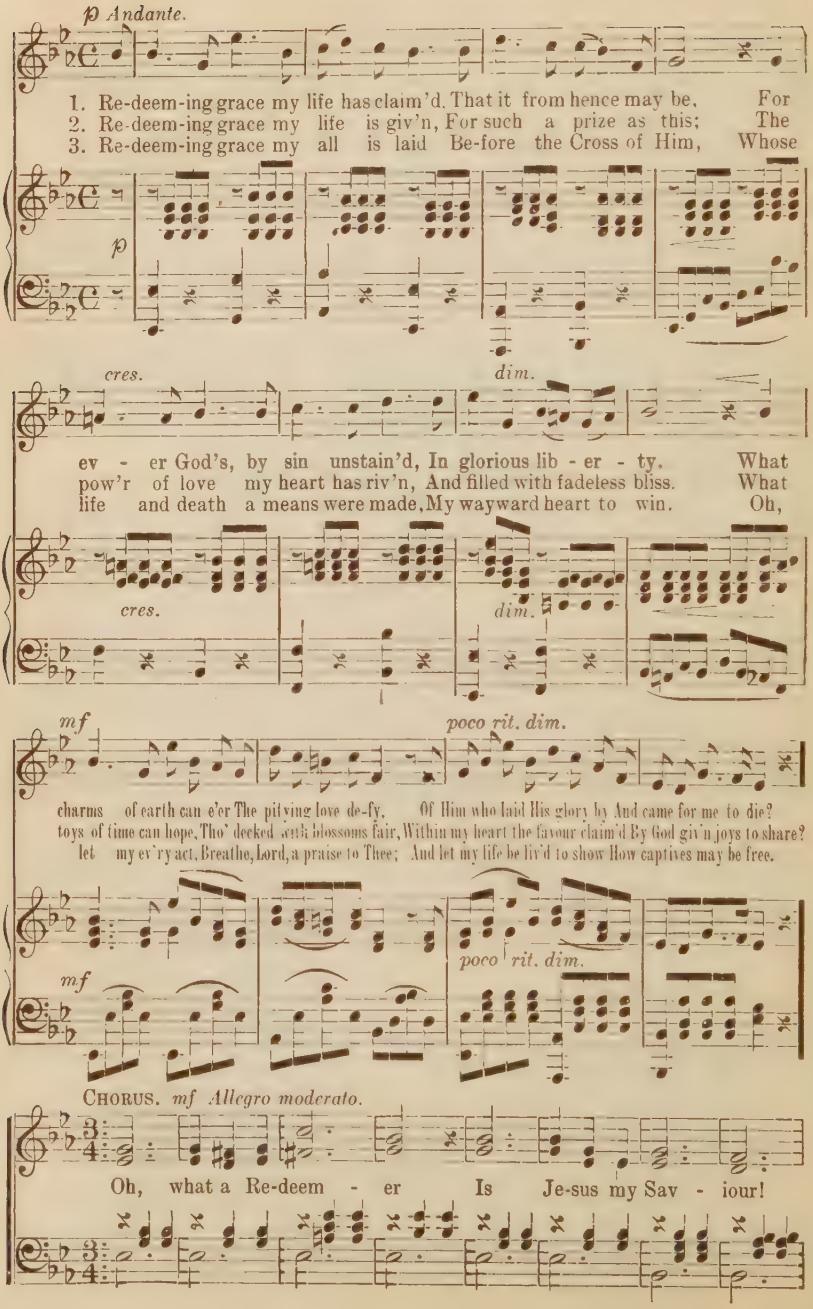
263 Step Out on the Promise.

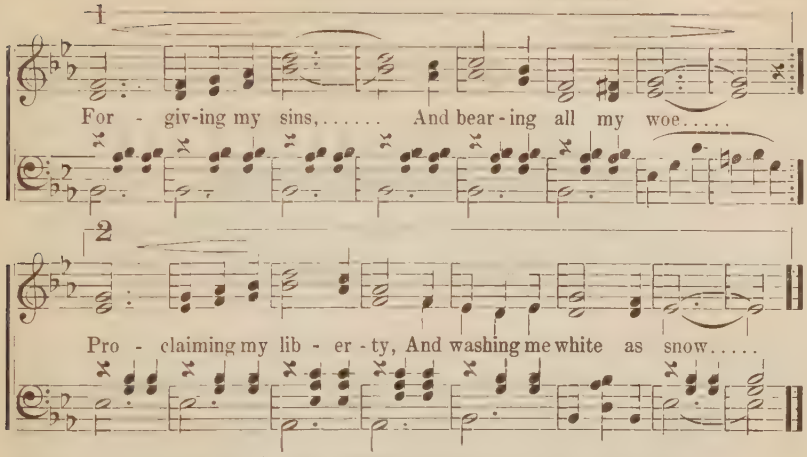
Tune—260. S. S. 358.

1 O soldier of Jesus,
How blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting
To strengthen thee now;
Fear not to rely
On the word of thy God,
Step out on the promise—
Get under the blood.

2 Who sighs for a heart
From iniquity free?
O poor, troubled soul,
There's a promise for thee?
Thou shalt rest, weary one,
In the bosom of God:
Step out on the promise—
Get under the blood.

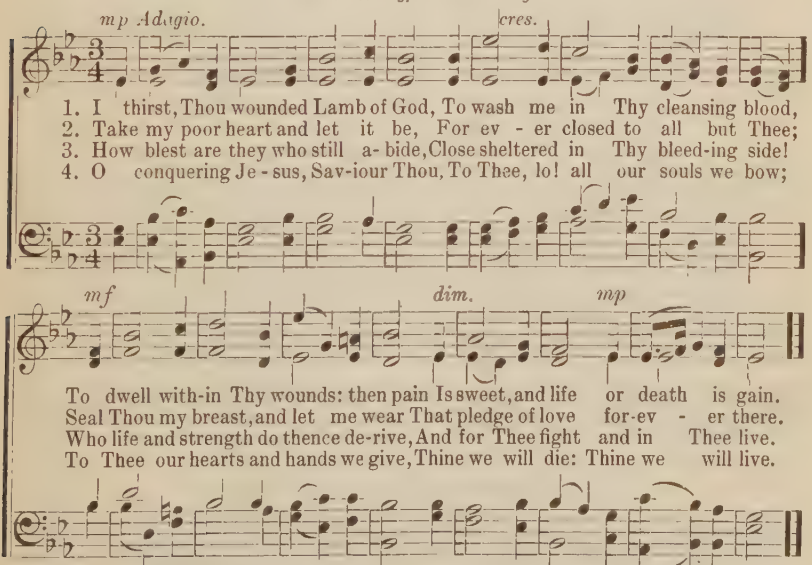
3 The promise can't save,
Though each promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under,
That cleanses us through;
It cleanses us now,
Oh, glory to God!
We rest on the promise—
We're under the blood.

Oh, what a Redeemer.

p Andante.
1. Re-deem-ing grace my life has claim'd. That it from hence may be, For
2. Re-deem-ing grace my life is giv'n, For such a prize as this; The
3. Re-deem-ing grace my all is laid Be-fore the Cross of Him, Whose
p
cres.
dim.
ev - er God's, by sin unstain'd, In glorious lib - er - ty. What
pow'r of love my heart has riv'n, And filled with fadeless bliss. What
life and death a means were made, My wayward heart to win. Oh,
cres.
dim.
mf
poco rit. dim.
charms of earth can e'er The pitying love de-fy. Of Him who laid His glory by And came for me to die?
toys of time can hope, Tho' decked with blossoms fair, Within my heart the favour claim'd By God giv'n joys to share?
let my ev'ry act, Breathe, Lord, a praise to Thee; And let my life be liv'd to show How captives may be free.
mf
poco rit. dim.
CHORUS. mf Allegro moderato.
Oh, what a Re-deem - er Is Je-sus my Sav - iour!



265 I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb of God.

L. M. S. S. 370. B. M. I. 15.


mp Adagio.
cres.
1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
2. Take my poor heart and let it be, For ev - er closed to all but Thee;
3. How blest are they who still a- bide, Close sheltered in Thy bleed-ing side!
4. O conquering Je - sus, Sav-iour Thou, To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
mf
dim.
mp
To dwell with-in Thy wounds: then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for-ev - er there.
Who life and strength do thence de-rive, And for Thee fight and in Thee live.
To Thee our hearts and hands we give, Thine we will die: Thine we will live.

266 Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

L. M. Tune—265. S. S. 866. B. M. I. 15.

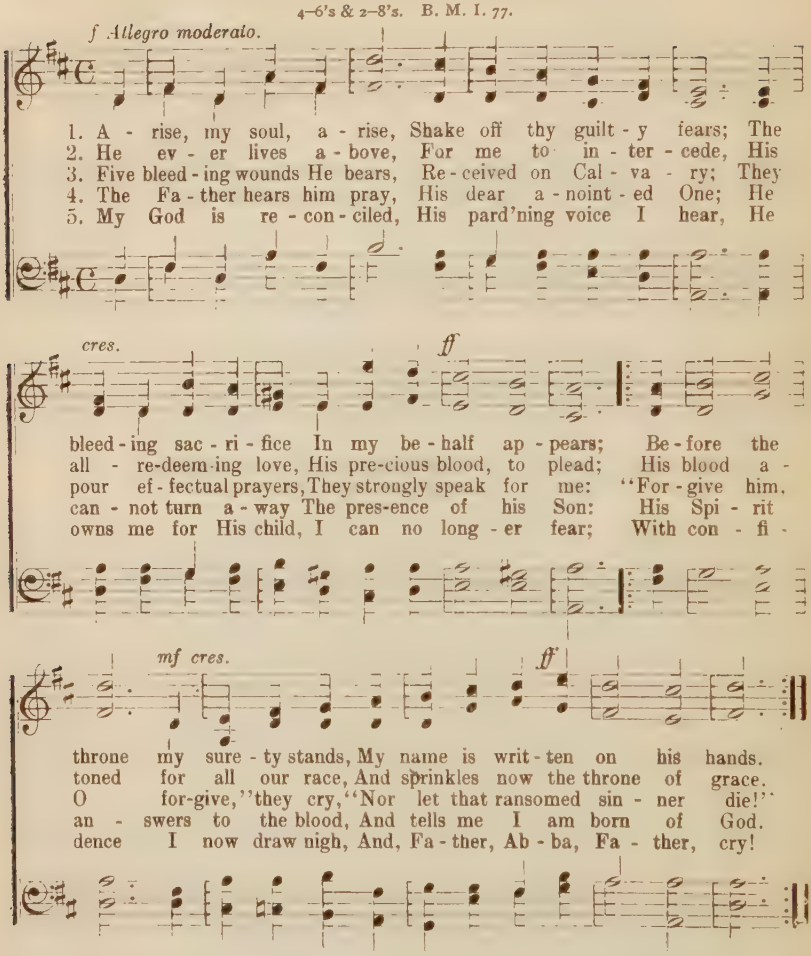
1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to His name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Its grateful honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

267 Arise, My Soul, Arise.

4–6's & 2–8's. B. M. I. 77.

f Allegro moderato.
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They
4. The Fa - ther hears him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One; He
5. My God is re - con - ciled, His pard'ning voice I hear, He
cres.
ff
bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the
all - re-deem-ing love, His pre-cious blood, to plead; His blood a -
pour ef - fectual prayers, They strongly speak for me: "For - give him,
can - not turn a - way The pres-ence of his Son: His Spi - rit
owns me for His child, I can no long - er fear; With con - fi -
mf cres.
ff
throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
O for-give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die!"
an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
dence I now draw nigh, And, Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry!

268 Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

4–6's & 2–8's. Tune—267. S. S. 324. B. M. I. 77.

1 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

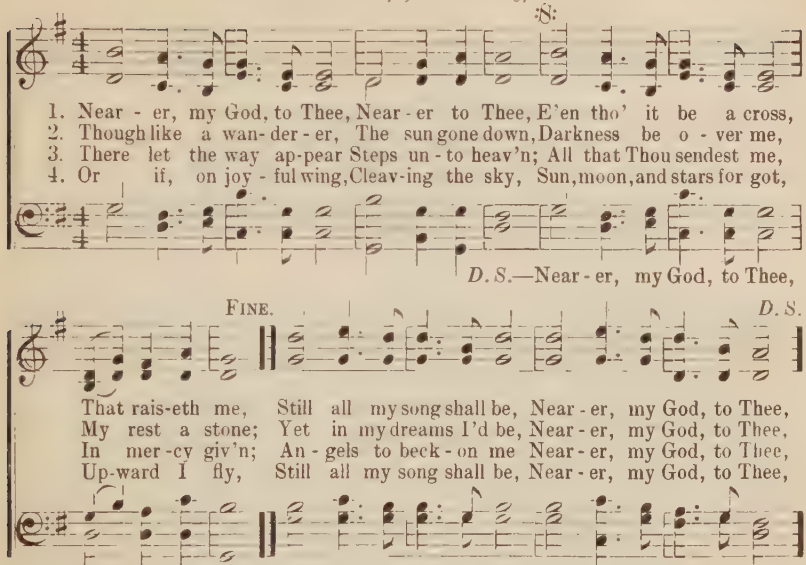
2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name ia given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory!
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

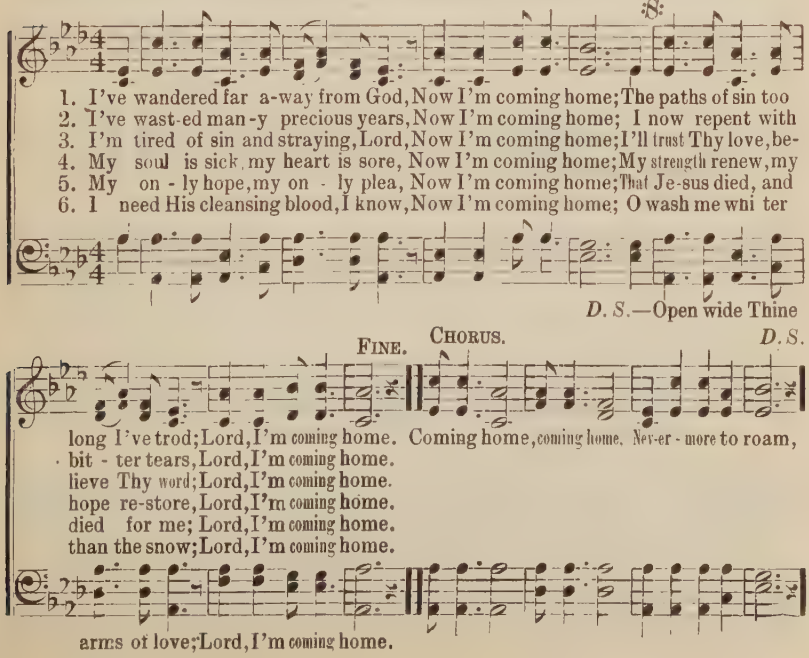
4 Oh, for a trumpet-voice
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died!

269 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

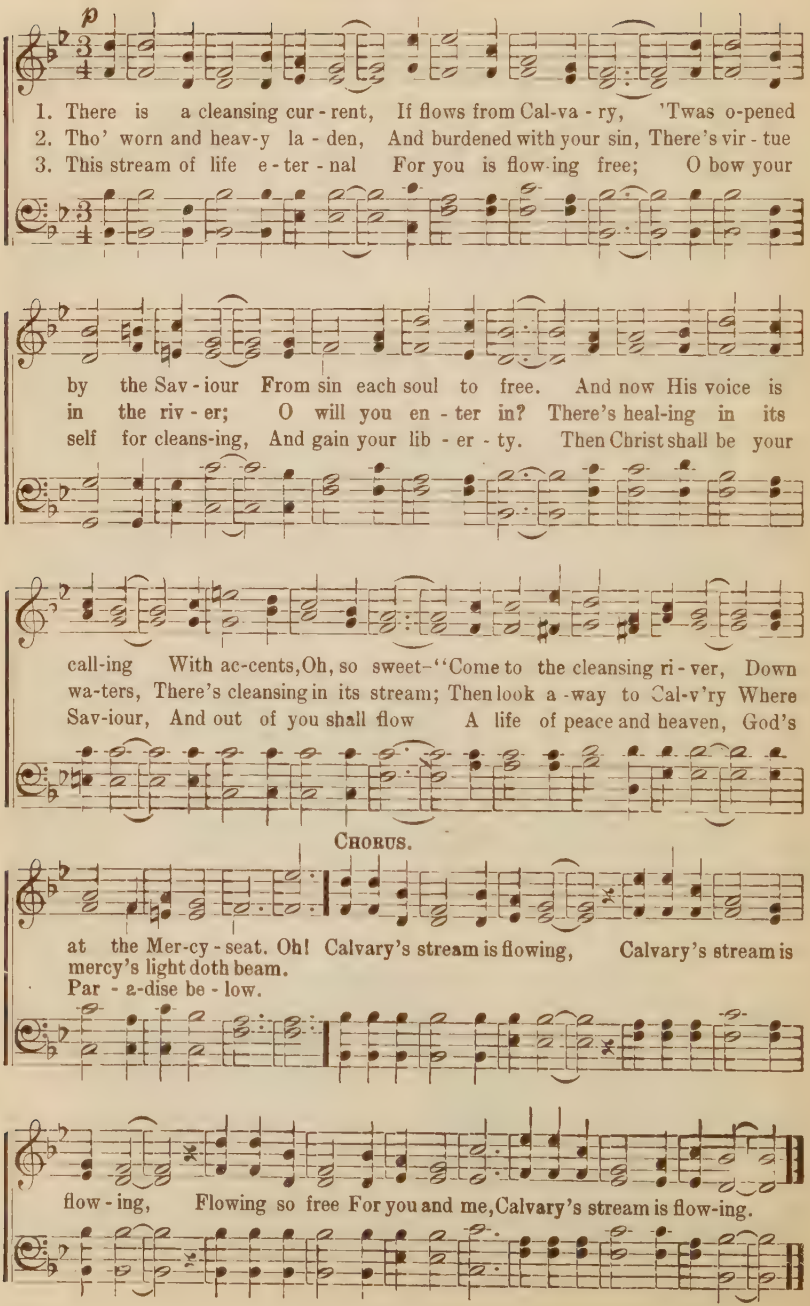
P. M. S. S. 769. B. M. I. 257.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross,
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for got,
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D. S.
That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er to Thee.

270 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

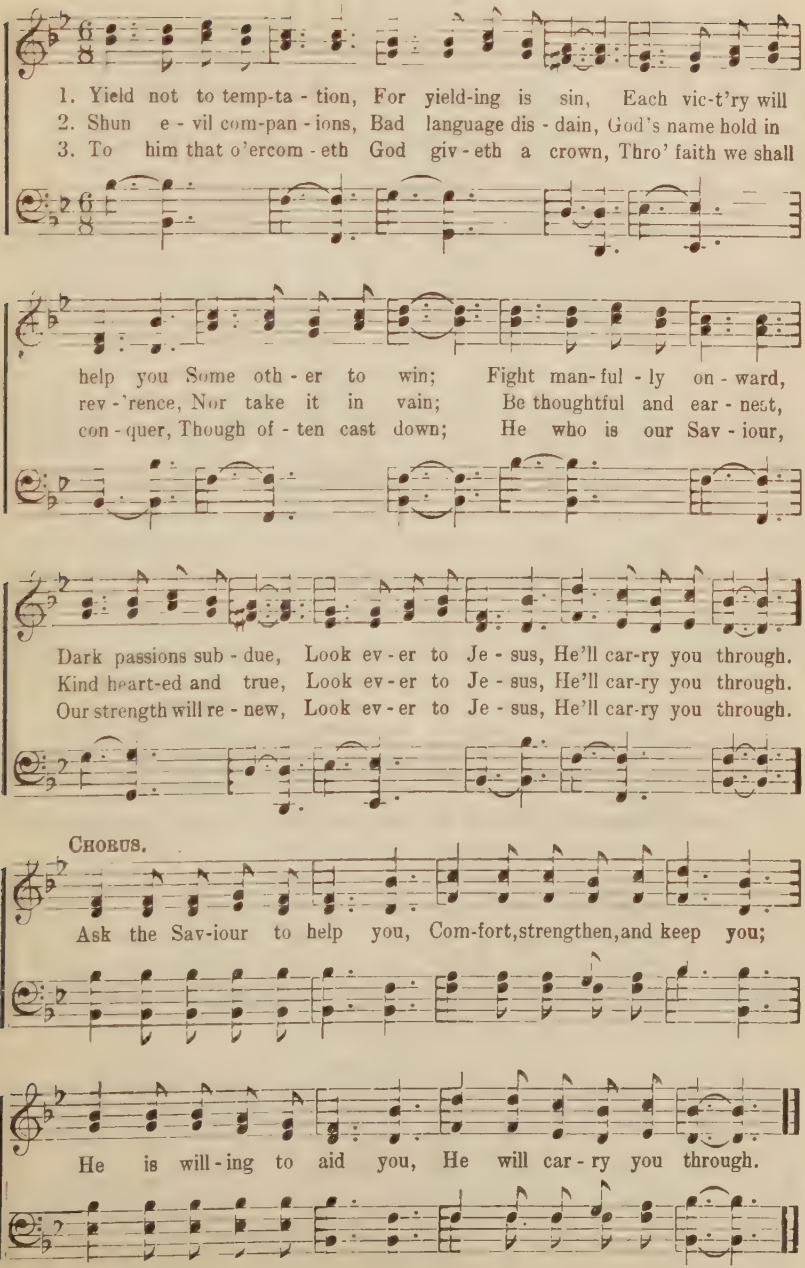

1. I've wandered far a-way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast-ed man - y precious years, Now I'm coming home; I now repent with
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home; That Je-sus died, and
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home; O wash me whi ter
D. S.—Open wide Thine
FINE.
CHORUS.
D. S.
long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home. Nev-er - more to roam,
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.
arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

Calvary's Stream.

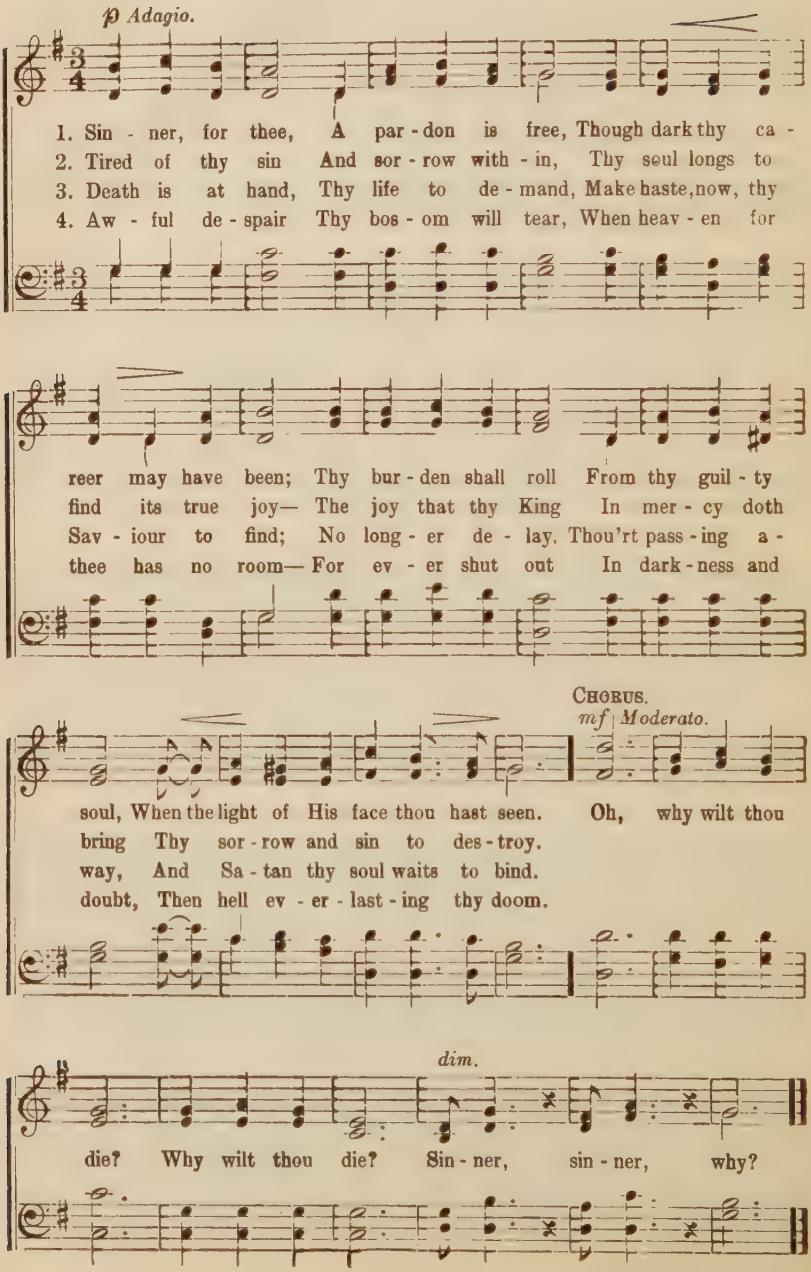

p
1. There is a cleansing cur - rent, If flows from Cal-va - ry, 'Twas o-pened
2. Tho' worn and heav-y la - den, And burdened with your sin, There's vir - tue
3. This stream of life e - ter - nal For you is flow-ing free; O bow your
by the Sav - iour From sin each soul to free. And now His voice is
in the riv - er; O will you en - ter in? There's heal-ing in its
self for cleans-ing, And gain your lib - er - ty. Then Christ shall be your
call-ing With ac-cents, Oh, so sweet-"Come to the cleansing ri - ver, Down
wa-ters, There's cleansing in its stream; Then look a -way to Cal-v'ry Where
Sav-iour, And out of you shall flow A life of peace and heaven, God's
CHORUS.
at the Mer-cy - seat. Oh! Calvary's stream is flowing, Calvary's stream is
mercy's light doth beam.
Par - a-dise be - low.
flow - ing, Flowing so free For you and me, Calvary's stream is flow-ing.

Yield Not to Temptation.

11's. S. S. 705. B. J. 802.

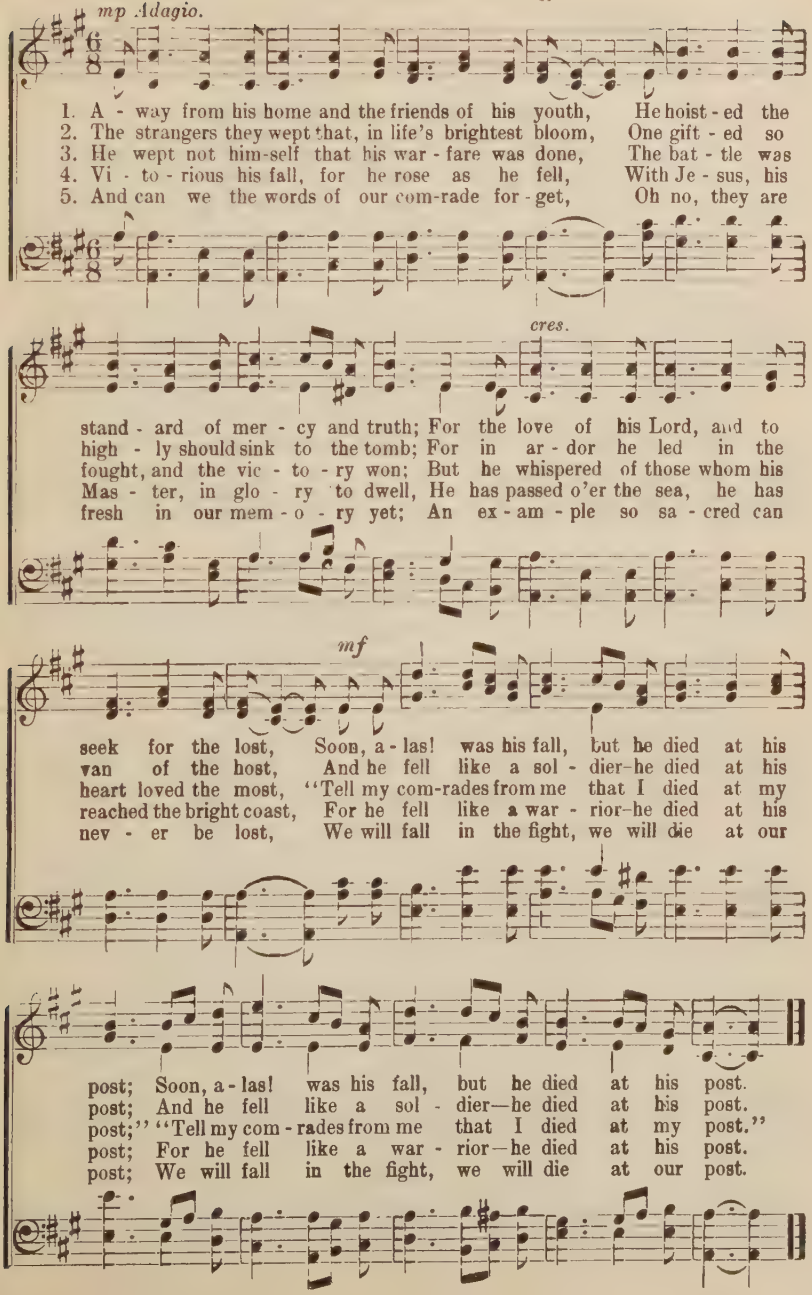

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercom - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Though of - ten cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,
Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Chorus.
Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

Why Wilt Thou Die?

P. M. S. S. 125. B. M. I. 295.

p Adagio.
1. Sin - ner, for thee, A par - don is free, Though dark thy ca -
2. Tired of thy sin And sor - row with - in, Thy soul longs to
3. Death is at hand, Thy life to de - mand, Make haste, now, thy
4. Aw - ful de - spair Thy bos - om will tear, When heav - en for
reer may have been; Thy bur - den shall roll From thy guil - ty
find its true joy— The joy that thy King In mer - cy doth
Sav - iour to find; No long - er de - lay, Thou'rt pass - ing a -
thee has no room— For ev - er shut out In dark - ness and
Chorus.
mf Moderato.
soul, When the light of His face thou hast seen. Oh, why wilt thou
bring Thy sor - row and sin to des - troy.
way, And Sa - tan thy soul waits to bind.
doubt, Then hell ev - er - last - ing thy doom.
dim.
die? Why wilt thou die? Sin - ner, sin - ner, why?

He Died at his Post.

12's & 11's. S. S. 820. B. M. I. 237.


mp Adagio.
1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hoist - ed the
2. The strangers they wept that, in life's brightest bloom, One gift - ed so
3. He wept not him-self that his war - fare was done, The bat - tle was
4. Vi - to - rious his fall, for he rose as he fell, With Je - sus, his
5. And can we the words of our com-rade for - get, Oh no, they are
cres.
stand - ard of mer - cy and truth; For the love of his Lord, and to
high - ly should sink to the tomb; For in ar - dor he led in the
fought, and the vic - to - ry won; But he whispered of those whom his
Mas - ter, in glo - ry to dwell, He has passed o'er the sea, he has
fresh in our mem - o - ry yet; An ex - am - ple so sa - cred can
mf
seek for the lost, Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his
van of the host, And he fell like a sol - dier—he died at his
heart loved the most, "Tell my com-rades from me that I died at my
reached the bright coast, For he fell like a war - rior—he died at his
nev - er be lost, We will fall in the fight, we will die at our
post; Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his post.
post; And he fell like a sol - dier—he died at his post.
post;" "Tell my com - rades from me that I died at my post."
post; For he fell like a war - rior—he died at his post.
post; We will fall in the fight, we will die at our post.

Softly and Tenderly.

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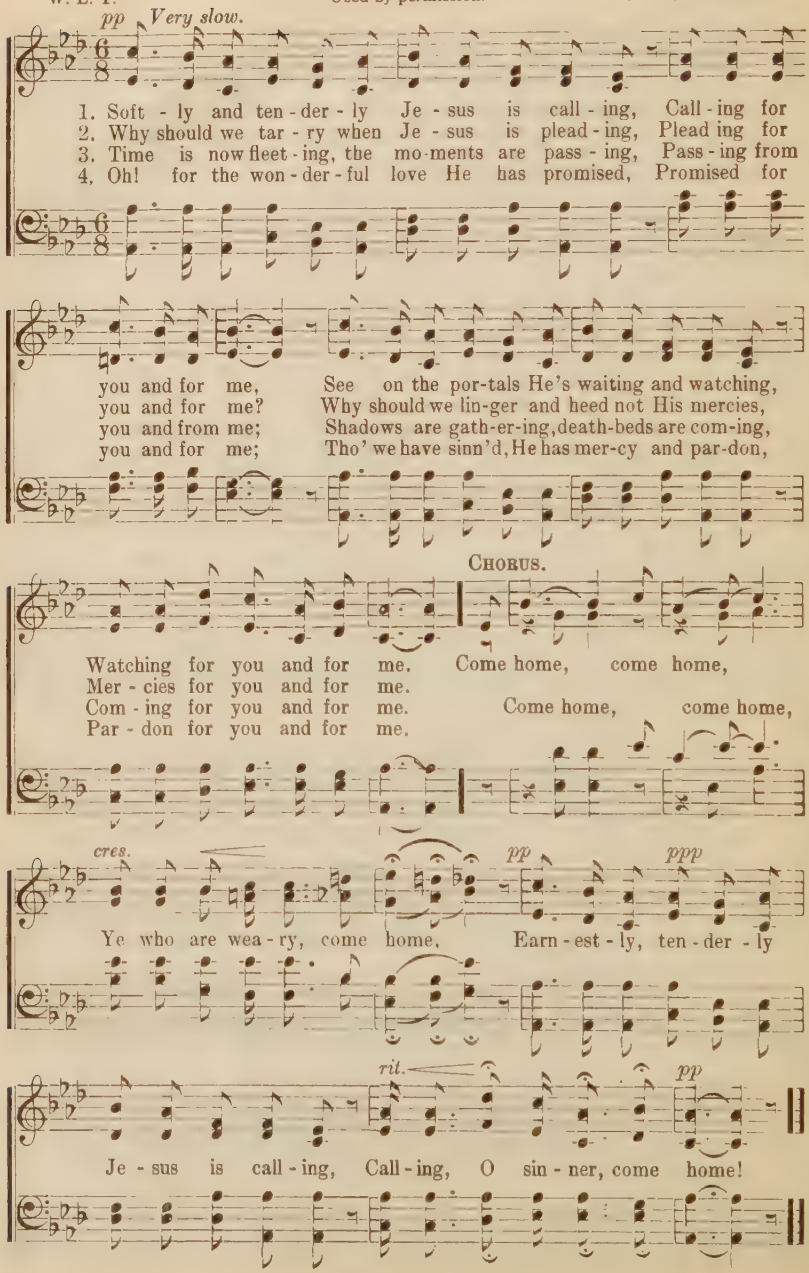
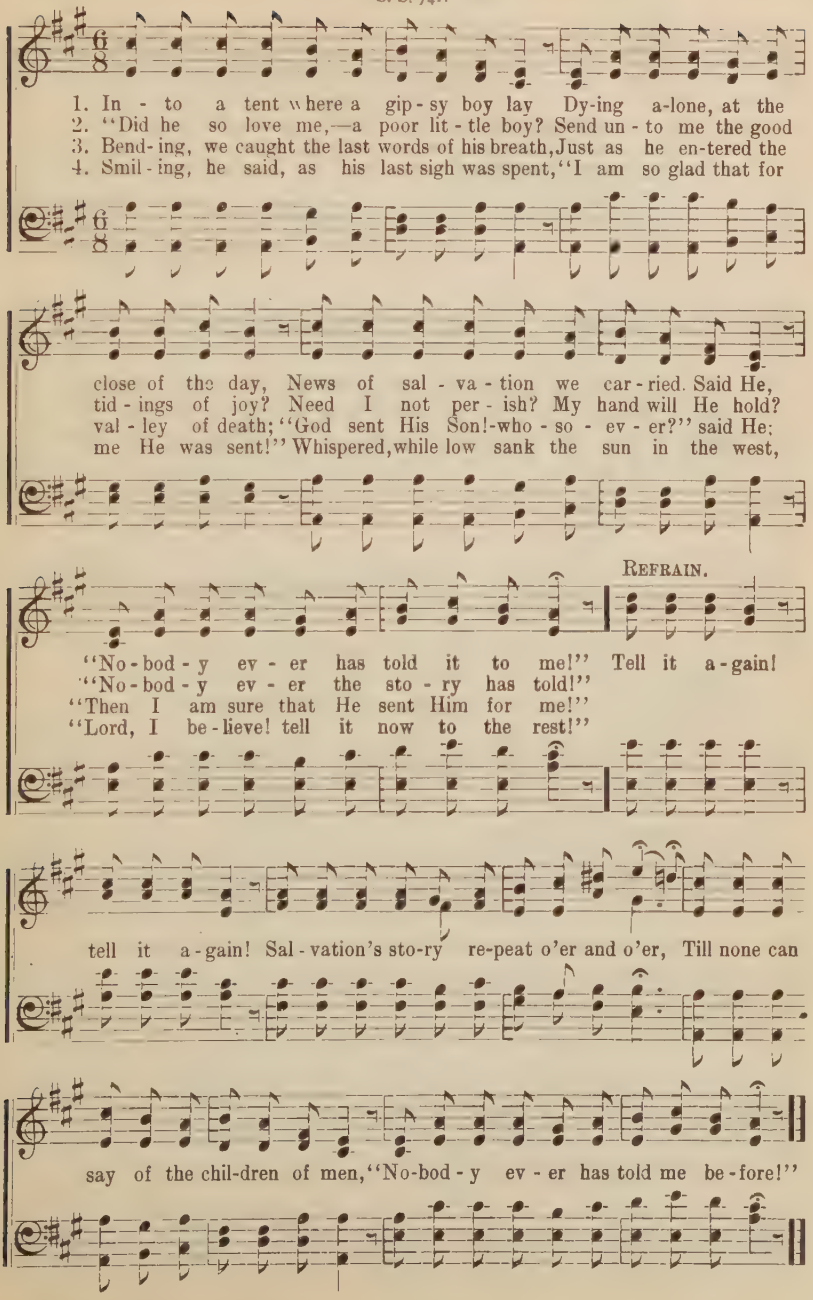
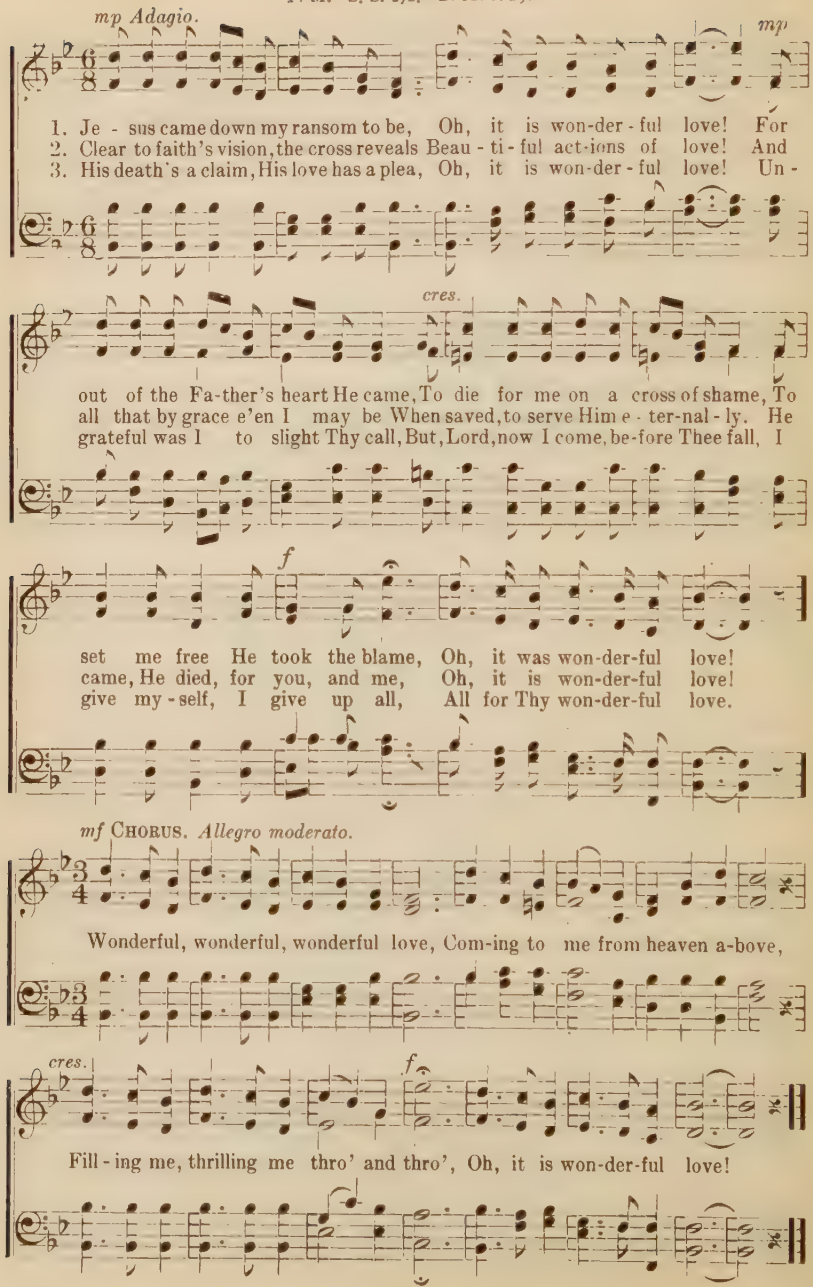
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp Very slow.
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead ing for
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for
you and for me, See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching,
you and for me? Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies,
you and from me; Shadows are gath-er-ing, death-beds are com-ing,
you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don,
CHORUS.
Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
Par - don for you and for me.
cres.
pp
ppp
Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly
rit.
pp
Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

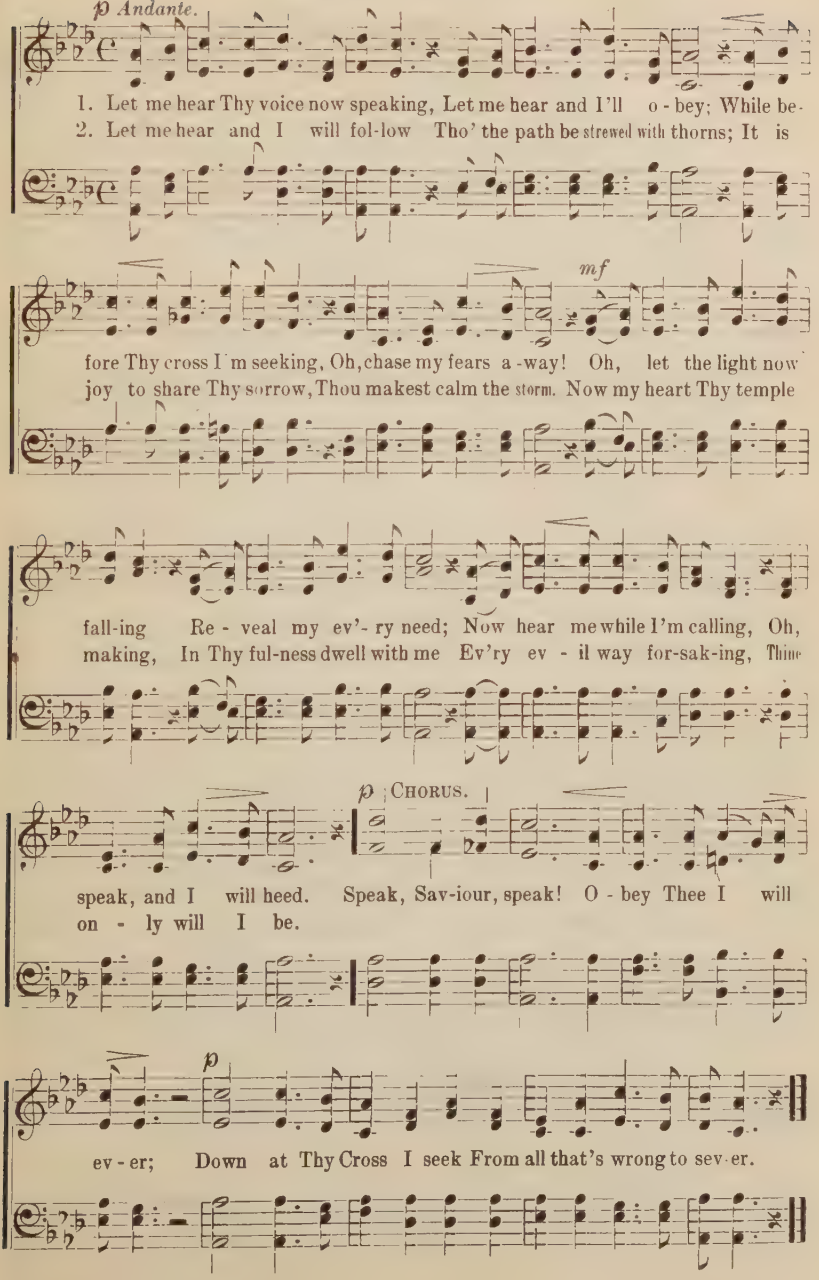
Tell it Again.

S. S. 741.

1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay Dy-ing a-lone, at the
2. "Did he so love me,—a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for
close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried. Said He,
tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? My hand will He hold?
val - ley of death; "God sent His Son!-who - so - ev - er?" said He;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,
REFRAIN.
"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain!
"No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
"Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"
tell it a - gain! Sal - vation's sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can
say of the chil-dren of men, "No-bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"

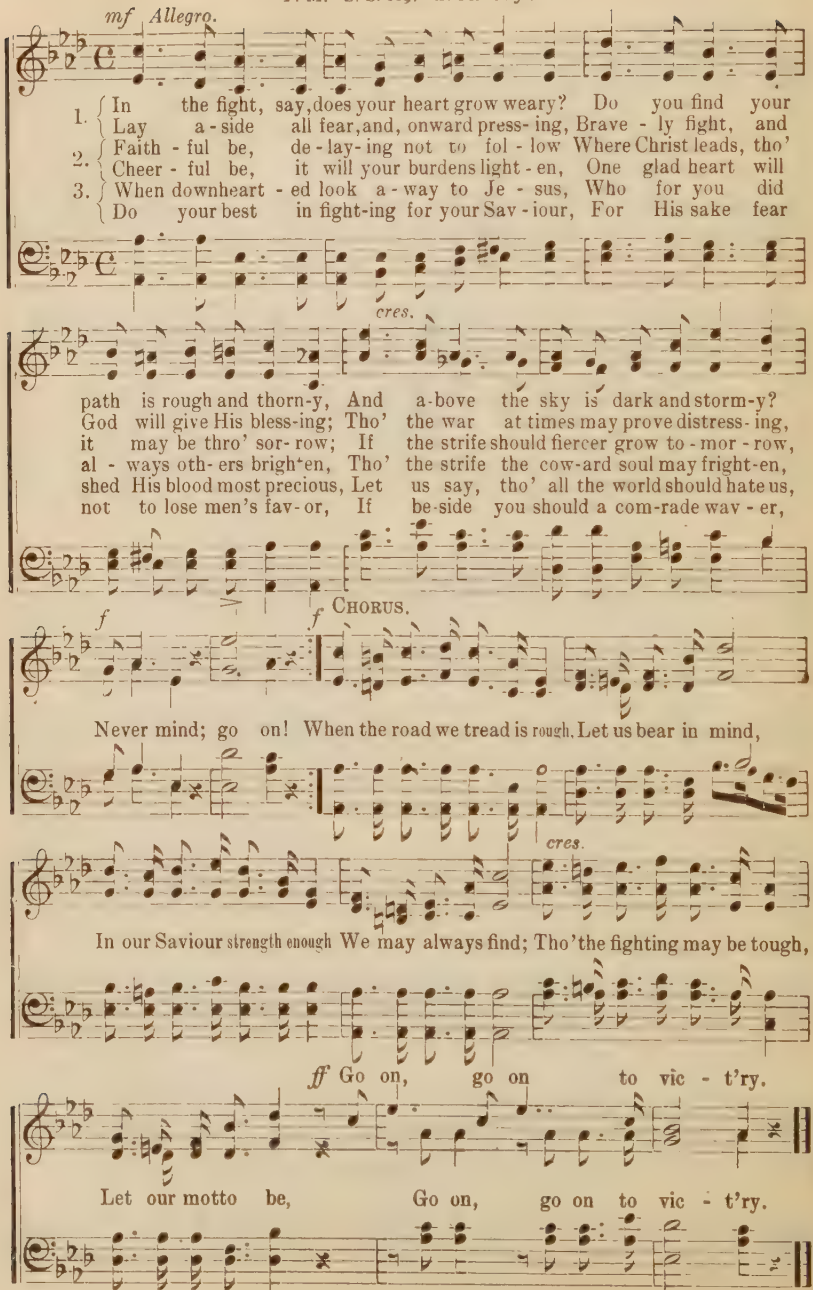
Wonderful Love.

P. M. S. S. 272. B. M. I. 298.

mp Adagio.
mp
1. Je - sus came down my ransom to be, Oh, it is won-der - ful love! For
2. Clear to faith's vision, the cross reveals Beau - ti - ful act-ions of love! And
3. His death's a claim, His love has a plea, Oh, it is won-der - ful love! Un -
cres.
out of the Fa-ther's heart He came, To die for me on a cross of shame, To
all that by grace e'en I may be When saved, to serve Him e - ter-nal - ly. He
grateful was I to slight Thy call, But, Lord, now I come, be-fore Thee fall, I
f
set me free He took the blame, Oh, it was won-der-ful love!
came, He died, for you, and me, Oh, it is won-der-ful love!
give my - self, I give up all, All for Thy won-der-ful love.
mf CHORUS. Allegro moderato.
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love, Com-ing to me from heaven a-bove,
cres.
f
Fill - ing me, thrilling me thro' and thro', Oh, it is won-der-ful love!

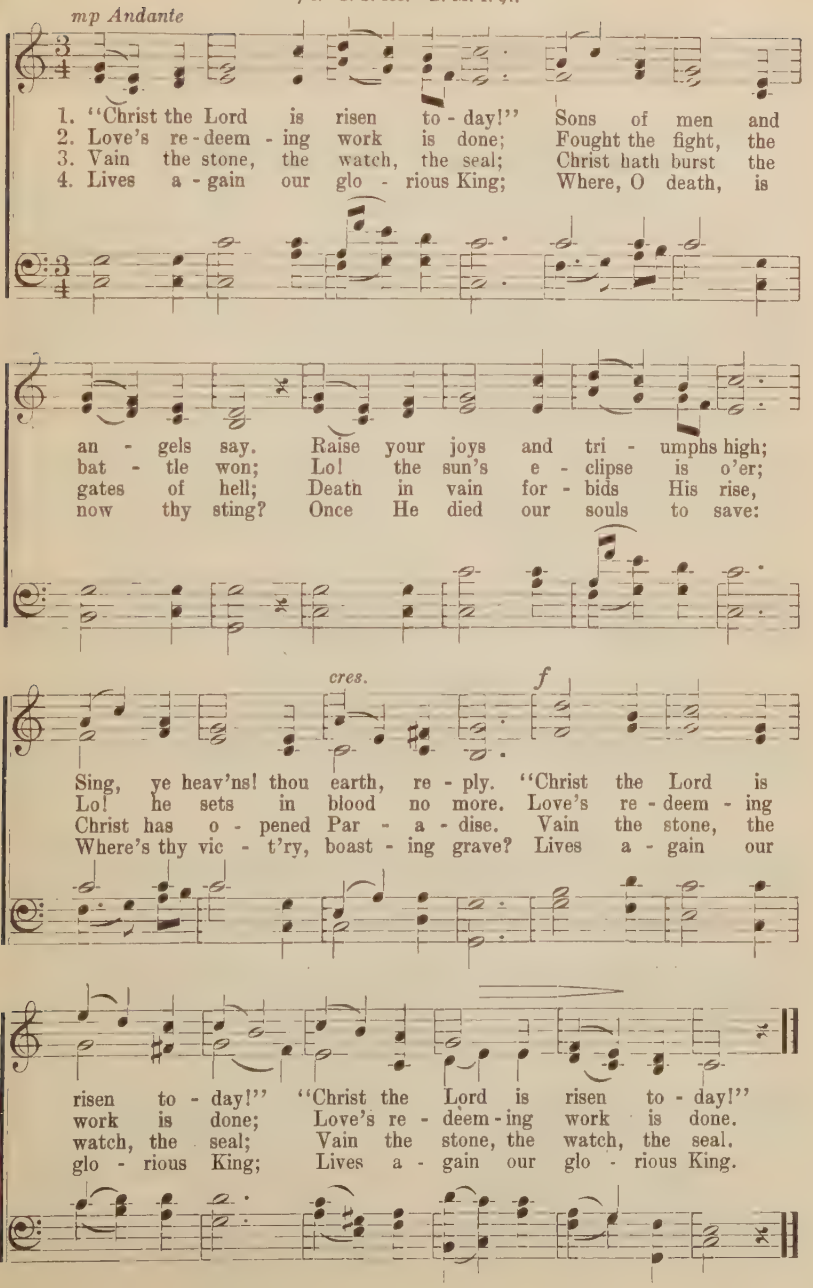
Speak, Saviour, Speak.

8's & 7's. S. S. 431. B. M. I. 176.

p Andante.
1. Let me hear Thy voice now speaking, Let me hear and I'll o - bey; While be-
2. Let me hear and I will fol-low Tho' the path be strewed with thorns; It is
mf
fore Thy cross I'm seeking, Oh, chase my fears a-way! Oh, let the light now
joy to share Thy sorrow, Thou makest calm the storm. Now my heart Thy temple
fall-ing Re - veal my ev'- ry need; Now hear me while I'm calling, Oh,
making, In Thy ful-ness dwell with me Ev'ry ev - il way for-sak-ing, Thine
p CHORUS.
speak, and I will heed. Speak, Sav-iour, speak! O - bey Thee I will
on - ly will I be.
p
ev - er; Down at Thy Cross I seek From all that's wrong to sev-er.

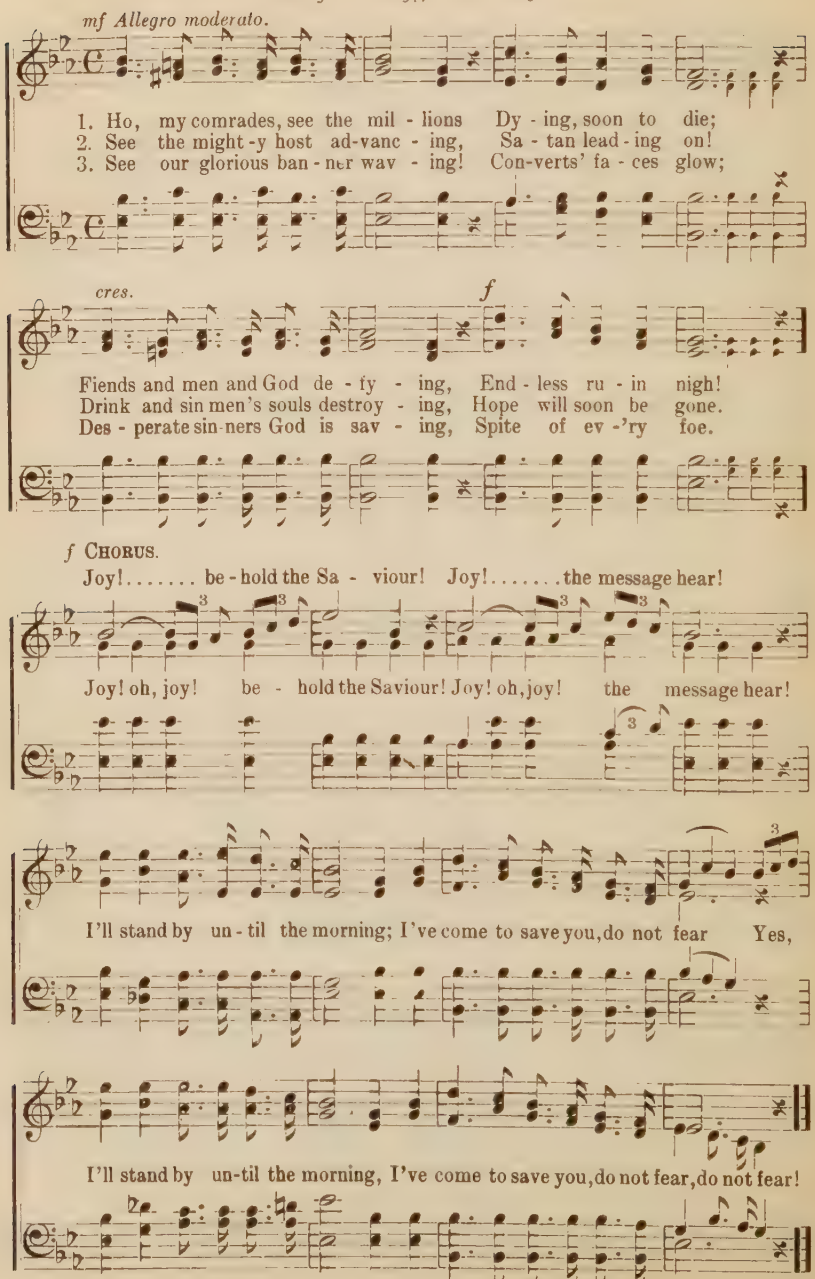
Never mind: Go on.

P. M. S. S. 619. B. M. I. 258.

mf Allegro.
1. In the fight, say, does your heart grow weary? Do you find your
Lay a-side all fear, and, onward press-ing, Brave-ly fight, and
2. Faith-ful be, de-lay-ing not to fol-low Where Christ leads, tho'
Cheer-ful be, it will your burdens light-en, One glad heart will
3. When downheart-ed look a-way to Je-sus, Who for you did
Do your best in fight-ing for your Sav-iour, For His sake fear
cres.
path is rough and thorn-y, And a-bove the sky is dark and storm-y?
God will give His bless-ing; Tho' the war at times may prove distress-ing,
it may be thro' sor-row; If the strife should fiercer grow to-mor-row,
al-ways oth-ers brighten, Tho' the strife the cow-ard soul may fright-en,
shed His blood most precious, Let us say, tho' all the world should hate us,
not to lose men's fav-or, If be-side you should a com-rade wav-er,
f
CHORUS.
f
Never mind; go on! When the road we tread is rough, Let us bear in mind,
cres.
In our Saviour strength enough We may always find; Tho' the fighting may be tough,
ff Go on, go on to vic-t'ry.
Let our motto be, Go on, go on to vic-t'ry.

Christ the Lord is Risen To-day!

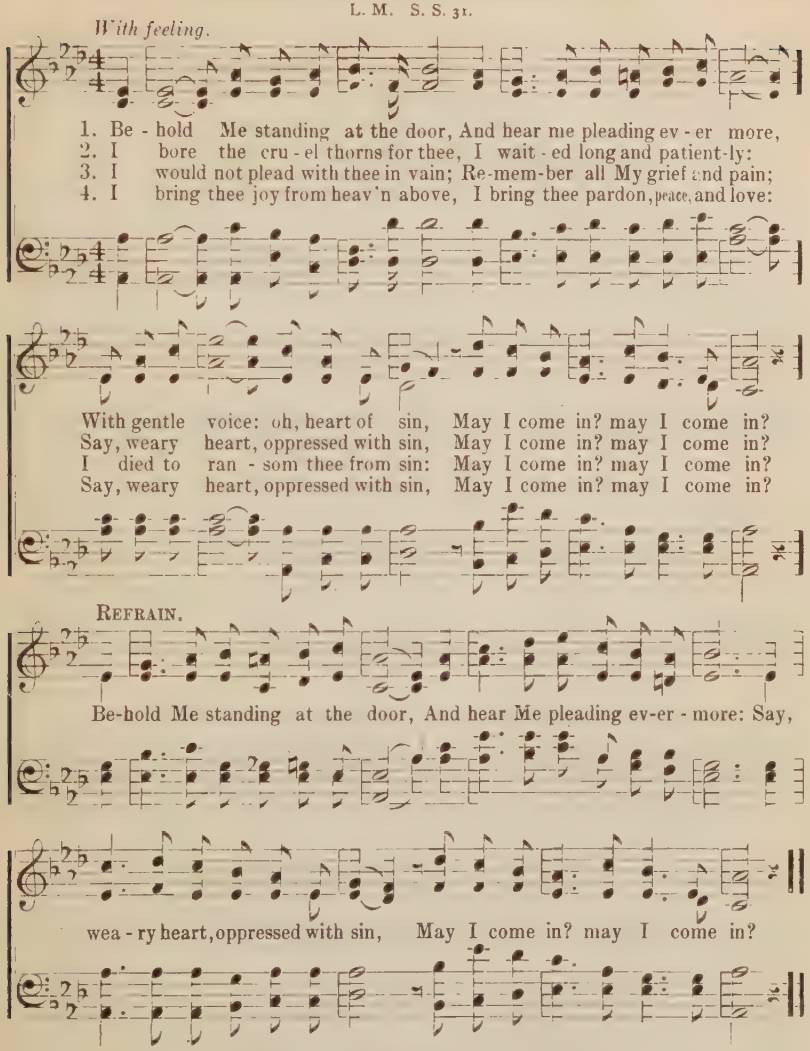
7's. S. S. 800. B. M. I. 91.

mp Andante
1. "Christ the Lord is risen to - day!" Sons of men and
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Fought the fight, the
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the
4. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King; Where, O death, is
an - gels say. Raise your joys and tri - umphs high;
bat - tle won; Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er;
gates of hell; Death in vain for - bids His rise,
now thy sting? Once He died our souls to save:
cres.
f
Sing, ye heav'ns! thou earth, re - ply. "Christ the Lord is
Lo! he sets in blood no more. Love's re - deem - ing
Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Vain the stone, the
Where's thy vic - t'ry, boast - ing grave? Lives a - gain our
risen to - day!" "Christ the Lord is risen to - day!"
work is done; Love's re - deem - ing work is done.
watch, the seal; Vain the stone, the watch, the seal.
glo - rious King; Lives a - gain our glo - rious King.

Ho, My Comrades, See the Millions.

8's & 5's. S. S. 544. B. M. I. 132.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. Ho, my comrades, see the mil - lions Dy - ing, soon to die;
2. See the might - y host ad-vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on!
3. See our glorious ban - ner wav - ing! Con-verts' fa - ces glow;
cres.
f
Fiends and men and God de - fy - ing, End - less ru - in nigh!
Drink and sin men's souls destroy - ing, Hope will soon be gone.
Des - perate sin-ners God is sav - ing, Spite of ev -'ry foe.
f CHORUS.
Joy!..... be - hold the Sa - viour! Joy!.....the message hear!
Joy! oh, joy! be - hold the Saviour! Joy! oh, joy! the message hear!
I'll stand by un - til the morning; I've come to save you, do not fear Yes,
I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear, do not fear!

282 Behold Me Standing at the Door!

L. M. S. S. 31.


With feeling.
1. Be - hold Me standing at the door, And hear me pleading ev - er more,
2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee, I wait - ed long and patient-ly:
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re-mem-ber all My grief and pain;
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n above, I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:
With gentle voice: oh, heart of sin, May I come in? may I come in?
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?
I died to ran - som thee from sin: May I come in? may I come in?
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?
REFRAIN.
Be-hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me pleading ev-er - more: Say,
wea - ry heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

283 Joy! Behold the Saviour.

Tune—281. S. S. 844.

1 Fierce and wild the storm is raging
Round a hopeless bark;
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,
O'er the waters dark.

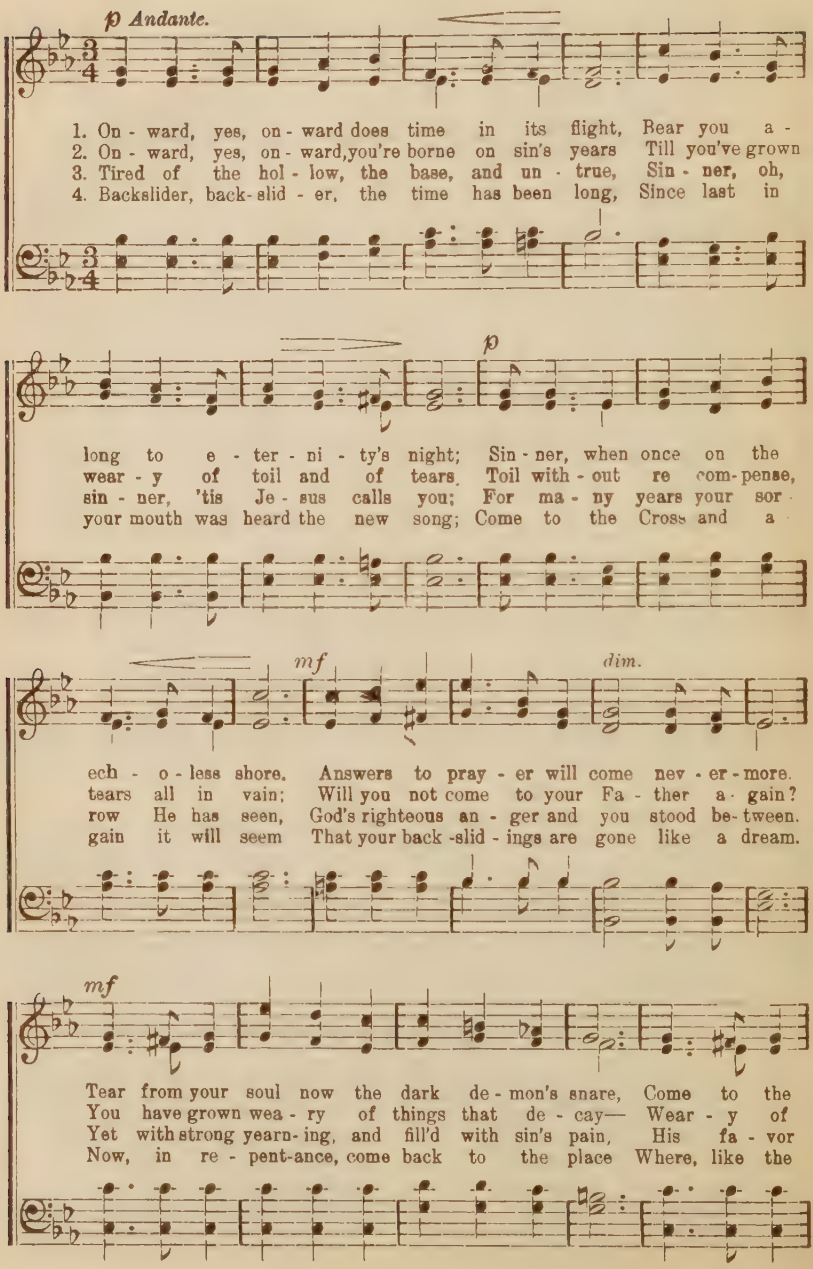
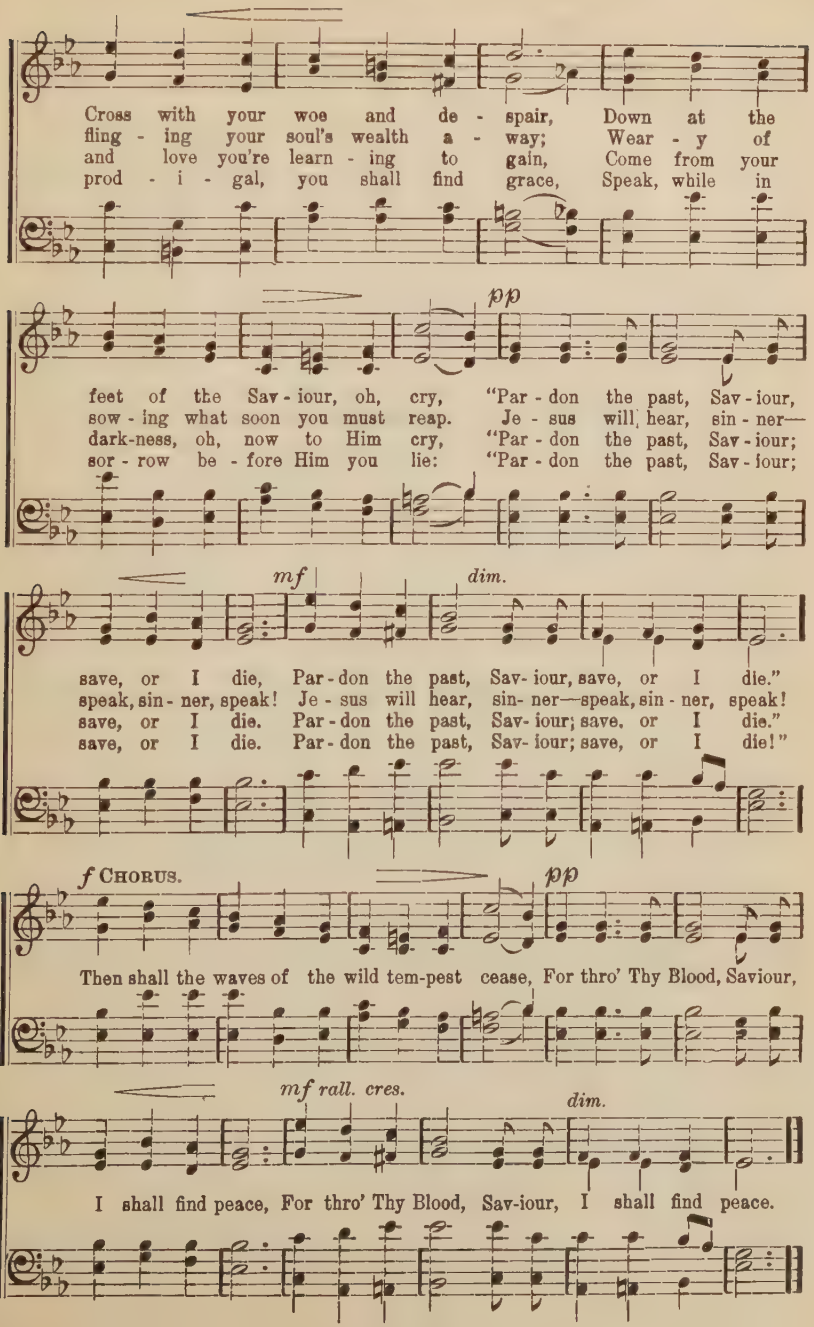
2 Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen,
Fainting on the deck,
With what joy they hail their Saviour,
As He hails the wreck!

3 On a wild and stormy ocean,
Sinking 'neath the wave,
Souls that perish, heed the message,
Christ has come to save.

4 Daring death thy soul to rescue,
He in love has come,
Leave the wreck, and in Him trusting,
Thou shalt reach thy home!

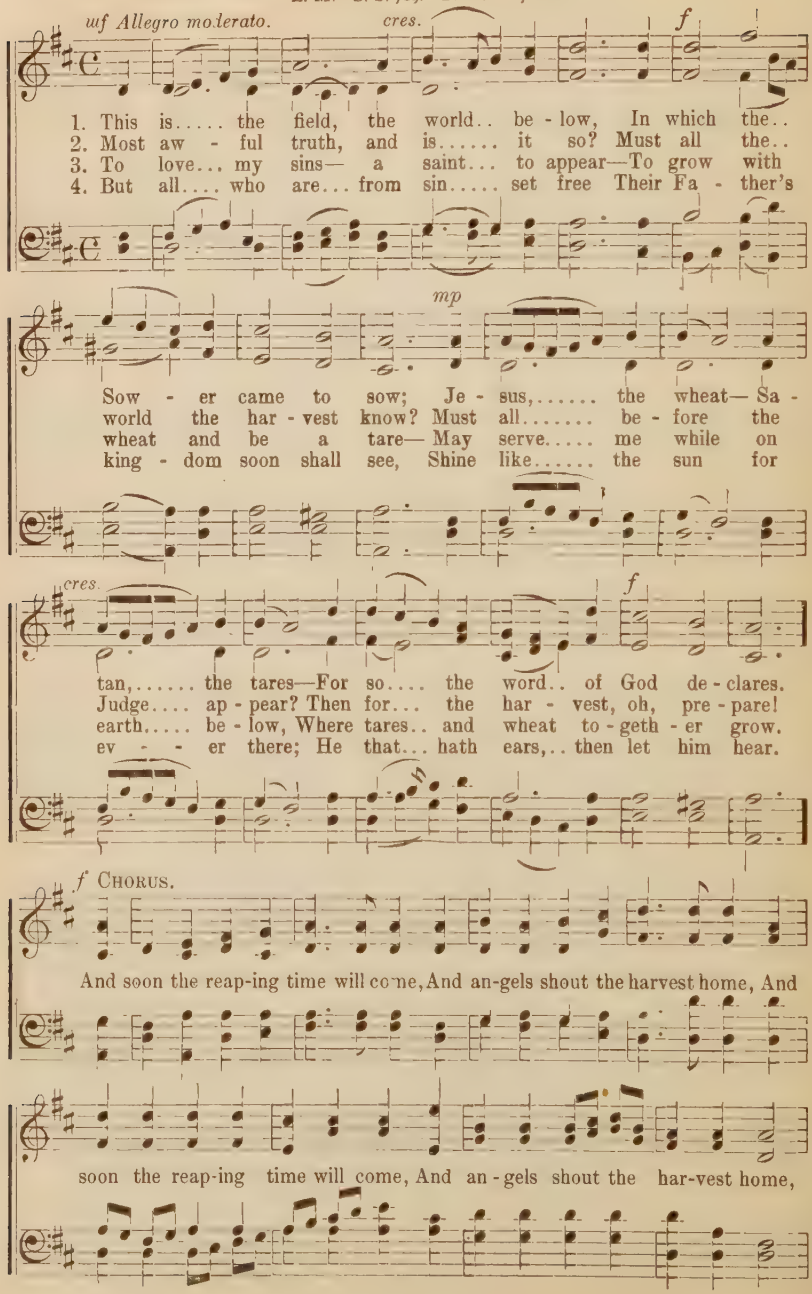
Onward, Yes, Onward.

(Secular Melody.)

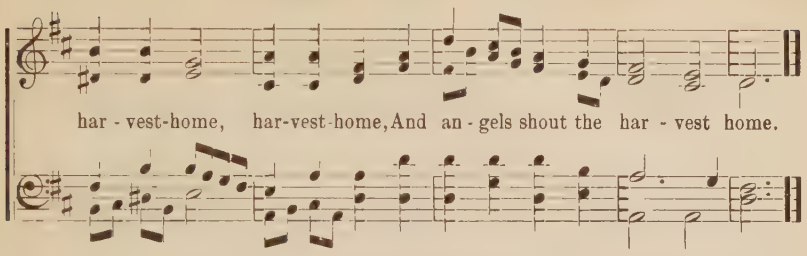

p Andante.
1. On - ward, yes, on - ward does time in its flight, Bear you a -
2. On - ward, yes, on - ward, you're borne on sin's years Till you've grown
3. Tired of the hol - low, the base, and un - true, Sin - ner, oh,
4. Backslider, back - slid - er, the time has been long, Since last in
p
long to e - ter - ni - ty's night; Sin - ner, when once on the
wear - y of toil and of tears. Toil with - out re com - pense,
sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus calls you; For ma - ny years your sor -
your mouth was heard the new song; Come to the Cross and a -
mf
dim.
ech - o - less shore. Answers to pray - er will come nev - er - more.
tears all in vain; Will you not come to your Fa - ther a - gain?
row He has seen, God's righteous an - ger and you stood be - tween.
gain it will seem That your back - slid - ings are gone like a dream.
mf
Tear from your soul now the dark de - mon's snare, Come to the
You have grown wea - ry of things that de - cay— Wear - y of
Yet with strong yearn - ing, and fill'd with sin's pain, His fa - vor
Now, in re - pent-ance, come back to the place Where, like the

Cross with your woe and de - spair, Down at the
fling - ing your soul's wealth a - way; Wear - y of
and love you're learn - ing to gain, Come from your
prod - i - gal, you shall find grace, Speak, while in
pp
feet of the Sav - iour, oh, cry, "Par - don the past, Sav - iour,
sow - ing what soon you must reap. Je - sus will hear, sin - ner—
dark-ness, oh, now to Him cry, "Par - don the past, Sav - iour;
sor - row be - fore Him you lie: "Par - don the past, Sav - iour;
mf
dim.
save, or I die, Par - don the past, Sav - iour, save, or I die."
speak, sin - ner, speak! Je - sus will hear, sin - ner—speak, sin - ner, speak!
save, or I die. Par - don the past, Sav - iour; save, or I die."
save, or I die. Par - don the past, Sav - iour; save, or I die!"
f CHORUS.
pp
Then shall the waves of the wild tem-pest cease, For thro' Thy Blood, Saviour,
mf rall. cres.
dim.
I shall find peace, For thro' Thy Blood, Sav-iour, I shall find peace.

Soon the Reaping Time will Come.

L. M. S. S. 789. B. M. I. 17.

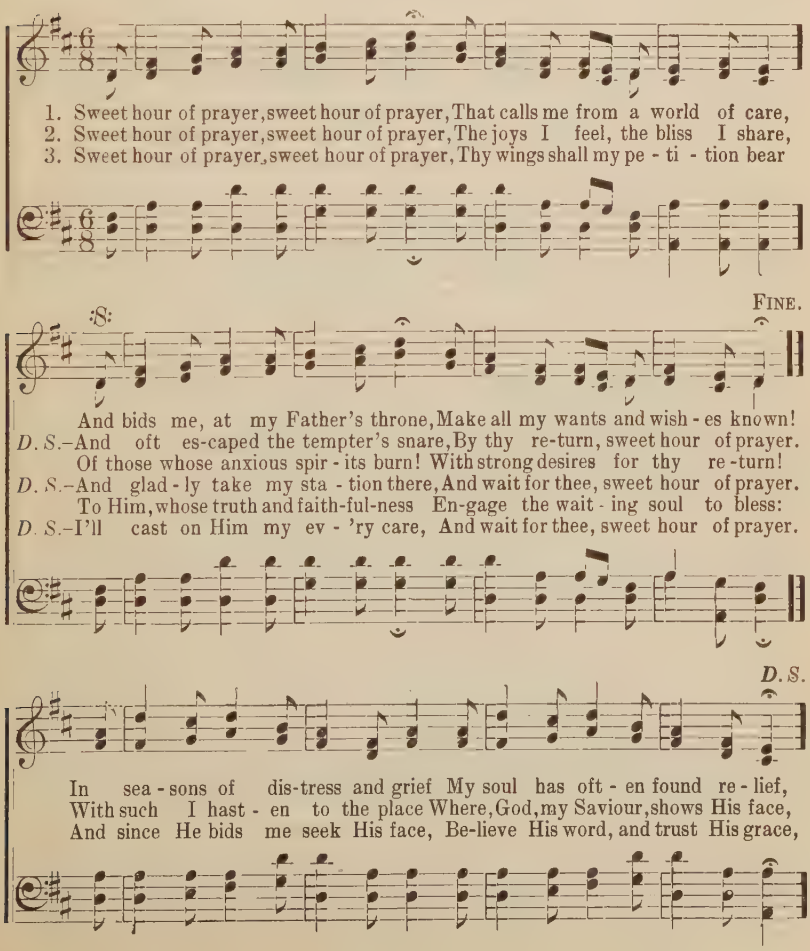

uf Allegro moderato.
cres.
f
1. This is..... the field, the world.. be - low, In which the..
2. Most aw - ful truth, and is..... it so? Must all the..
3. To love... my sins— a saint... to appear—To grow with
4. But all.... who are... from sin..... set free Their Fa - ther's
mp
Sow - er came to sow; Je - sus,..... the wheat— Sa -
world the har - vest know? Must all..... be - fore the
wheat and be a tare— May serve..... me while on
king - dom soon shall see, Shine like..... the sun for
cres.
f
tan,..... the tares—For so.... the word.. of God de - clares.
Judge.... ap - pear? Then for... the har - vest, oh, pre - pare!
earth..... be - low, Where tares.. and wheat to - geth - er grow.
ev - - er there; He that... hath ears,.. then let him hear.
f CHORUS.
And soon the reap-ing time will come, And an-gels shout the harvest home, And
soon the reap-ing time will come, And an - gels shout the har-vest home,

Soon the Reaping Time will Come.—Concluded.

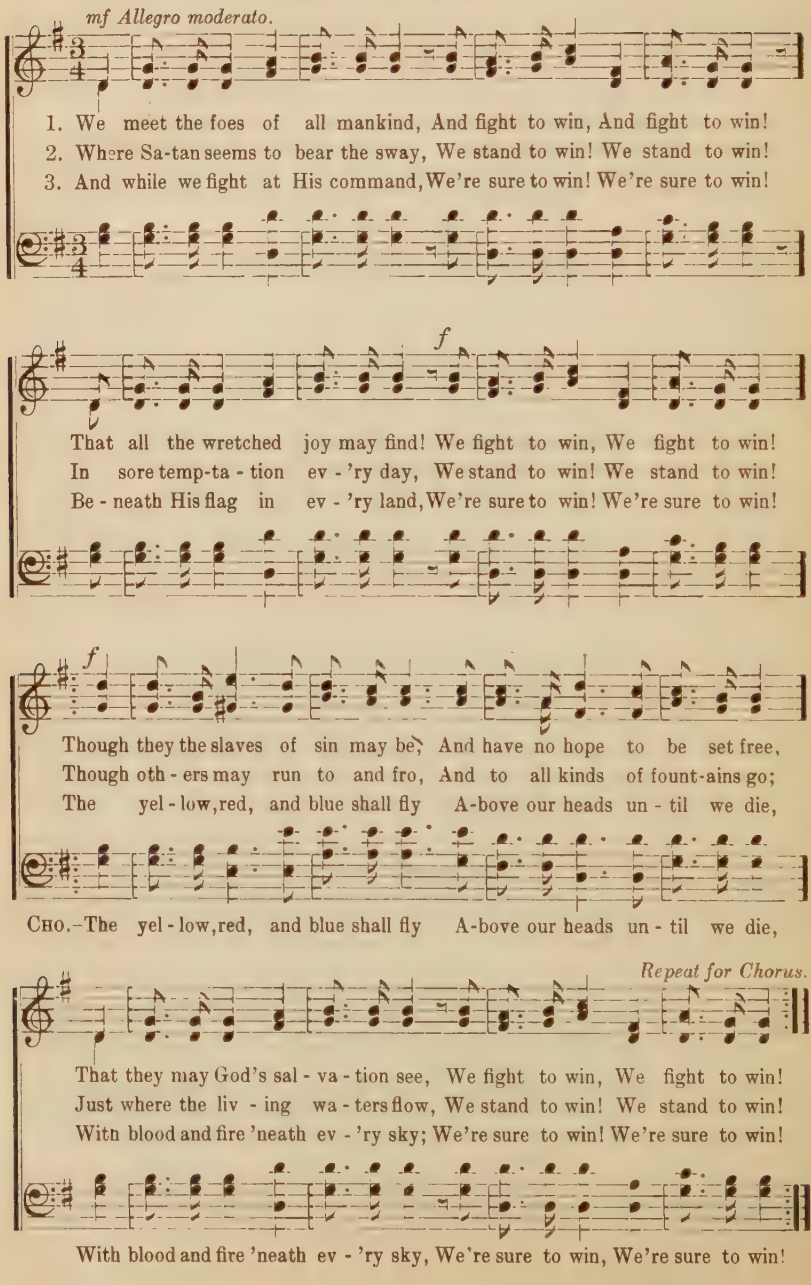


286 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

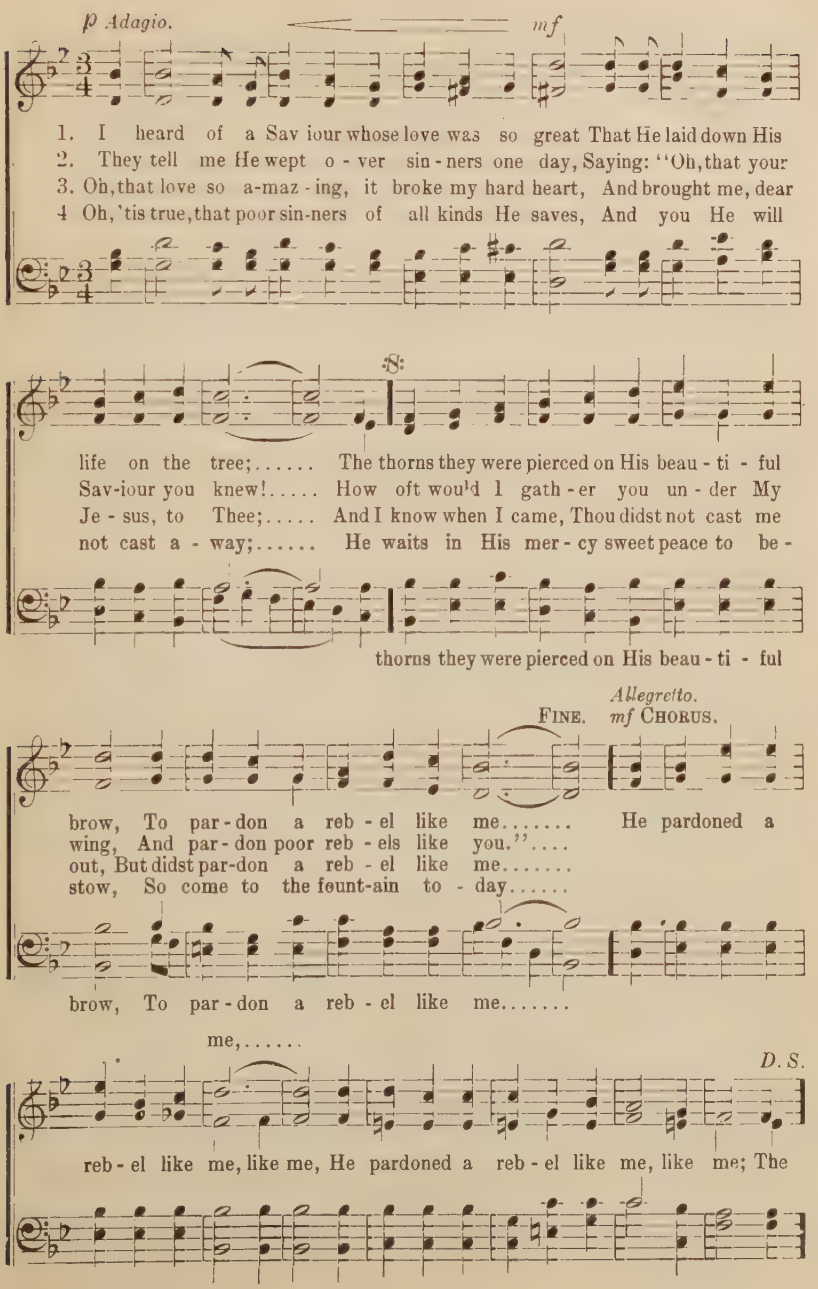
W. W. WALFORD. D. L M. S. S. 512. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
FINE.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn! With strong desires for thy re-turn!
D. S.—And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless:
D. S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
D. S.
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I hast - en to the place Where, God, my Saviour, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,

We're Sure to Win.

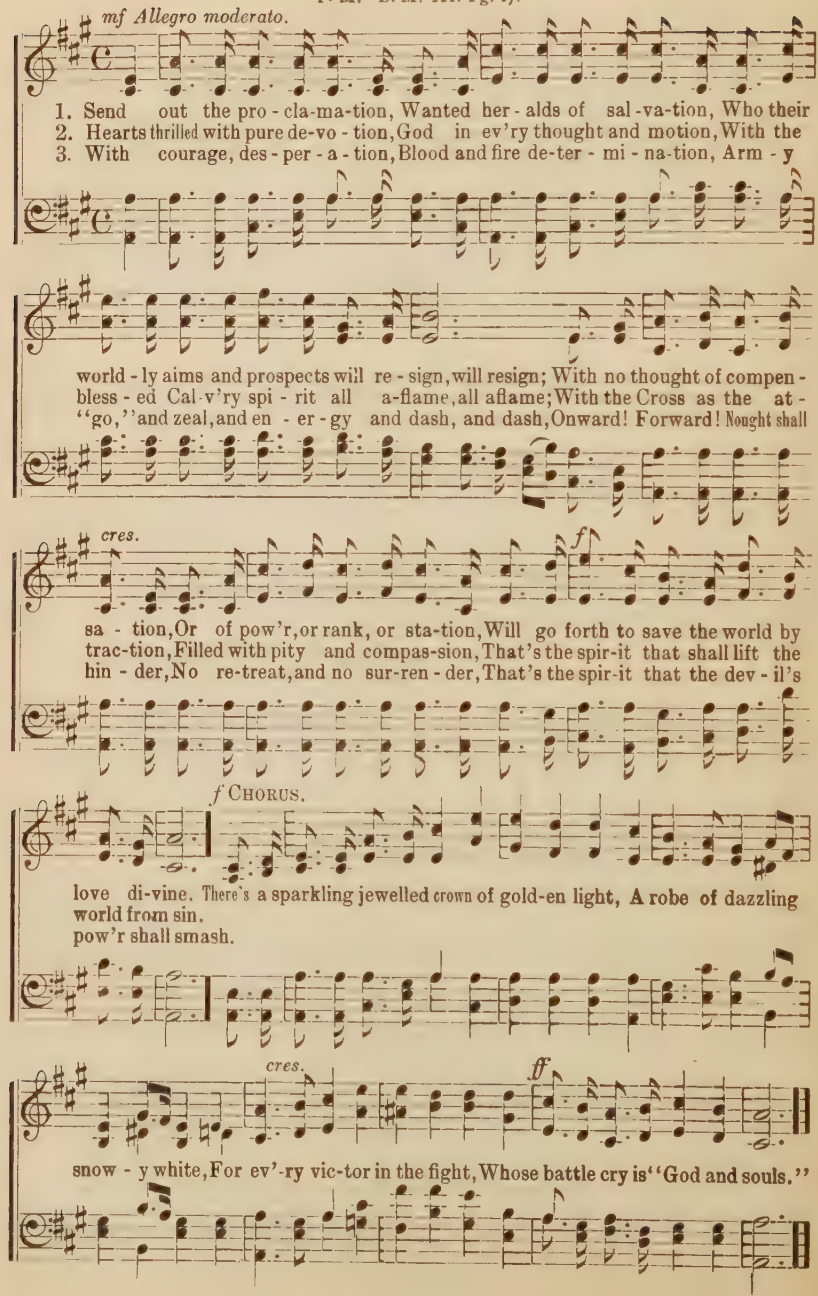
8's & 3's. S. S. 520. B. M. I. 127.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. We meet the foes of all mankind, And fight to win, And fight to win!
2. Where Sa-tan seems to bear the sway, We stand to win! We stand to win!
3. And while we fight at His command, We're sure to win! We're sure to win!
f
That all the wretched joy may find! We fight to win, We fight to win!
In sore temp-ta - tion ev - 'ry day, We stand to win! We stand to win!
Be - neath His flag in ev - 'ry land, We're sure to win! We're sure to win!
f
Though they the slaves of sin may be, And have no hope to be set free,
Though oth - ers may run to and fro, And to all kinds of fount-ains go;
The yel - low, red, and blue shall fly A-bove our heads un - til we die,
Cho.–The yel - low, red, and blue shall fly A-bove our heads un - til we die,
Repeat for Chorus.
That they may God's sal - va - tion see, We fight to win, We fight to win!
Just where the liv - ing wa - ters flow, We stand to win! We stand to win!
With blood and fire 'neath ev - 'ry sky; We're sure to win! We're sure to win!
With blood and fire 'neath ev - 'ry sky, We're sure to win, We're sure to win!

He Pardoned a Rebel like Me.

P. M. S. S. 297. B. M. I. 238

p Adagio.
mf
1. I heard of a Sav iour whose love was so great That He laid down His
2. They tell me He wept o - ver sin - ners one day, Saying: "Oh, that your
3. Oh, that love so a-maz - ing, it broke my hard heart, And brought me, dear
4 Oh, 'tis true, that poor sin-ners of all kinds He saves, And you He will
life on the tree;..... The thorns they were pierced on His beau - ti - ful
Sav-iour you knew!..... How oft would I gath - er you un - der My
Je - sus, to Thee;..... And I know when I came, Thou didst not cast me
not cast a - way;..... He waits in His mer - cy sweet peace to be -
thorns they were pierced on His beau - ti - ful
Allegretto.
FINE.
mf CHORUS.
brow, To par - don a reb - el like me..... He pardoned a
wing, And par - don poor reb - els like you."....
out, But didst par-don a reb - el like me.....
stow, So come to the fount-ain to - day.....
brow, To par - don a reb - el like me.....
me,.....
D. S.
reb - el like me, like me, He pardoned a reb - el like me, like me; The

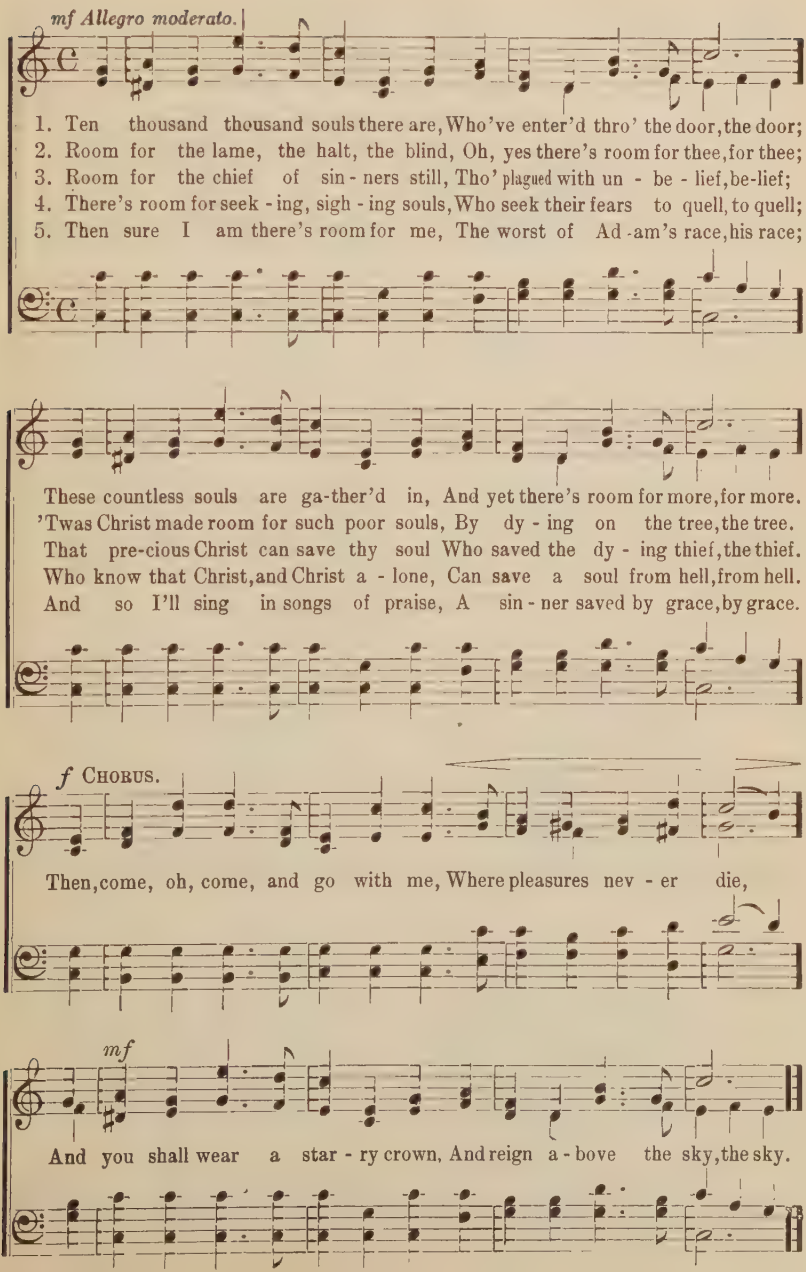
Send out the Proclamation.

P. M. B. M. III. Pg. 17.


mf Allegro moderato.
1. Send out the pro - cla-ma-tion, Wanted her - alds of sal - va-tion, Who their
2. Hearts thrilled with pure de-vo - tion, God in ev'ry thought and motion, With the
3. With courage, des - per - a - tion, Blood and fire de-ter - mi - na-tion, Arm - y
world - ly aims and prospects will re - sign, will resign; With no thought of compen -
bless - ed Cal - v'ry spi - rit all a-flame, all aflame; With the Cross as the at -
"go," and zeal, and en - er - gy and dash, and dash, Onward! Forward! Nought shall
cres.
f
sa - tion, Or of pow'r, or rank, or sta-tion, Will go forth to save the world by
trac-tion, Filled with pity and compas-sion, That's the spir-it that shall lift the
hin - der, No re-treat, and no sur-ren - der, That's the spir-it that the dev - il's
f CHORUS.
love di-vine. There's a sparkling jewelled crown of gold-en light, A robe of dazzling
world from sin.
pow'r shall smash.
cres.
ff
snow - y white, For ev'-ry vic-tor in the fight, Whose battle cry is "God and souls."

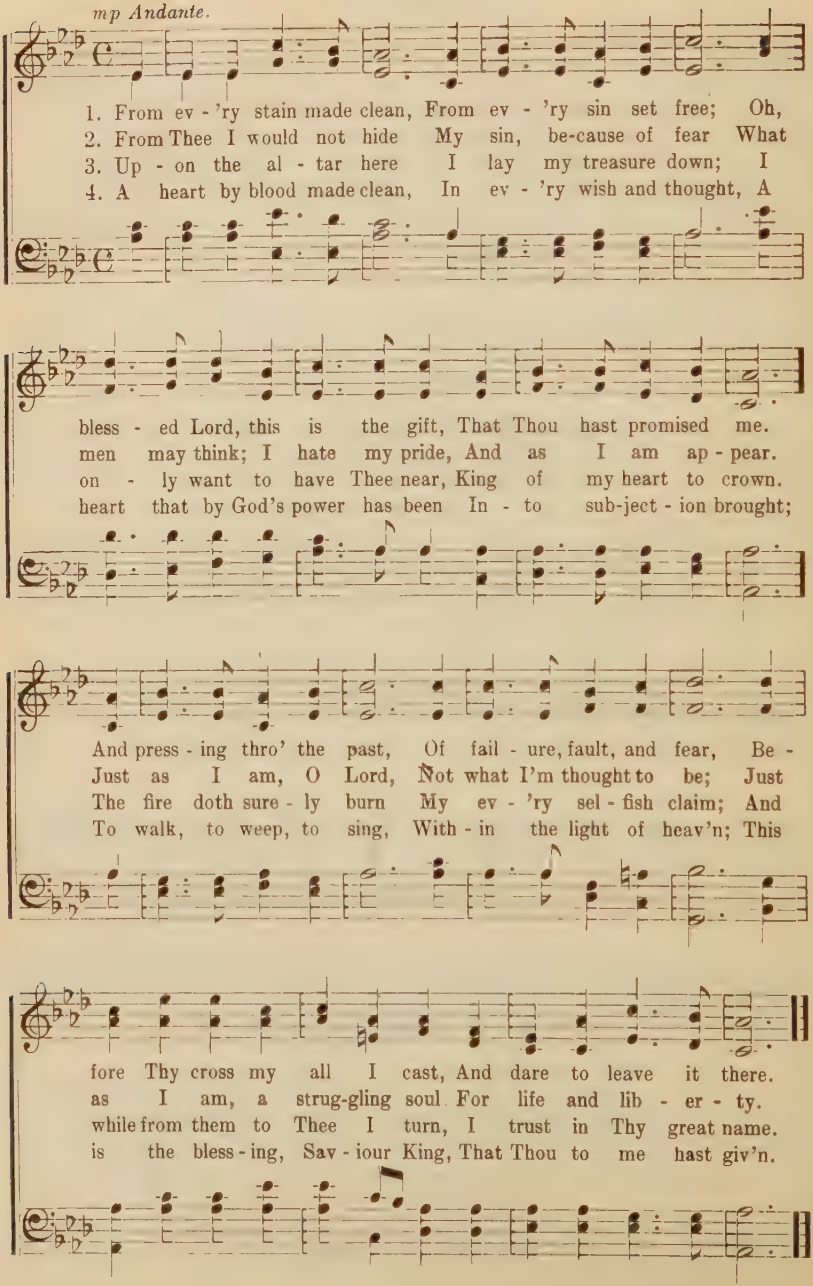
Ten Thousand Thousand Souls.

C. M. S. S. 75. B. M. I. 60.


mf Allegro moderato.
1. Ten thousand thousand souls there are, Who've enter'd thro' the door, the door;
2. Room for the lame, the halt, the blind, Oh, yes there's room for thee, for thee;
3. Room for the chief of sin - ners still, Tho' plagued with un - be - lief, be-lief;
4. There's room for seek - ing, sigh - ing souls, Who seek their fears to quell, to quell;
5. Then sure I am there's room for me, The worst of Ad - am's race, his race;
These countless souls are ga-ther'd in, And yet there's room for more, for more.
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls, By dy - ing on the tree, the tree.
That pre-cious Christ can save thy soul Who saved the dy - ing thief, the thief.
Who know that Christ, and Christ a - lone, Can save a soul from hell, from hell.
And so I'll sing in songs of praise, A sin - ner saved by grace, by grace.
f Chorus.
Then, come, oh, come, and go with me, Where pleasures nev - er die,
mf
And you shall wear a star - ry crown, And reign a - bove the sky, the sky.

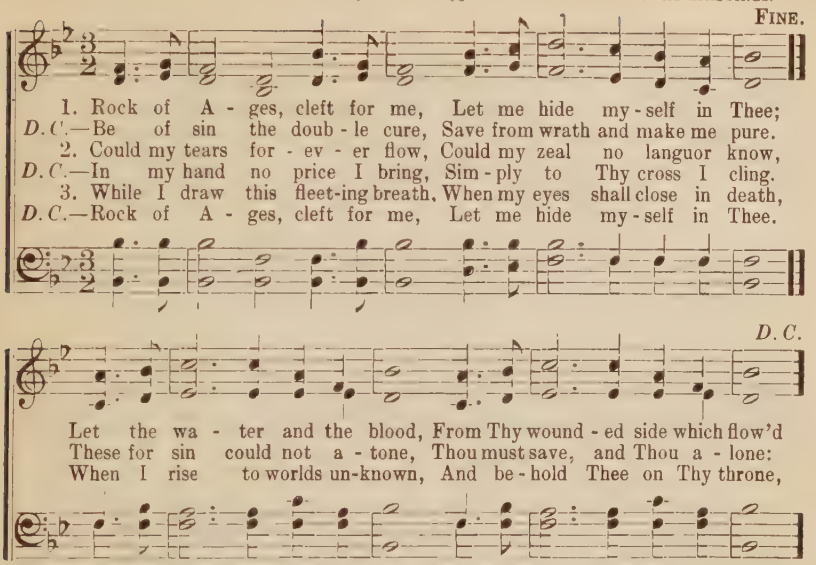
From Every Stain Made Clean.

D. S. M. S. S. 430. B. M. I. 68.

mp Andante.

1. From ev - 'ry stain made clean, From ev - 'ry sin set free; Oh,
2. From Thee I would not hide My sin, be-cause of fear What
3. Up - on the al - tar here I lay my treasure down; I
4. A heart by blood made clean, In ev - 'ry wish and thought, A
bless - ed Lord, this is the gift, That Thou hast promised me.
men may think; I hate my pride, And as I am ap - pear.
on - ly want to have Thee near, King of my heart to crown.
heart that by God's power has been In - to sub-ject - ion brought;
And press - ing thro' the past, Of fail - ure, fault, and fear, Be -
Just as I am, O Lord, Not what I'm thought to be; Just
The fire doth sure - ly burn My ev - 'ry sel - fish claim; And
To walk, to weep, to sing, With - in the light of heav'n; This
fore Thy cross my all I cast, And dare to leave it there.
as I am, a strug-gling soul For life and lib - er - ty.
while from them to Thee I turn, I trust in Thy great name.
is the bless - ing, Sav - iour King, That Thou to me hast giv'n.

292 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. 7's. S. S. 173. Thomas Hastings.


FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
D. C.—In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd
These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

293 Dear Lord, we bring to Thee.

Tune—291.

1 Dear Lord, we bring to Thee
This little life today;
Thy precious gift we now return—
Accept, we humbly pray.
Nought else shall have a claim—
He (she) shall be Thine alone;
Oh, may he stand amongst Thine hosts
Around the great white throne.

2 The future close is hid;
We would not ask to see
If long or short shall be his life—
We leave that, Lord, with Thee.
But keep him from all ill,
Rob Satan of his power;
Make him Thy special treasure from
This dedication hour.

3 Oh, grant in early life
That he may understand
Thy wonderful salvation plan,
And join Thy warrior band!
May worldliness and self,
And fashion, love of ease,
Be killed, and every faculty
Be used his God to please.

294 I Want the Faith of God.

Tune—291. S. S. 470.

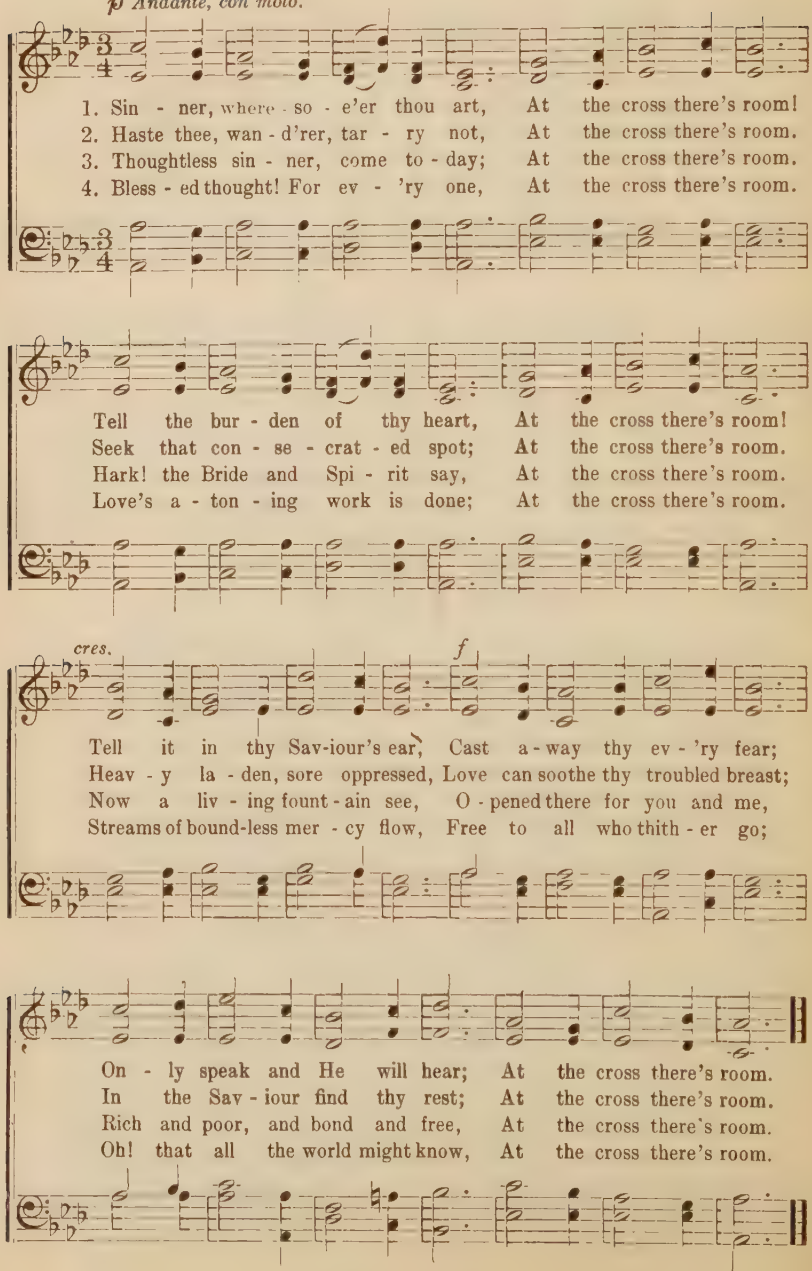
1 I want the faith of God,
Great mountains to remove,
Full confidence in Jesus' blood,
The faith that works by love.
The faith that will rejoice,
To saints by Jesus given,
That turns the key of paradise,
And saves from earth to heaven.

2 I want the faith that wears,
That can Jehovah see,
That glad life's heaviest burden bears,
That grips eternity.
The faith that cannot fail,
That makes salvation sure,
Anchored within the heavenly veil,
The faith that will endure.

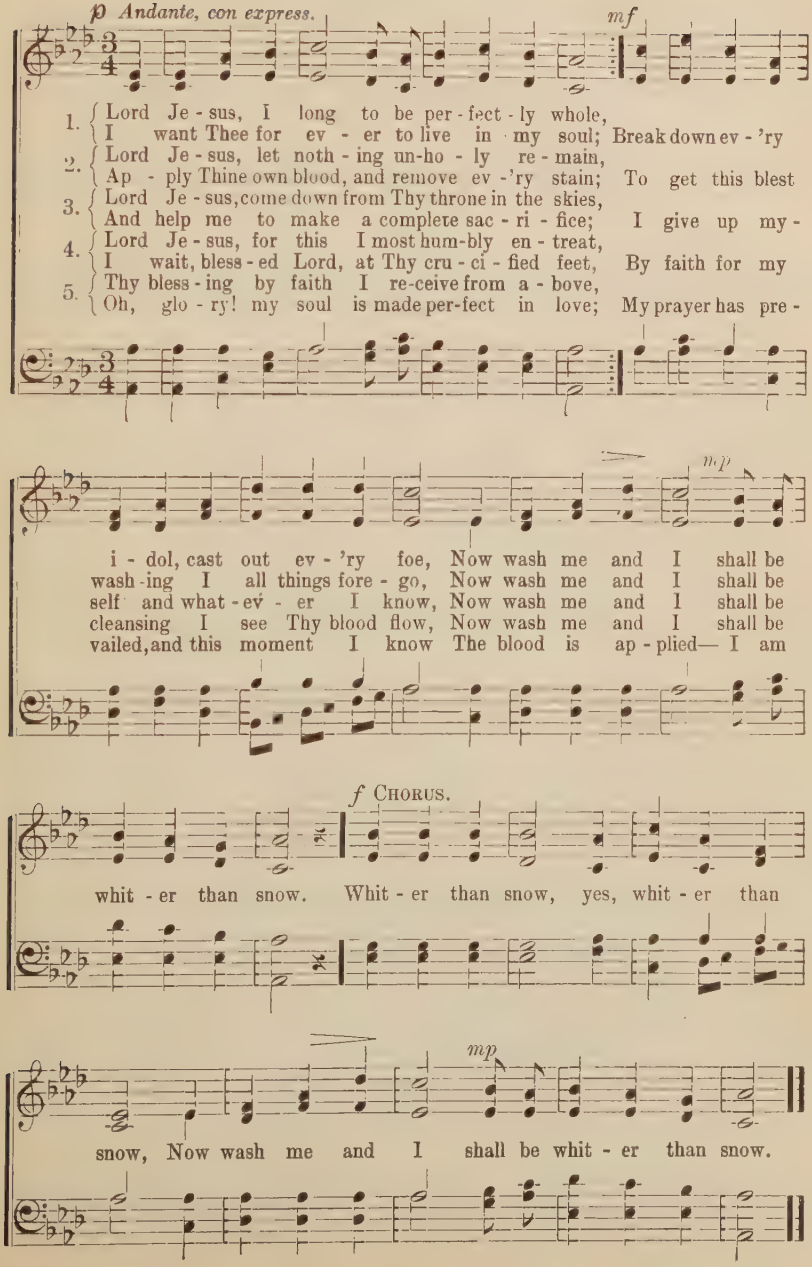
3 I want the faith that fires,
That gives me heat and light.
That all my soul with zeal inspires,
That makes me love to fight,
The faith that saves from sin,
That will for victory strive,
That brings the power of God within.
And keeps my soul alive.

At the Cross there's Room.

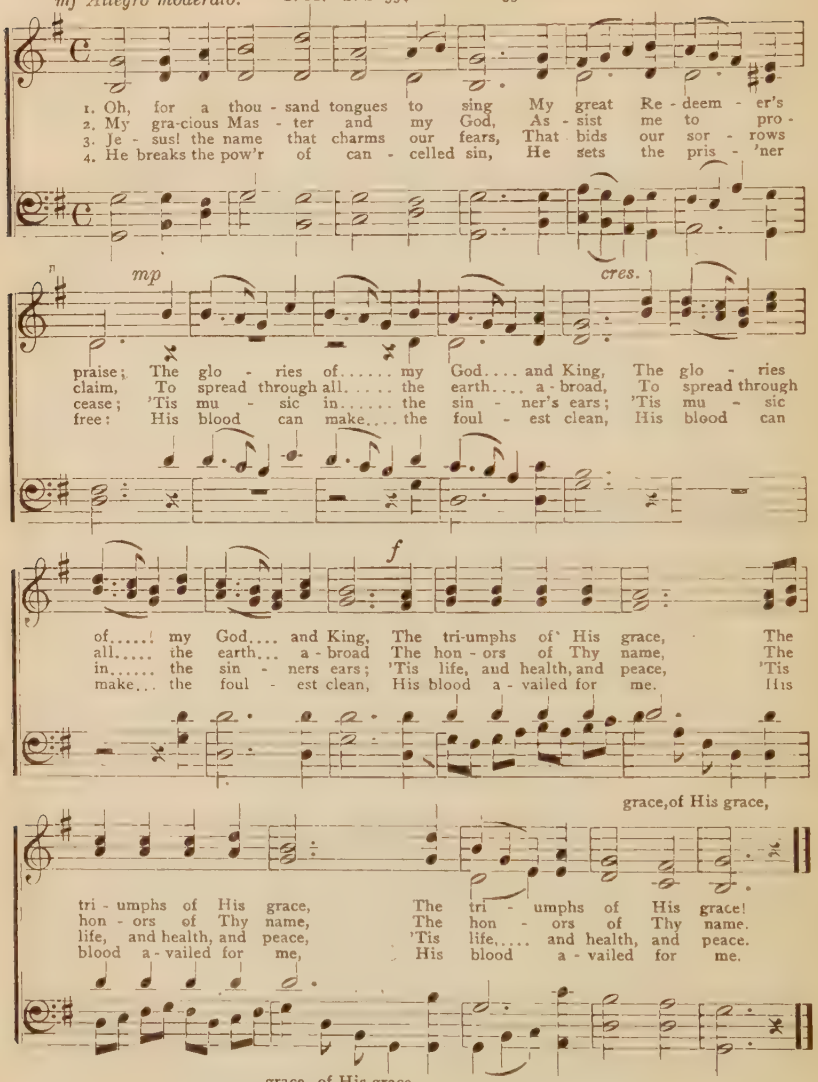
P. M. S. S. 32. B. M. I 209.

p Andante, con moto.

1. Sin - ner, where - so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room!
2. Haste thee, wan - d'rer, tar - ry not, At the cross there's room.
3. Thoughtless sin - ner, come to - day; At the cross there's room.
4. Bless - ed thought! For ev - 'ry one, At the cross there's room.
Tell the bur - den of thy heart, At the cross there's room!
Seek that con - se - crat - ed spot; At the cross there's room.
Hark! the Bride and Spi - rit say, At the cross there's room.
Love's a - ton - ing work is done; At the cross there's room.
cres.
f
Tell it in thy Sav-iour's ear, Cast a - way thy ev - 'ry fear;
Heav - y la - den, sore oppressed, Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
Now a liv - ing fount - ain see, O - pened there for you and me,
Streams of bound-less mer - cy flow, Free to all who thith - er go;
On - ly speak and He will hear; At the cross there's room.
In the Sav - iour find thy rest; At the cross there's room.
Rich and poor, and bond and free, At the cross there's room.
Oh! that all the world might know, At the cross there's room.

Lord Jesus, I Long.

11's. S. S. 399. B. M. I. 184.

p Andante, con express.
mf
1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole,
I want Thee for ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
2. Lord Je - sus, let noth - ing un-ho - ly re - main,
Ap - ply Thine own blood, and remove ev - 'ry stain; To get this blest
3. Lord Je - sus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my -
4. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat,
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith for my
5. Thy bless - ing by faith I re-ceive from a - bove,
Oh, glo - ry! my soul is made per-fect in love; My prayer has pre -
mp
i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe, Now wash me and I shall be
wash - ing I all things fore - go, Now wash me and I shall be
self and what - ev - er I know, Now wash me and I shall be
cleansing I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be
vailed, and this moment I know The blood is ap - plied— I am
f Chorus.
whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than
mp
snow, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

297 Oh, for a Thousand Tongues.

mf Allegro moderato. C. M. S. S. 334. B. M. I. 33.

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro -
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner
mp
cres.
praise; The glo - ries of..... my God.... and King, The glo - ries
claim, To spread through all..... the earth.... a - broad, To spread through
cease; 'Tis mu - sic in..... the sin - ner's ears; 'Tis mu - sic
free: His blood can make.... the foul - est clean, His blood can
f
of.....! my God.... and King, The tri-umphs of His grace, The
all..... the earth... a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name, The
in..... the sin - ners ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis
make... the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me. His
grace, of His grace,
tri - umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
hon - ors of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy name.
life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life,.... and health, and peace.
blood a - vailed for me, His blood a - vailed for me.
grace, of His grace,

298 Give Me a Heart.

C. M. Tune—297. S. S. 397. B. M. I. 33.

1 Give me a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely spilt for me!

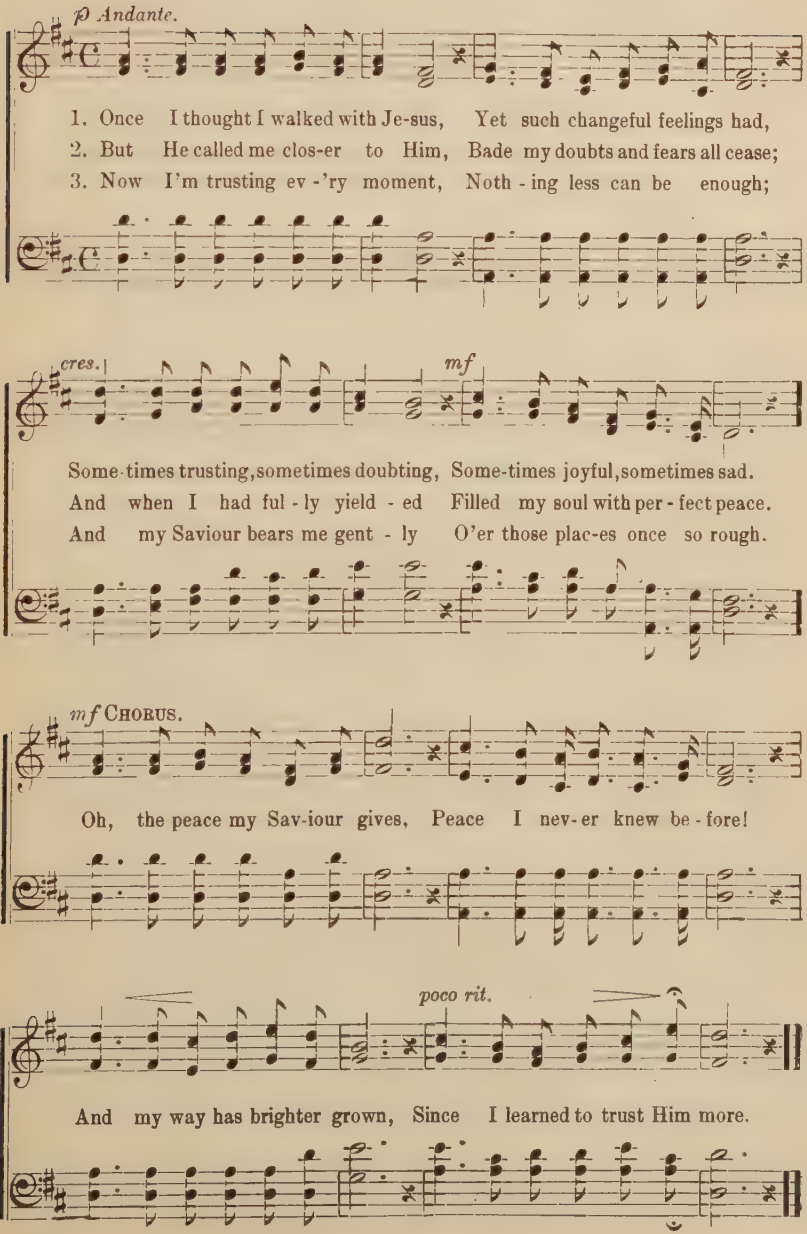
Cho.—Give me a heart like Thine!
By Thy wonderful power,
And Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

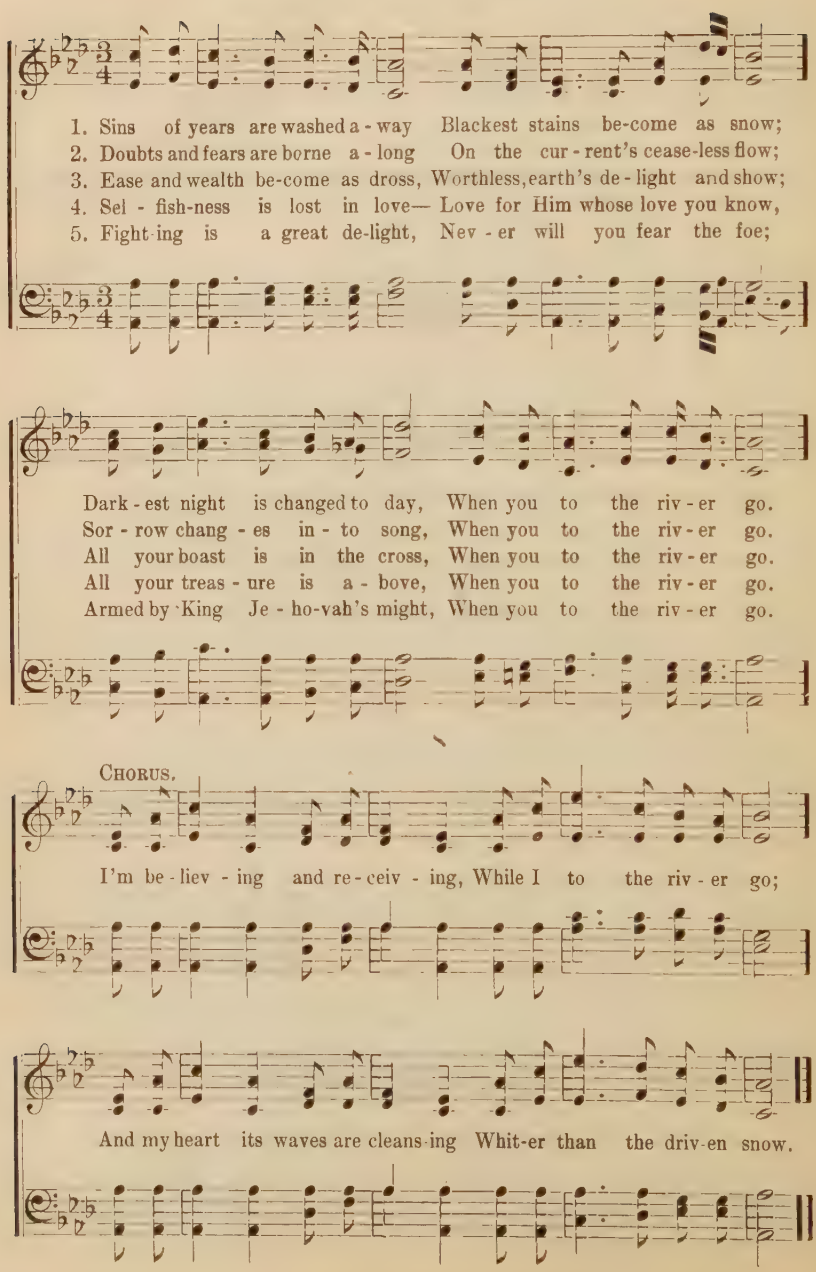
3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

Oh! the Peace my Saviour gives!

8's & 7's. S. S. 491. B. M. I. 150.

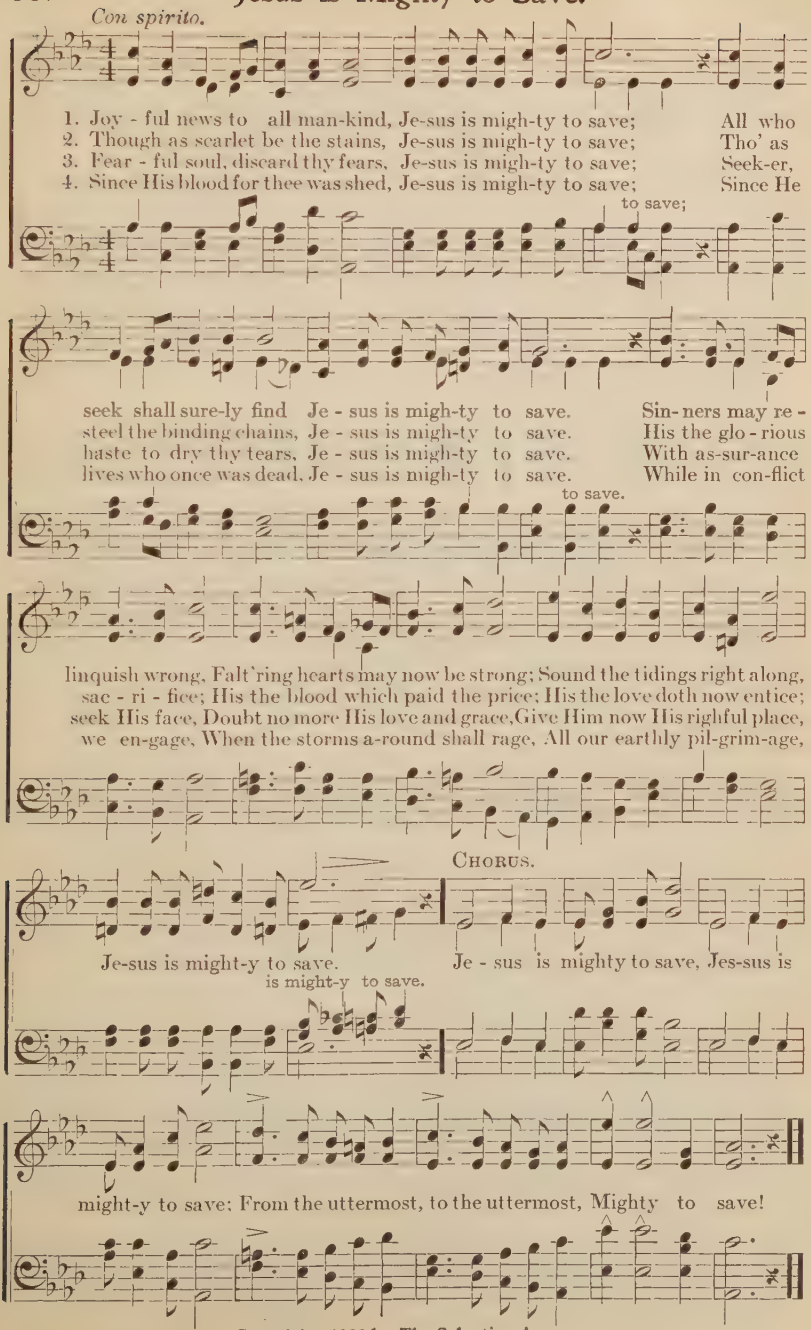

p Andante.
1. Once I thought I walked with Je-sus, Yet such changeful feelings had,
2. But He called me clos-er to Him, Bade my doubts and fears all cease;
3. Now I'm trusting ev-'ry moment, Noth-ing less can be enough;
cres.
mf
Some-times trusting, sometimes doubting, Some-times joyful, sometimes sad.
And when I had ful-ly yield-ed Filled my soul with per-fect peace.
And my Saviour bears me gent-ly O'er those plac-es once so rough.
mf CHORUS.
Oh, the peace my Sav-iour gives, Peace I nev-er knew be-fore!
poco rit.
And my way has brighter grown, Since I learned to trust Him more.

I'm Believing and Receiving.

7's. S. S. 490. B. M. I. 82.

1. Sins of years are washed a - way Blackest stains be-come as snow;
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur - rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be-come as dross, Worthless, earth's de - light and show;
4. Sel - fish-ness is lost in love— Love for Him whose love you know,
5. Fight-ing is a great de-light, Nev - er will you fear the foe;
Dark - est night is changed to day, When you to the riv - er go.
Sor - row chang - es in - to song, When you to the riv - er go.
All your boast is in the cross, When you to the riv - er go.
All your treas - ure is a - bove, When you to the riv - er go.
Armed by King Je - ho-vah's might, When you to the riv - er go.
Chorus.
I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the riv - er go;
And my heart its waves are cleans-ing Whit-er than the driv-en snow.

Jesus is Mighty to Save.

Con spirito.


1. Joy - ful news to all man-kind, Je-sus is migh-ty to save; All who
2. Though as scarlet be the stains, Je-sus is migh-ty to save; Tho' as
3. Fear - ful soul, discard thy fears, Je-sus is migh-ty to save; Seek-er,
4. Since His blood for thee was shed, Je-sus is migh-ty to save; Since He
to save;
seek shall sure-ly find Je - sus is migh-ty to save. Sin-ners may re -
steel the binding chains, Je - sus is migh-ty to save. His the glo - rious
haste to dry thy tears, Je - sus is migh-ty to save. With as-sur-ance
lives who once was dead, Je - sus is migh-ty to save. While in con-flict
to save.
linquish wrong, Falt'ring hearts may now be strong; Sound the tidings right along,
sac - ri - fice; His the blood which paid the price; His the love doth now entice;
seek His face, Doubt no more His love and grace, Give Him now His rightful place,
we en-gage, When the storms a-round shall rage, All our earthly pil-grim-age,
CHORUS.
Je-sus is might-y to save.
Je - sus is mighty to save, Jes-sus is
is might-y to save.
might-y to save; From the uttermost, to the uttermost, Mighty to save!

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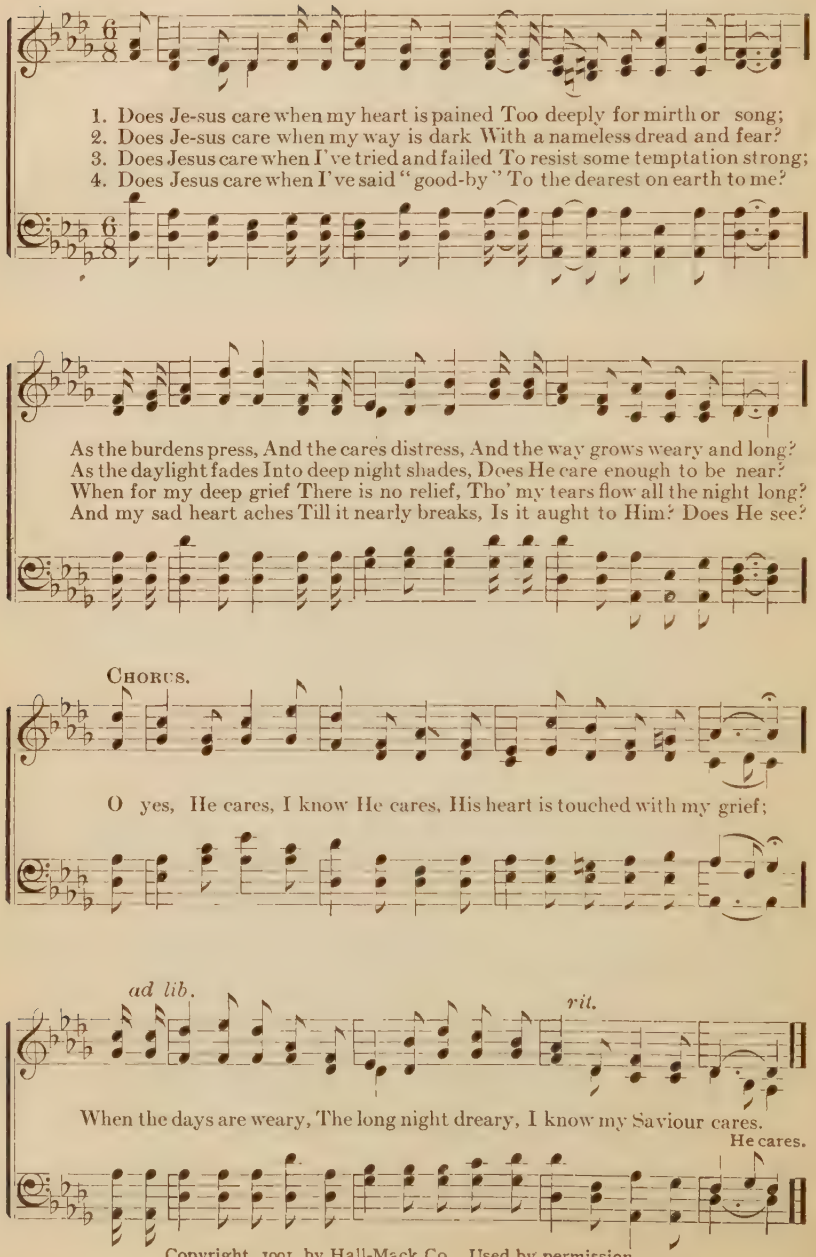
Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-by" To the dearest on earth to me?
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief There is no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks, Is it aught to Him? Does He see?
Chorus.
O yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;
ad lib.
rit.
When the days are weary, The long night dreary, I know my Saviour cares.
He cares.

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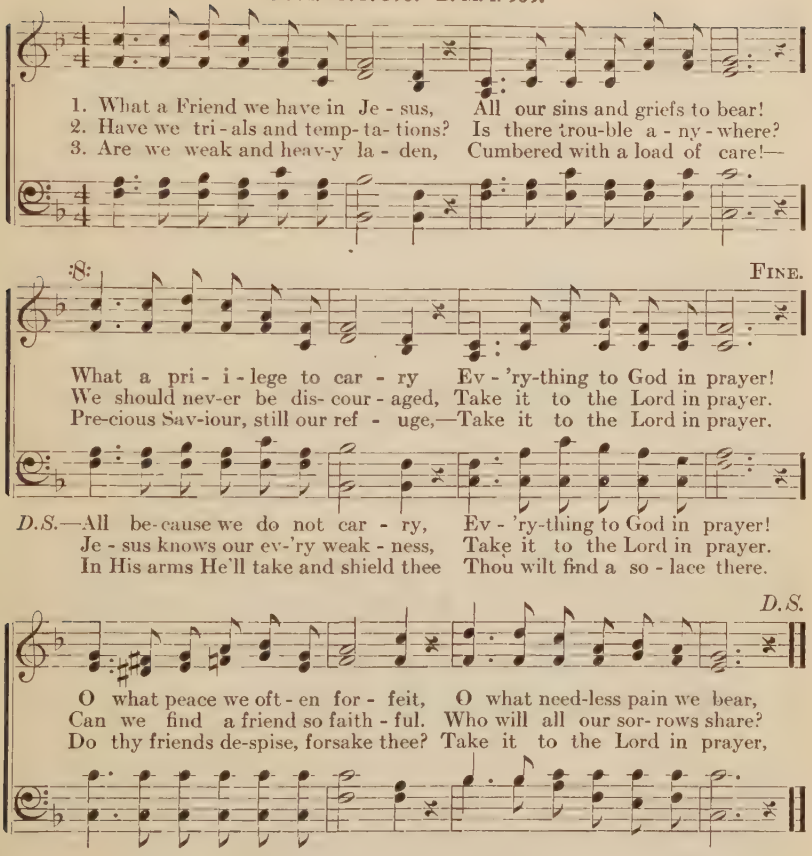
303 What a Friend.

8s. 7s.—S. S. 513. B. M. I. 161.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta- tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care!—
:S:
FINE.
What a pri - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis- cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee Thou wilt find a so - lace there.
D.S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful. Who will all our sor- rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer,

304 Wanted, Hearts.

Tune—303.

1 Wanted, hearts baptized with fire,
Hearts completely cleansed from sin;
Hearts that will go to the mire,
Hearts that dare do aught for Him.
Hearts that will be firmer, braver,
Hearts like heroes gone before;
Hearts enjoying God's full favor,
Hearts to love Him more and more.

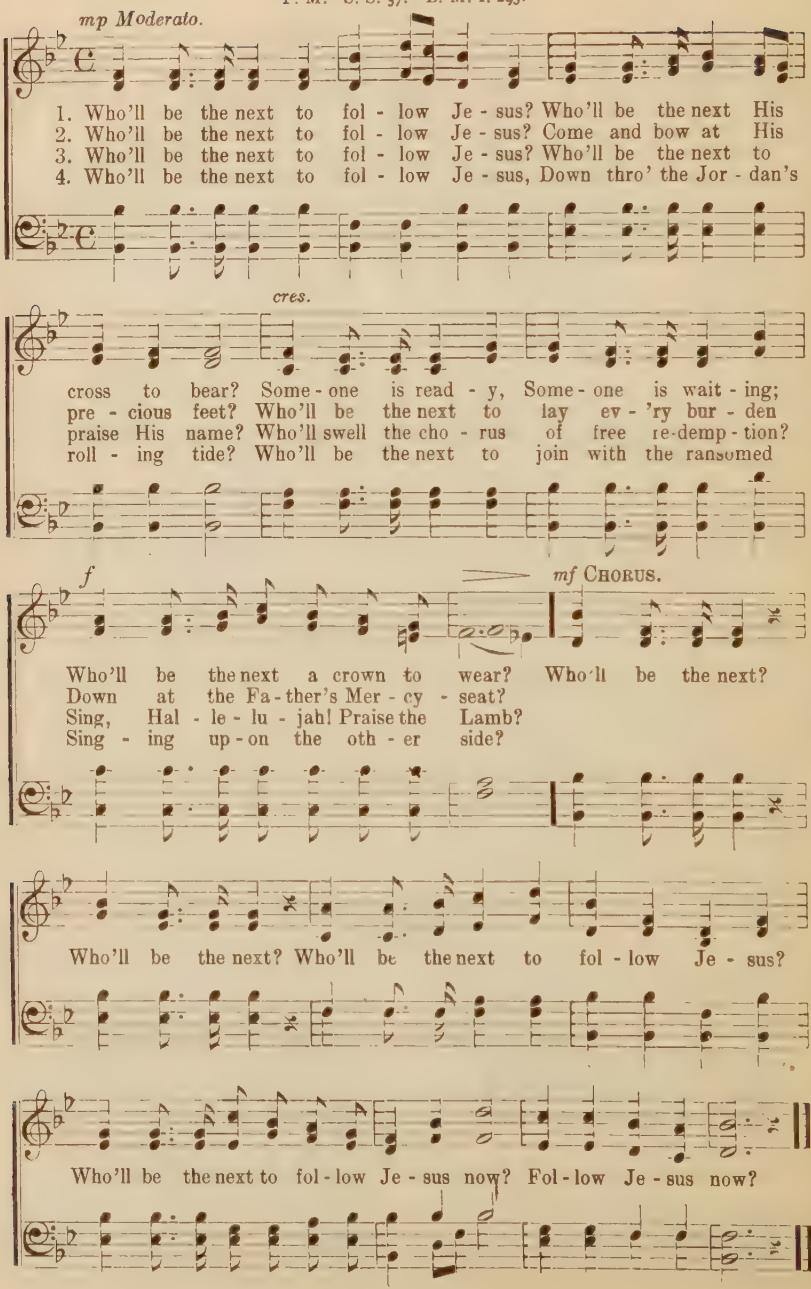
CHORUS.

Hearts to hoist the colors bravely,
Hearts to share the hardest fight;
Hearts that know their duty clearly,
Hearts to dare and do the right.

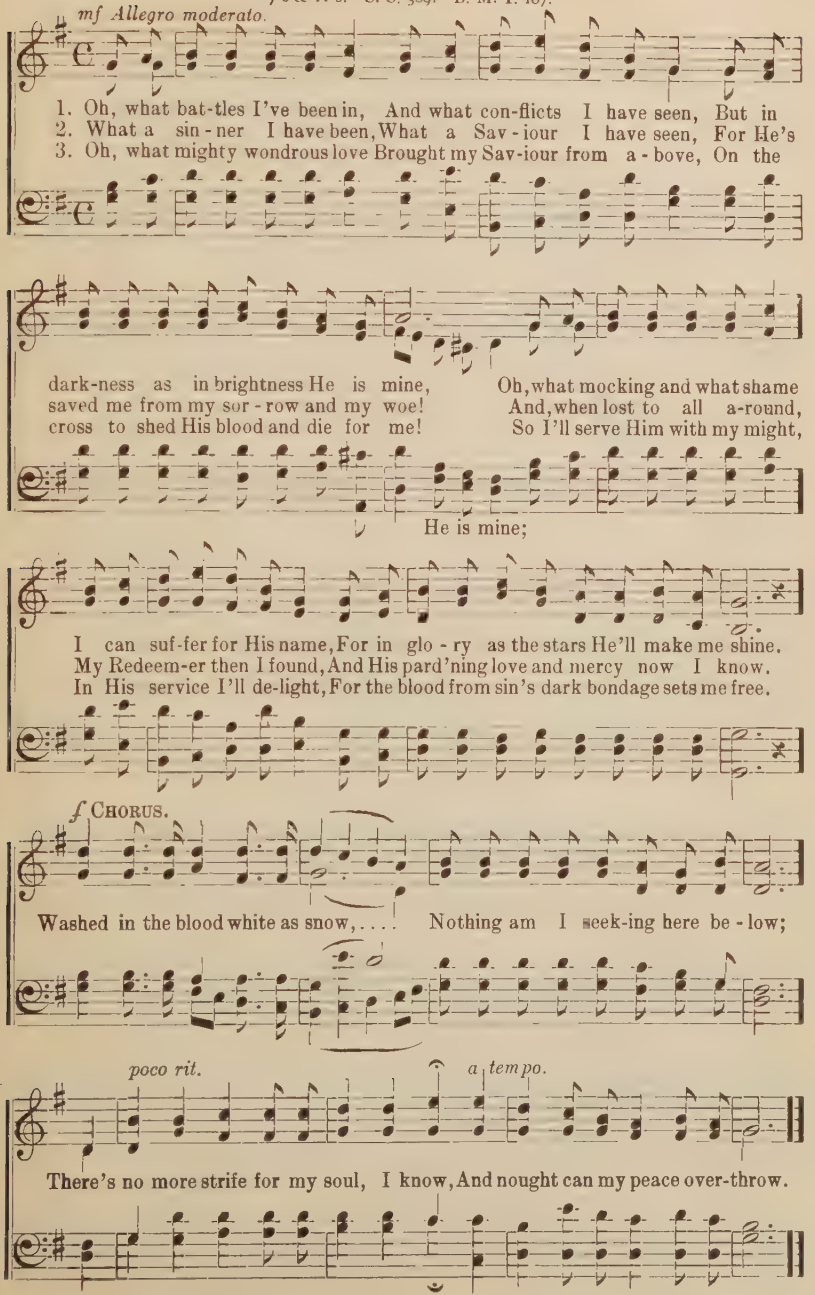
2 Wanted, hearts that beat true ever,
Hearts that can for others feel;
Hearts that prove the traitor never,
Hearts that will the wounded heal.
Hearts o'erflowing with compassion,
Hearts renewed by grace divine;
Hearts aglow with full salvation,
Hearts to do "Thy will, not mine!"

3 Wanted hearts to love the masses,
Hearts to help Him seek the lost
Hearts to help Him save all classes,
Hearts to help Him save the worst.
Hearts to share with Him the weeping,
Hearts to bear with Him the cross;
Hearts to help Him with the reaping,
Hearts to trust through gain or loss.

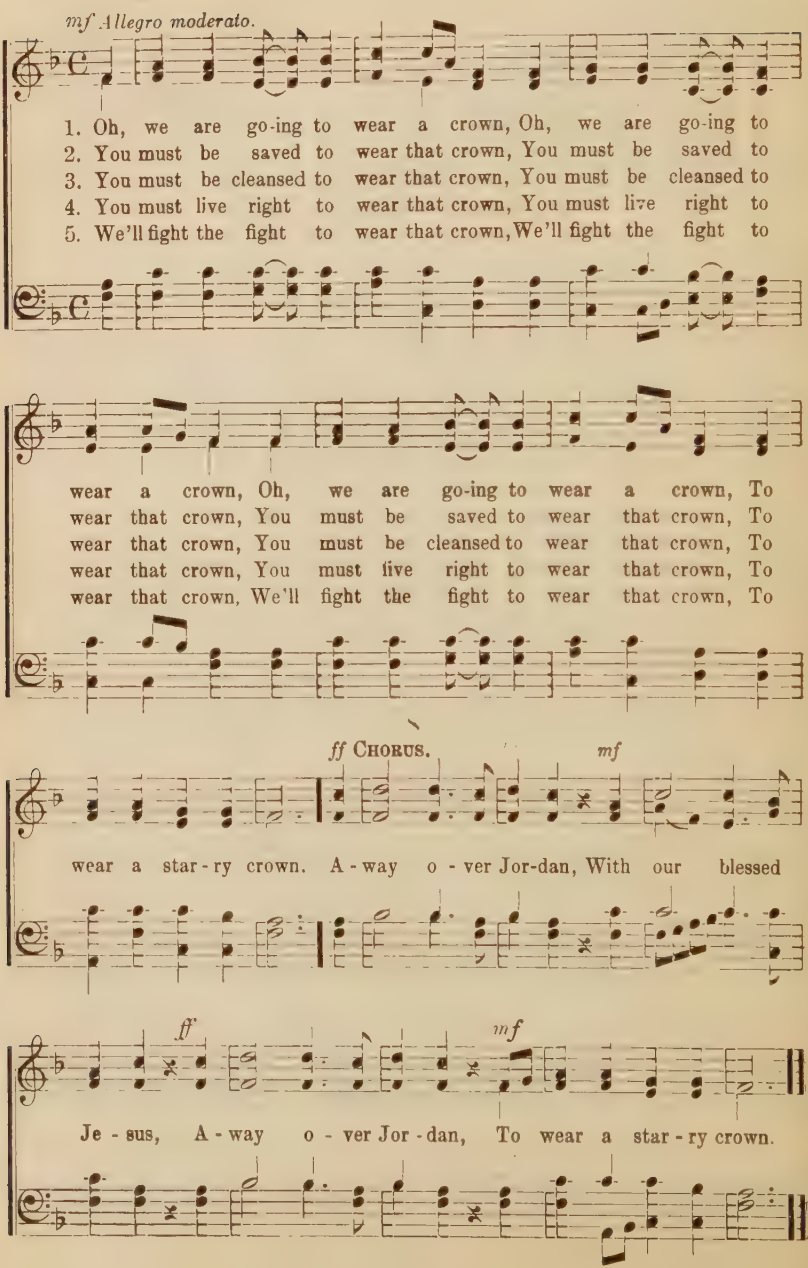
Who'll be the Next?

P. M. S. S. 57. B. M. I. 293.

mp Moderato.
1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Come and bow at His
3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to
4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus, Down thro' the Jor - dan's
cres.
cross to bear? Some - one is read - y, Some - one is wait - ing;
pre - cious feet? Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den
praise His name? Who'll swell the cho - rus of free re-demp - tion?
roll - ing tide? Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed
f
mf CHORUS.
Who'll be the next a crown to wear? Who'll be the next?
Down at the Fa - ther's Mer - cy - seat?
Sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lamb?
Sing - ing up - on the oth - er side?
Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?
Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?

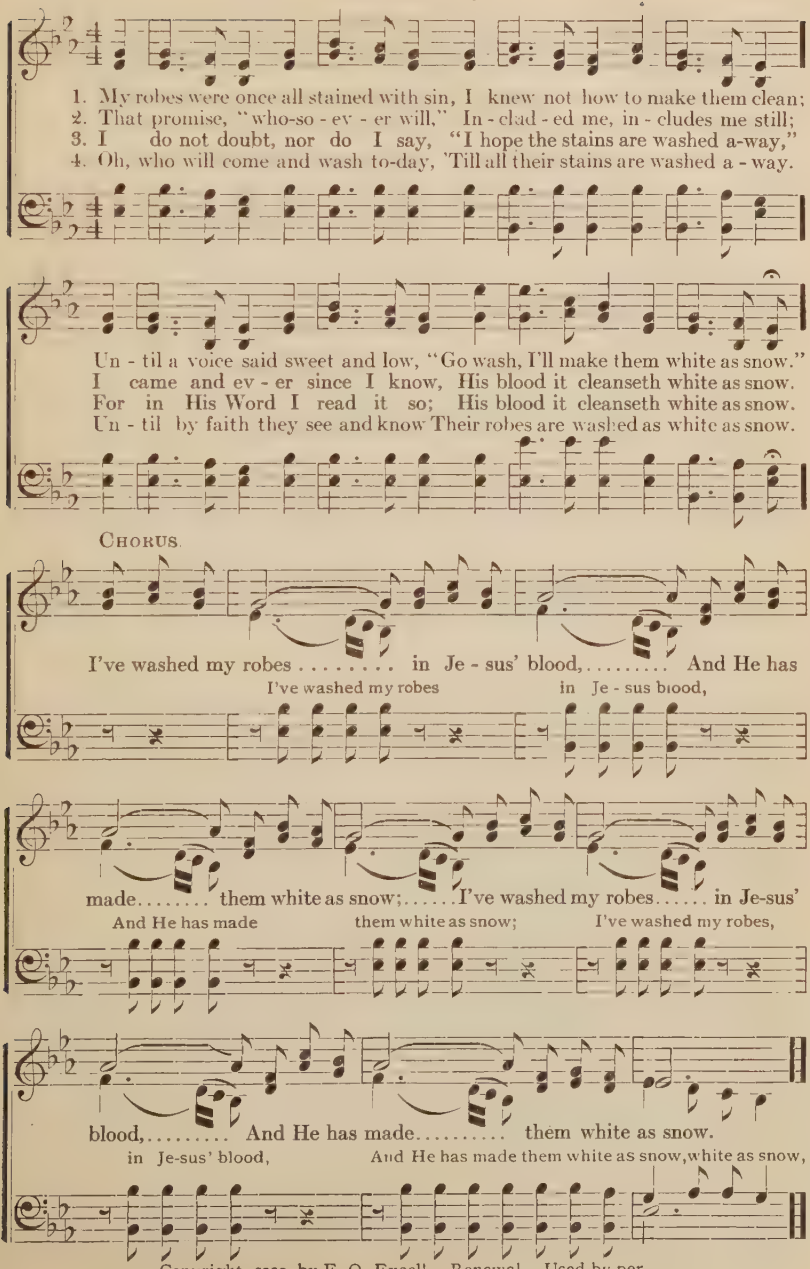
Oh, What Battles I've Been In.

7's & 11's. S. S. 589. B. M. I. 107.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. Oh, what bat-tles I've been in, And what con-flicts I have seen, But in
2. What a sin-ner I have been, What a Sav-iour I have seen, For He's
3. Oh, what mighty wondrous love Brought my Sav-iour from a-bove, On the
dark-ness as in brightness He is mine,
saved me from my sor-row and my woe!
cross to shed His blood and die for me!
Oh, what mocking and what shame
And, when lost to all a-round,
So I'll serve Him with my might,
He is mine;
I can suf-fer for His name, For in glo-ry as the stars He'll make me shine.
My Redeem-er then I found, And His pard'ning love and mercy now I know.
In His service I'll de-light, For the blood from sin's dark bondage sets me free.
f Chorus.
Washed in the blood white as snow, ... Nothing am I seek-ing here be-low;
poco rit.
a tempo.
There's no more strife for my soul, I know, And nought can my peace over-throw.

Away Over Jordan.

8. 8. 8. 6. S. S. 653. B. M. I. 133.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. Oh, we are go-ing to wear a crown, Oh, we are go-ing to
2. You must be saved to wear that crown, You must be saved to
3. You must be cleansed to wear that crown, You must be cleansed to
4. You must live right to wear that crown, You must live right to
5. We'll fight the fight to wear that crown, We'll fight the fight to
wear a crown, Oh, we are go-ing to wear a crown, To
wear that crown, You must be saved to wear that crown, To
wear that crown, You must be cleansed to wear that crown, To
wear that crown, You must live right to wear that crown, To
wear that crown, We'll fight the fight to wear that crown, To
ff CHORUS.
mf
wear a star-ry crown. A-way o-ver Jor-dan, With our blessed
ff
mf
Je-sus, A-way o-ver Jor-dan, To wear a star-ry crown.

I've Washed My Robes.

E. O. E. L. M—S. S.. 293. B. J. 335. E. O. Excell.

1. My robes were once all stained with sin, I knew not how to make them clean;
2. That promise, "who-so - ev - er will," In - clud - ed me, in - cludes me still;
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are washed a-way,"
4. Oh, who will come and wash to-day, 'Till all their stains are washed a - way.
Un - til a voice said sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
I came and ev - er since I know, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
For in His Word I read it so; His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are washed as white as snow.
Chorus.
I've washed my robes ..... in Je - sus' blood, ... And He has
I've washed my robes in Je - sus blood,
made..... them white as snow; ..... I've washed my robes..... in Je-sus'
And He has made them white as snow; I've washed my robes,
blood, ... And He has made..... them white as snow.
in Je-sus' blood, And He has made them white as snow, white as snow,

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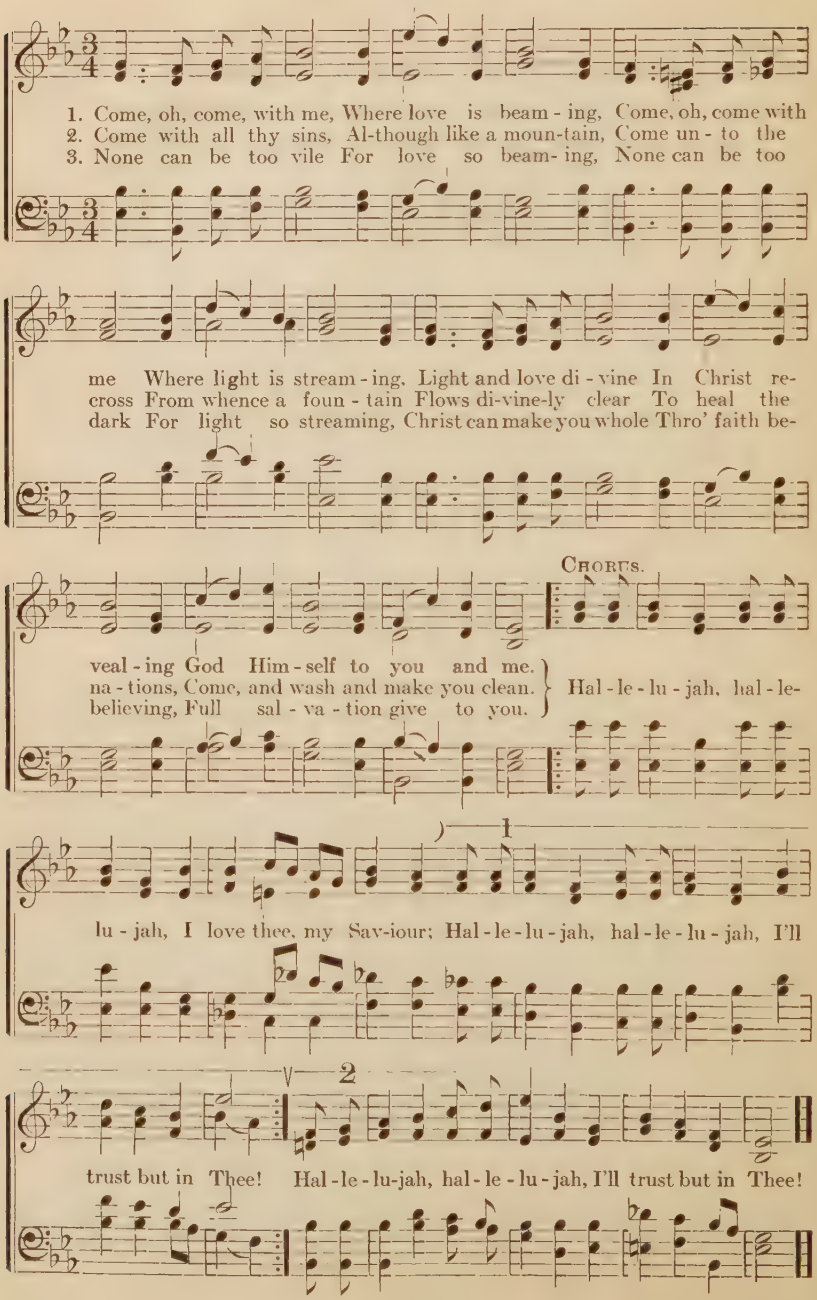
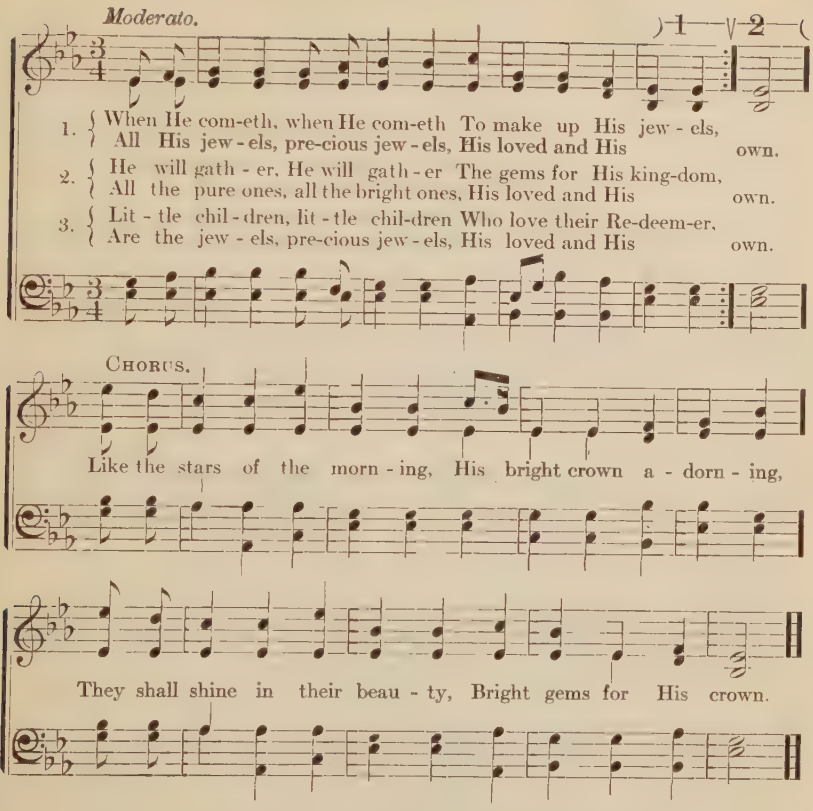
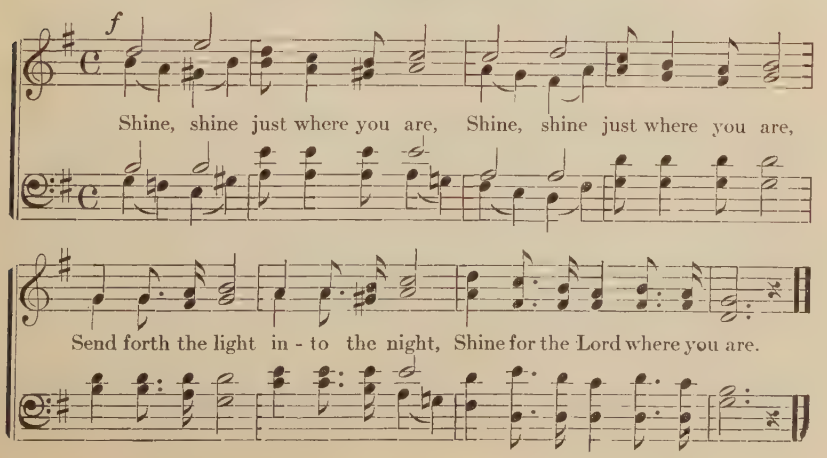
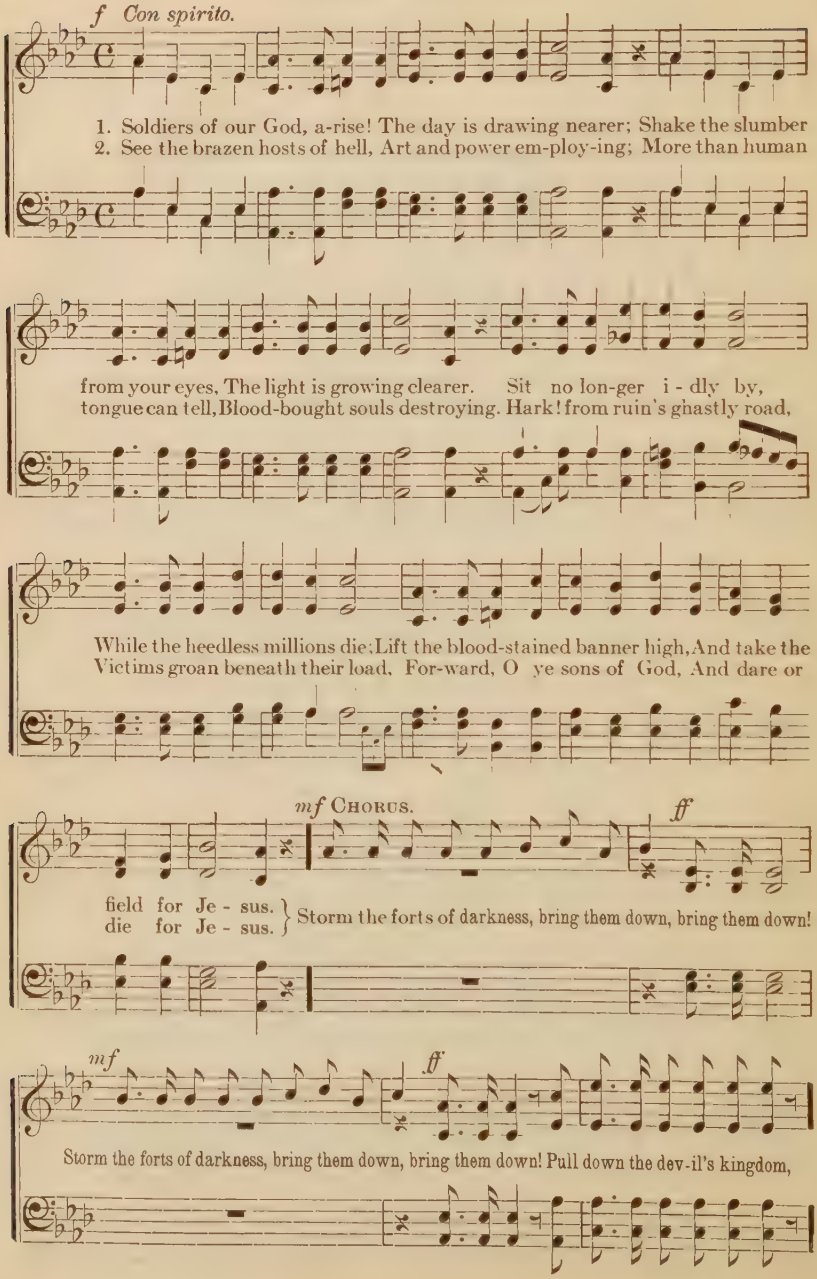
Come, Oh, Come With Me.

1. Come, oh, come, with me, Where love is beam - ing, Come, oh, come with
2. Come with all thy sins, Al-though like a moun-tain, Come un - to the
3. None can be too vile For love so beam- ing, None can be too
me Where light is stream - ing, Light and love di - vine In Christ re-
cross From whence a foun - tain Flows di-vine-ly clear To heal the
dark For light so streaming, Christ can make you whole Thro' faith be-
CHORUS.
veal - ing God Him - self to you and me.
na - tions, Come, and wash and make you clean.
believing, Full sal - va - tion give to you.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le-
lu - jah, I love thee, my Sav-iour; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll
1
2
trust but in Thee! Hal - le - lu-jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll trust but in Thee!

Moderato.
1 2
1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew - els,
All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil-dren Who love their Re-deem-er,
Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
Chorus.
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

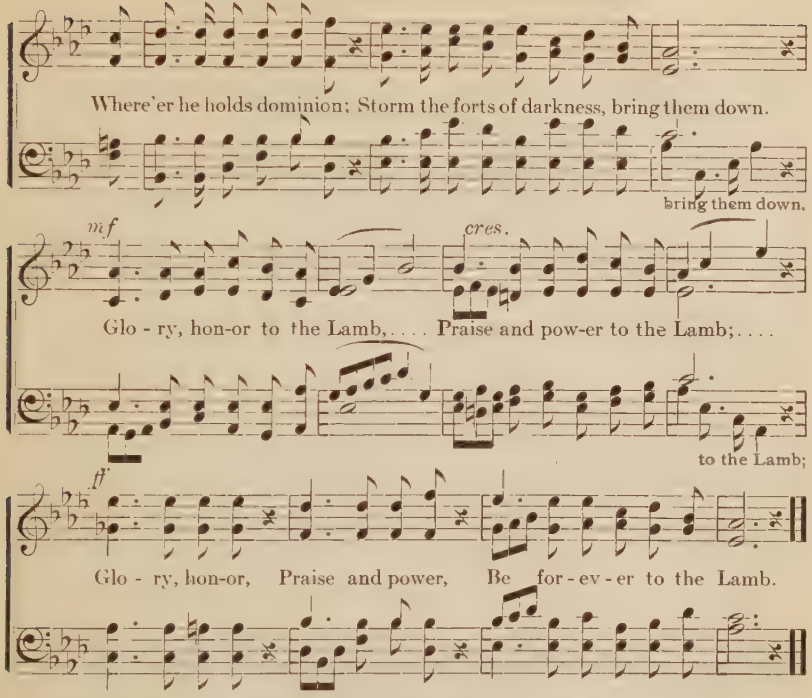
311 Shine Where You Are.


f
Shine, shine just where you are, Shine, shine just where you are,
Send forth the light in - to the night, Shine for the Lord where you are.

Storm the Forts of Darkness.

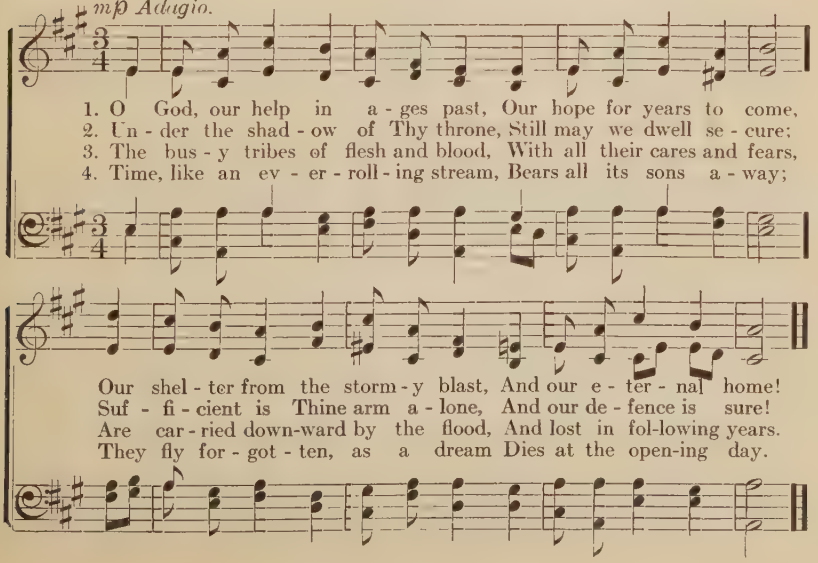
P. M.—S. S. 536. B. M. I. 273.


f Con spirito.
1. Soldiers of our God, a-rise! The day is drawing nearer; Shake the slumber
2. See the brazen hosts of hell, Art and power em-ploy-ing; More than human
from your eyes, The light is growing clearer. Sit no lon-ger i - dly by,
tongue can tell, Blood-bought souls destroying. Hark! from ruin's ghastly road,
While the heedless millions die; Lift the blood-stained banner high, And take the
Victims groan beneath their load. For-ward, O ye sons of God, And dare or
mf Chorus.
ff
field for Je - sus.
die for Je - sus.
Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down, bring them down!
mf
ff
Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down, bring them down! Pull down the dev-il's kingdom,


Where'er he holds dominion; Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down.
bring them down.
mf
cres.
Glo - ry, hon-or to the Lamb,.... Praise and pow-er to the Lamb;....
to the Lamb;
ff
Glo - ry, hon-or, Praise and power, Be for - ev - er to the Lamb.

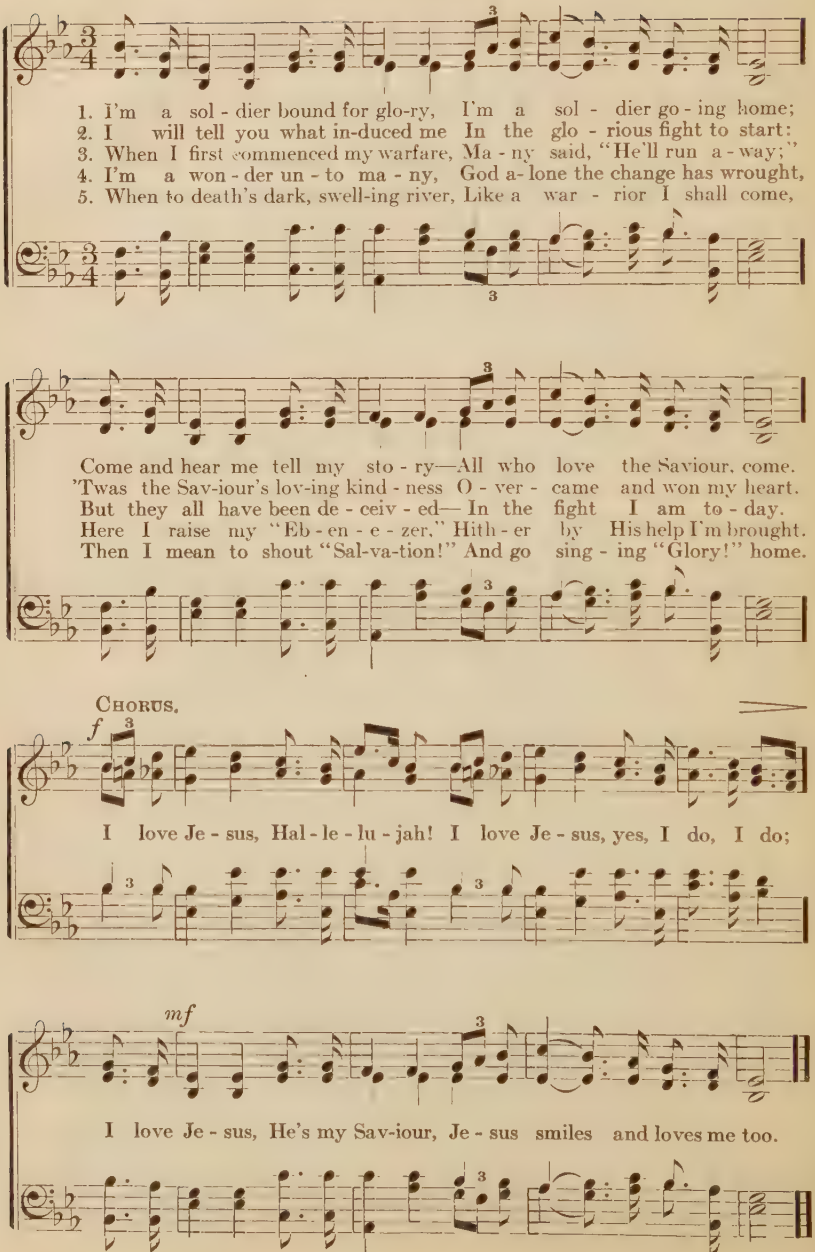
313 O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

C. M.—S. S. 465. B. M. I. 31.

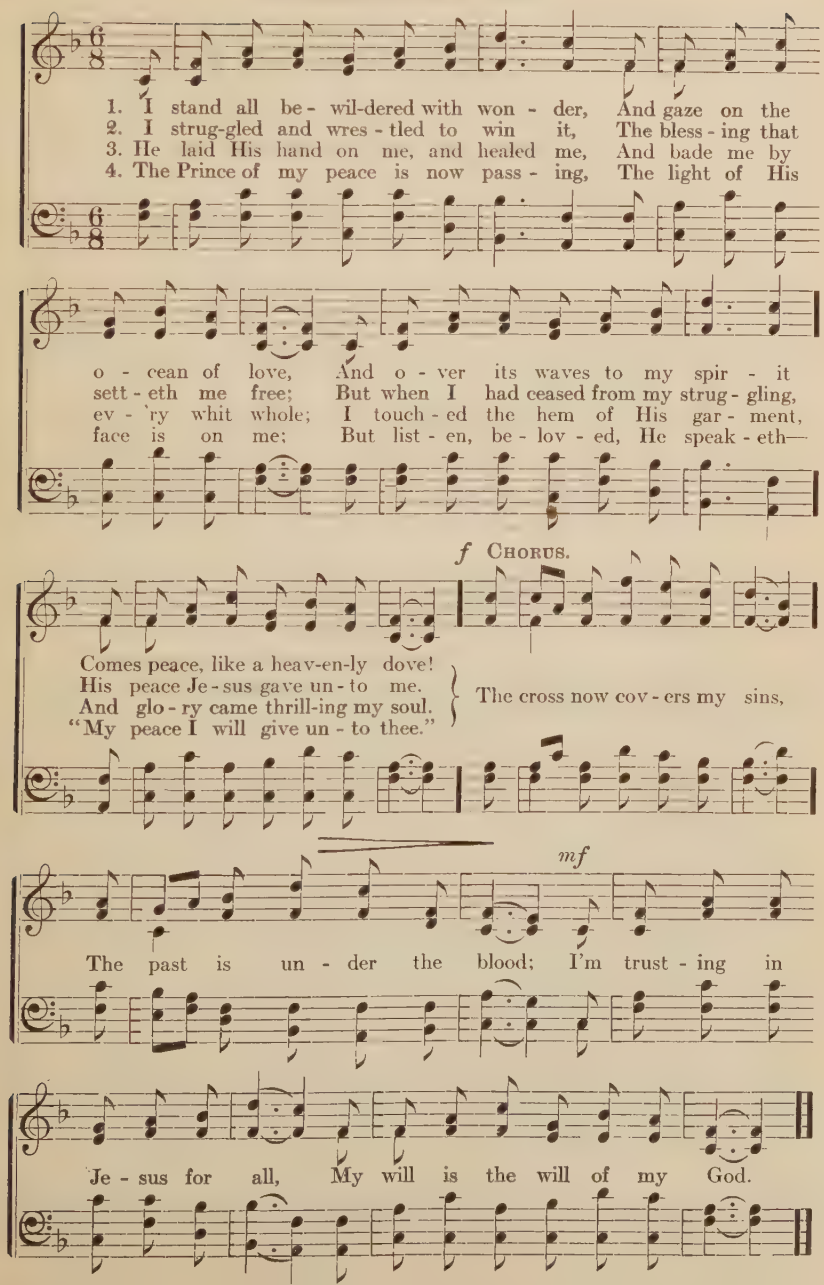

mp Adagio.
1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. The bus - y tribes of flesh and blood, With all their cares and fears,
4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure!
Are car - ried down-ward by the flood, And lost in fol-lowing years.
They fly for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the open-ing day.

I Love Jesus.

8s. 7s.—S. S. 276.

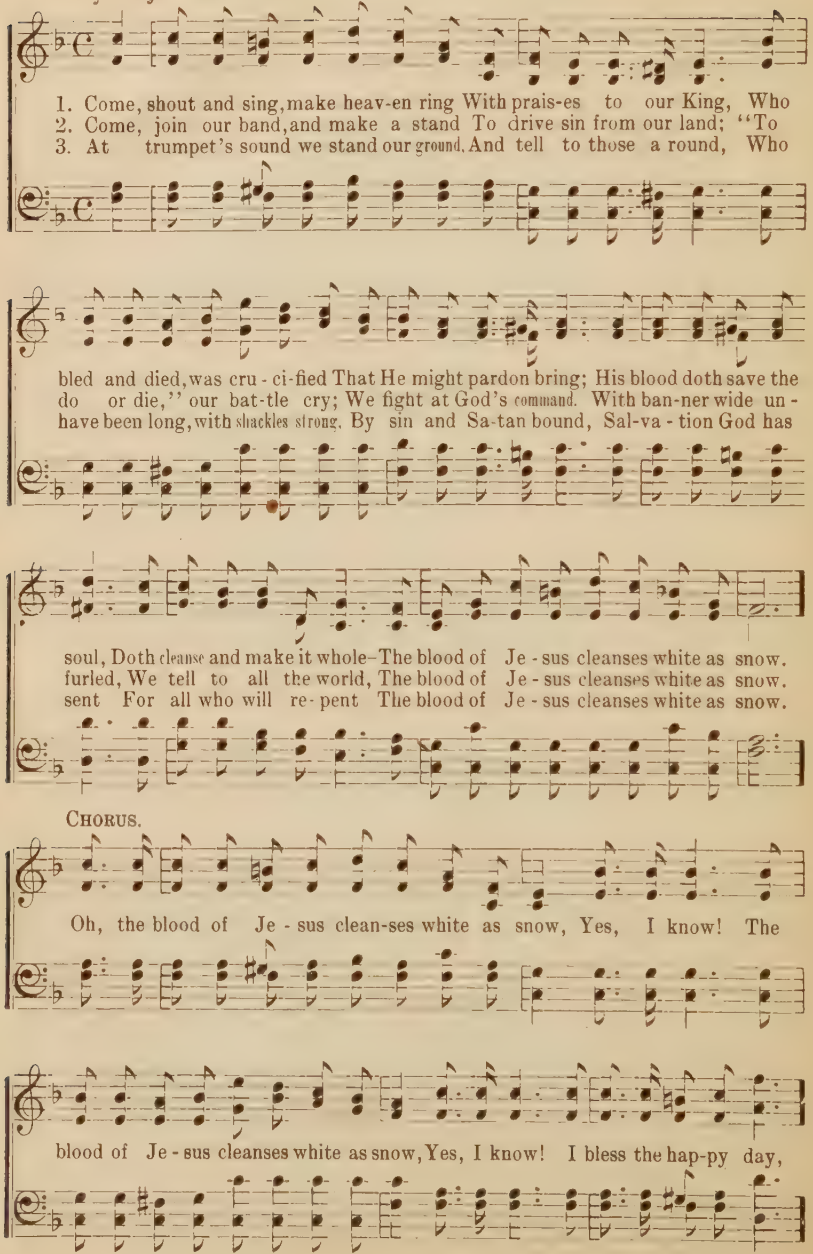

1. I'm a sol - dier bound for glo-ry, I'm a sol - dier go - ing home;
2. I will tell you what in-duced me In the glo - rious fight to start:
3. When I first commenced my warfare, Ma - ny said, "He'll run a - way;"
4. I'm a won - der un - to ma - ny, God a- lone the change has wrought,
5. When to death's dark, swell-ing river, Like a war - rior I shall come,
Come and hear me tell my sto - ry—All who love the Saviour, come.
'Twas the Sav-iour's lov-ing kind - ness O - ver - came and won my heart.
But they all have been de - ceiv - ed— In the fight I am to - day.
Here I raise my "Eb - en - e - zer," Hith - er by His help I'm brought.
Then I mean to shout "Sal-va-tion!" And go sing - ing "Glory!" home.
Chorus.
f
I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do;
mf
I love Je - sus, He's my Sav-iour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

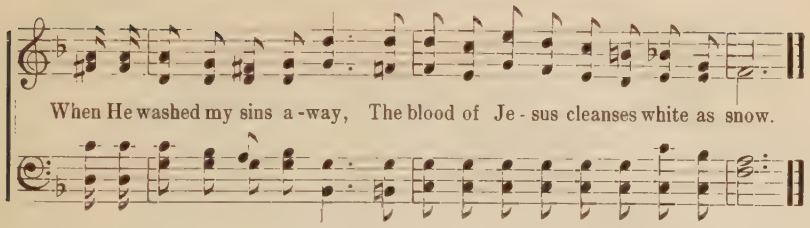
The Cross Now Covers My Sins.

8's. (4 lines.)—S. S. 493. B. M. I. 112.

1. I stand all be - wil-dered with won - der, And gaze on the
2. I strug-gled and wres - tled to win it, The bless - ing that
3. He laid His hand on me, and healed me, And bade me by
4. The Prince of my peace is now pass - ing, The light of His
o - cean of love, And o - ver its waves to my spir - it
sett - eth me free; But when I had ceased from my strug - gling,
ev - 'ry whit whole; I touch - ed the hem of His gar - ment,
face is on me; But list - en, be - lov - ed, He speak - eth—
f CHORUS.
Comes peace, like a heav-en-ly dove!
His peace Je - sus gave un - to me.
And glo - ry came thrill-ing my soul.
"My peace I will give un - to thee."
The cross now cov - ers my sins,
mf
The past is un - der the blood; I'm trust - ing in
Je - sus for all, My will is the will of my God.

Come, Shout and Sing.

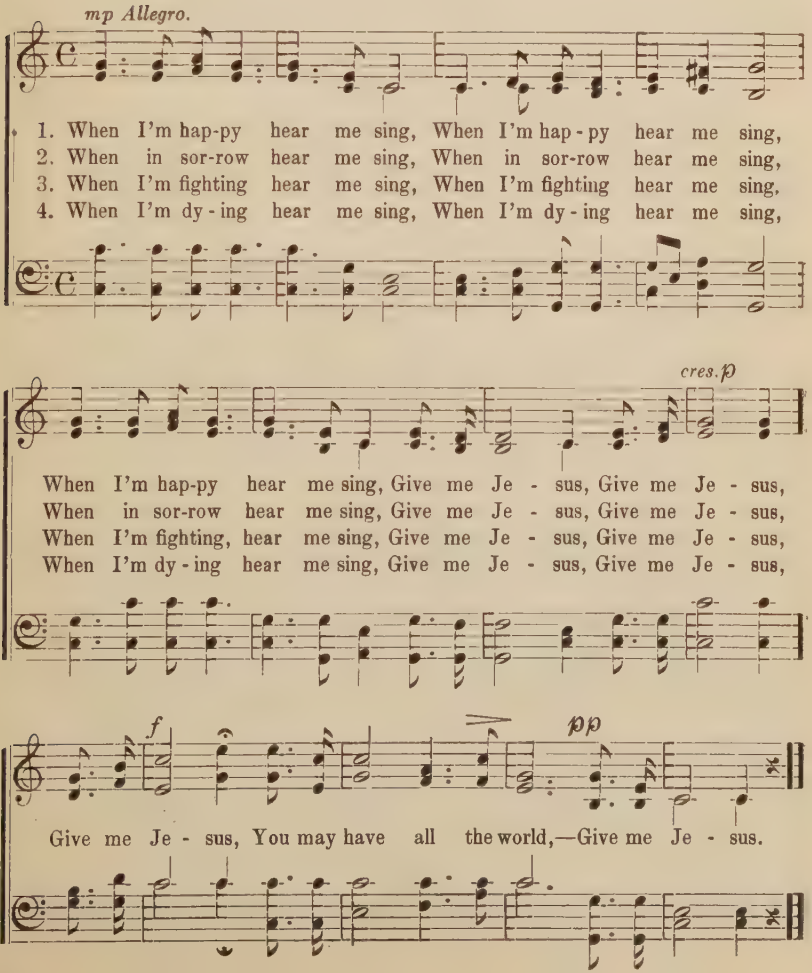
P. M. S. S 597. B. M. I 221.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Come, shout and sing, make heav-en ring With prais-es to our King, Who
2. Come, join our band, and make a stand To drive sin from our land; "To
3. At trumpet's sound we stand our ground, And tell to those a round, Who
bled and died, was cru - ci-fied That He might pardon bring; His blood doth save the
do or die," our bat-tle cry; We fight at God's command. With ban-ner wide un -
have been long, with shackles strong. By sin and Sa-tan bound, Sal-va - tion God has
soul, Doth cleanse and make it whole—The blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
furled, We tell to all the world, The blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
sent For all who will re - pent The blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
CHORUS.
Oh, the blood of Je - sus clean-ses white as snow, Yes, I know! The
blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow, Yes, I know! I bless the hap-py day,



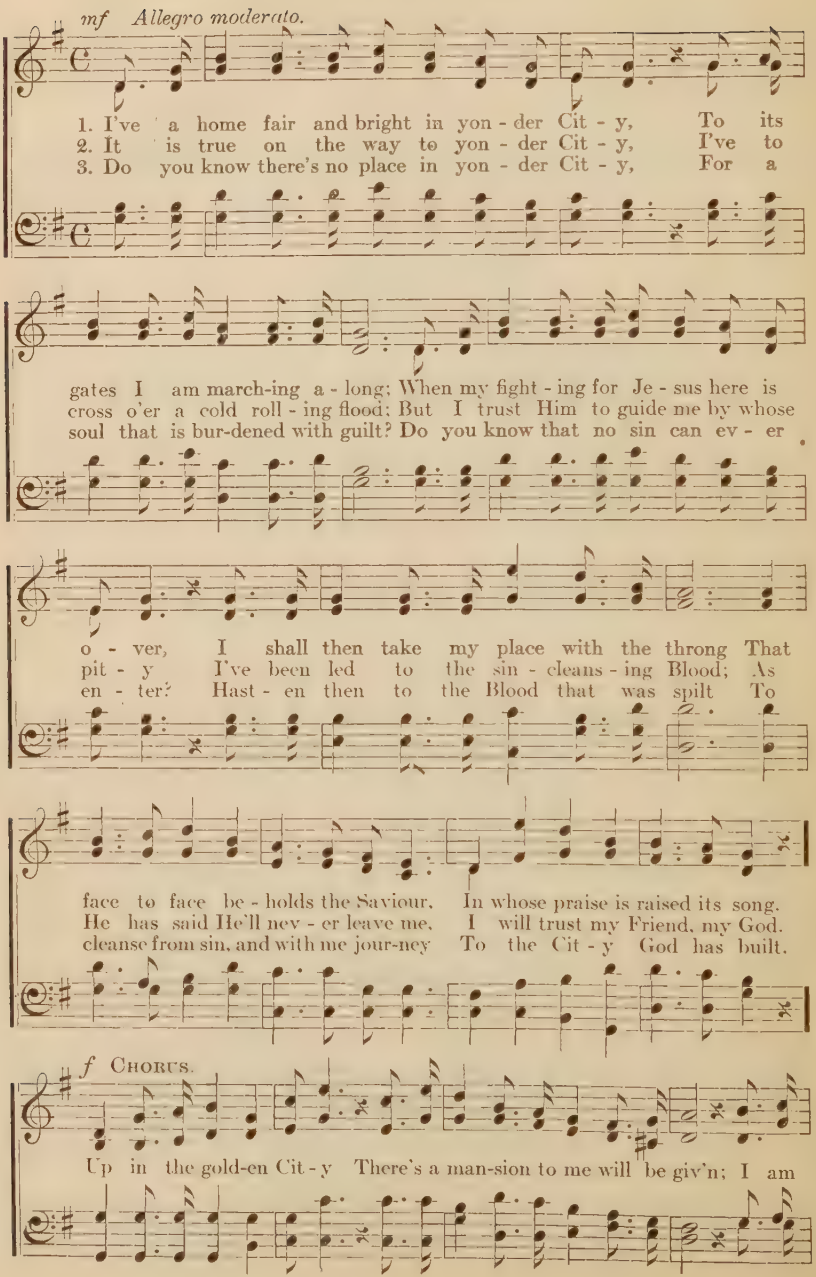
317 Give Me Jesus.

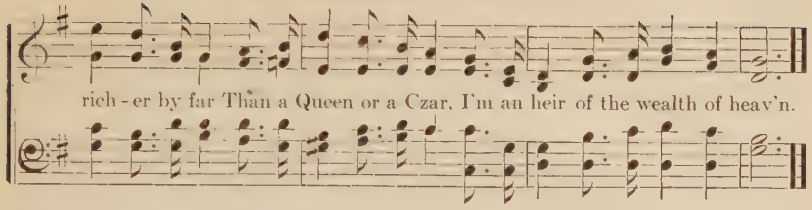
P. M. S. S. 216. B. M. I. 229.


mp Allegro.
1. When I'm hap-py hear me sing, When I'm hap-py hear me sing,
2. When in sor-row hear me sing, When in sor-row hear me sing,
3. When I'm fighting hear me sing, When I'm fighting hear me sing,
4. When I'm dy-ing hear me sing, When I'm dy-ing hear me sing,
cres. p
When I'm hap-py hear me sing, Give me Je-sus, Give me Je-sus,
When in sor-row hear me sing, Give me Je-sus, Give me Je-sus,
When I'm fighting, hear me sing, Give me Je-sus, Give me Je-sus,
When I'm dy-ing hear me sing, Give me Je-sus, Give me Je-sus,
f
pp
Give me Je-sus, You may have all the world,—Give me Je-sus.

The Golden City.

S. S. 670. B. J. 182.

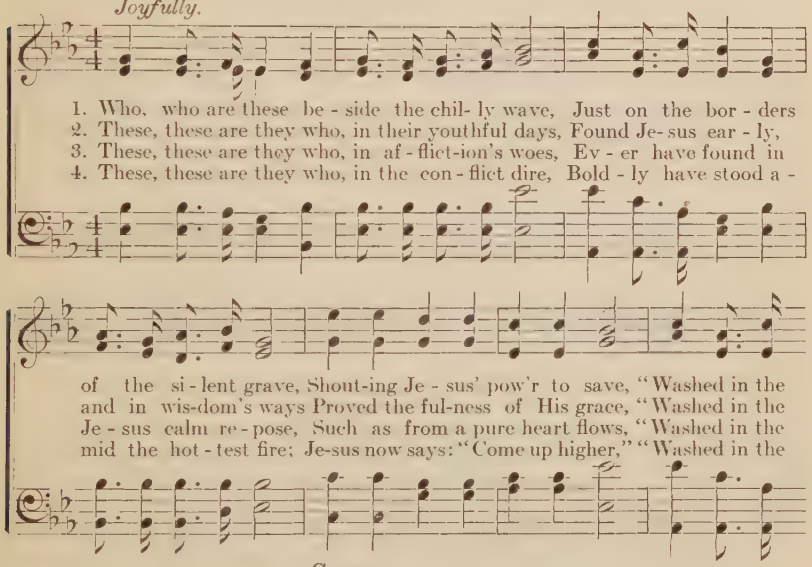

mf Allegro moderato.
1. I've a home fair and bright in yon - der Cit - y, To its
2. It is true on the way to yon - der Cit - y, I've to
3. Do you know there's no place in yon - der Cit - y, For a
gates I am march-ing a - long; When my fight - ing for Je - sus here is
cross o'er a cold roll - ing flood; But I trust Him to guide me by whose
soul that is bur-dened with guilt? Do you know that no sin can ev - er
o - ver, I shall then take my place with the throng That
pit - y I've been led to the sin - cleans - ing Blood; As
en - ter? Hast - en then to the Blood that was spilt To
face to face be - holds the Saviour, In whose praise is raised its song.
He has said He'll nev - er leave me, I will trust my Friend, my God.
cleanse from sin, and with me jour-ney To the Cit - y God has built.
f Chorus.
Up in the gold-en Cit - y There's a man-sion to me will be giv'n; I am



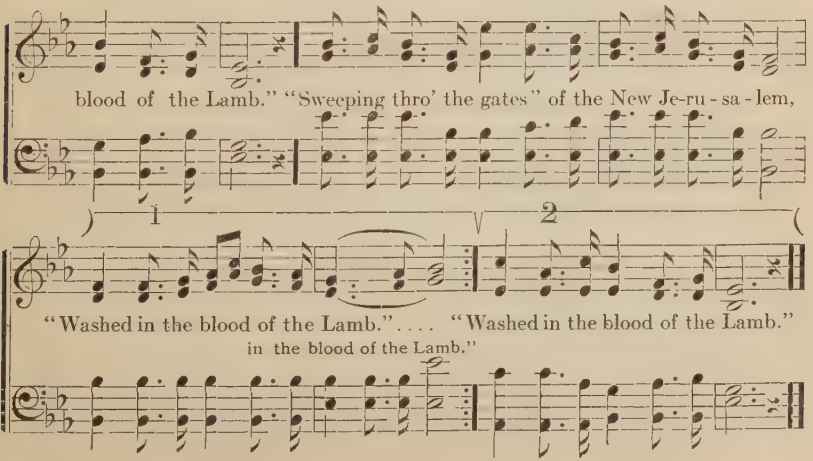
319 Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

S. S. 660. B. J. 27.

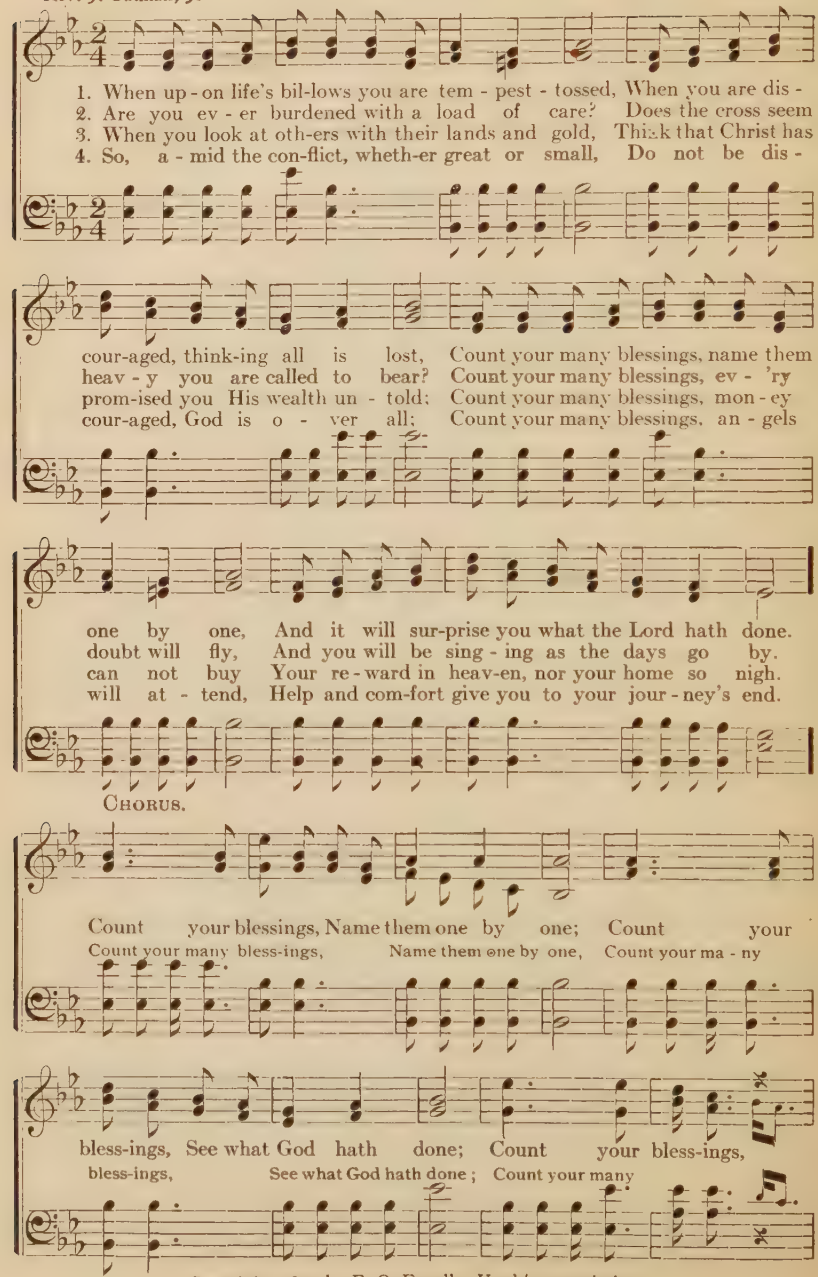
Joyfully.


1. Who, who are these be - side the chil- ly wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who, in their youthful days, Found Je- sus ear - ly,
3. These, these are they who, in af - flict-ion's woes, Ev - er have found in
4. These, these are they who, in the con - flict dire, Bold - ly have stood a -
of the si - lent grave, Shout-ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, "Washed in the
and in wis-dom's ways Proved the ful-ness of His grace, "Washed in the
Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, "Washed in the
mid the hot - test fire; Je-sus now says: "Come up higher," "Washed in the

CHORUS.


blood of the Lamb." "Sweeping thro' the gates" of the New Je-ru - sa - lem,
1
2
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."... "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
in the blood of the Lamb."

Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis -
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your many blessings, mon - ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can not buy Your re - ward in heav-en, nor your home so nigh.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
Chorus.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your many bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your ma - ny
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many

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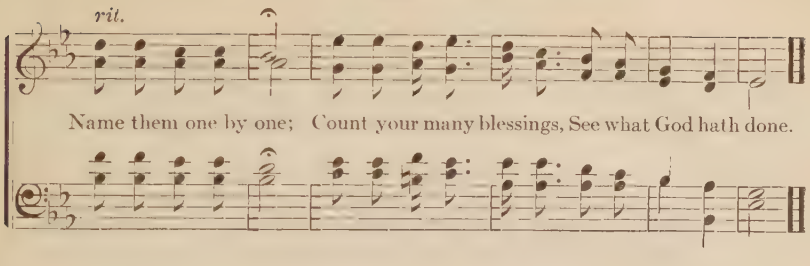
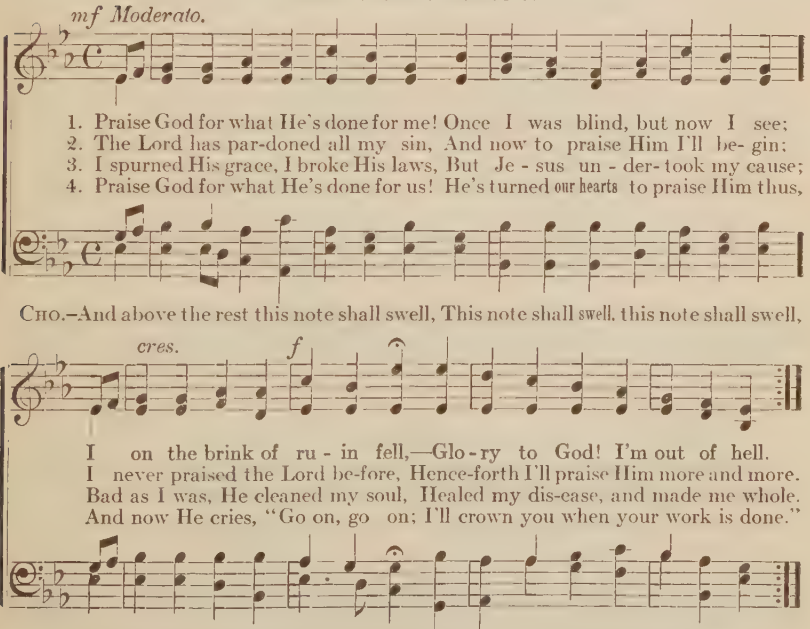


321 And Above the Rest.

L. M.—S. S. 332. B. M. I. 1.


mf Moderato.
1. Praise God for what He's done for me! Once I was blind, but now I see;
2. The Lord has par-doned all my sin, And now to praise Him I'll be- gin;
3. I spurned His grace, I broke His laws, But Je - sus un - der- took my cause;
4. Praise God for what He's done for us! He's turned our hearts to praise Him thus,
Cho.–And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,
cres.
f
I on the brink of ru - in fell,—Glo - ry to God! I'm out of hell.
I never praised the Lord be-fore, Hence-forth I'll praise Him more and more.
Bad as I was, He cleaned my soul, Healed my dis-ease, and made me whole.
And now He cries, "Go on, go on; I'll crown you when your work is done."
And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je-sus has done all things well.

322 Now in a Song of Grateful Praise.

Tune—321.

1 Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

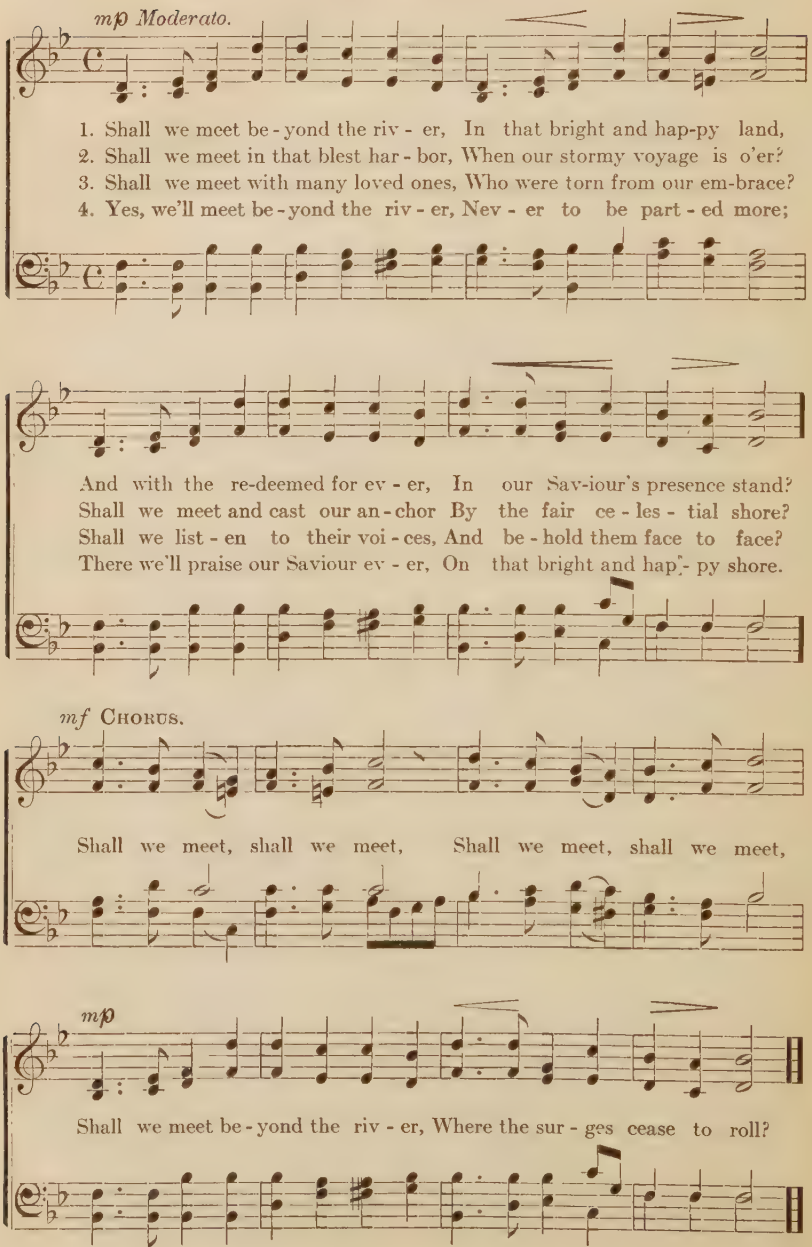
2 All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express;
But oh! His love what tongue can tell?
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sovereign, powerful, and free
Has been His love to sinful me!
He plucked me from the jaws of hell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

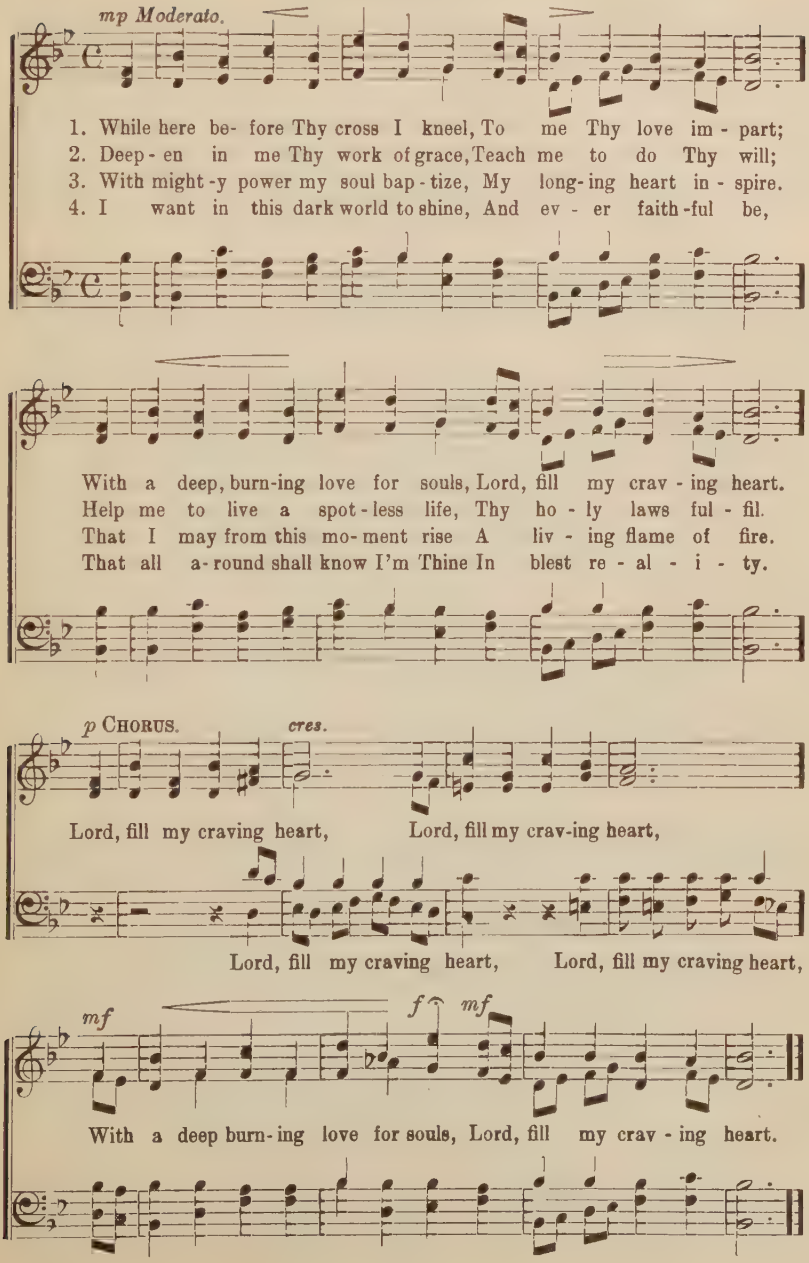
4 Though many a fiery, flaming dart
The tempter levels at my heart,
With this I all his rage repel—
My Jesus has done all things well.

Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

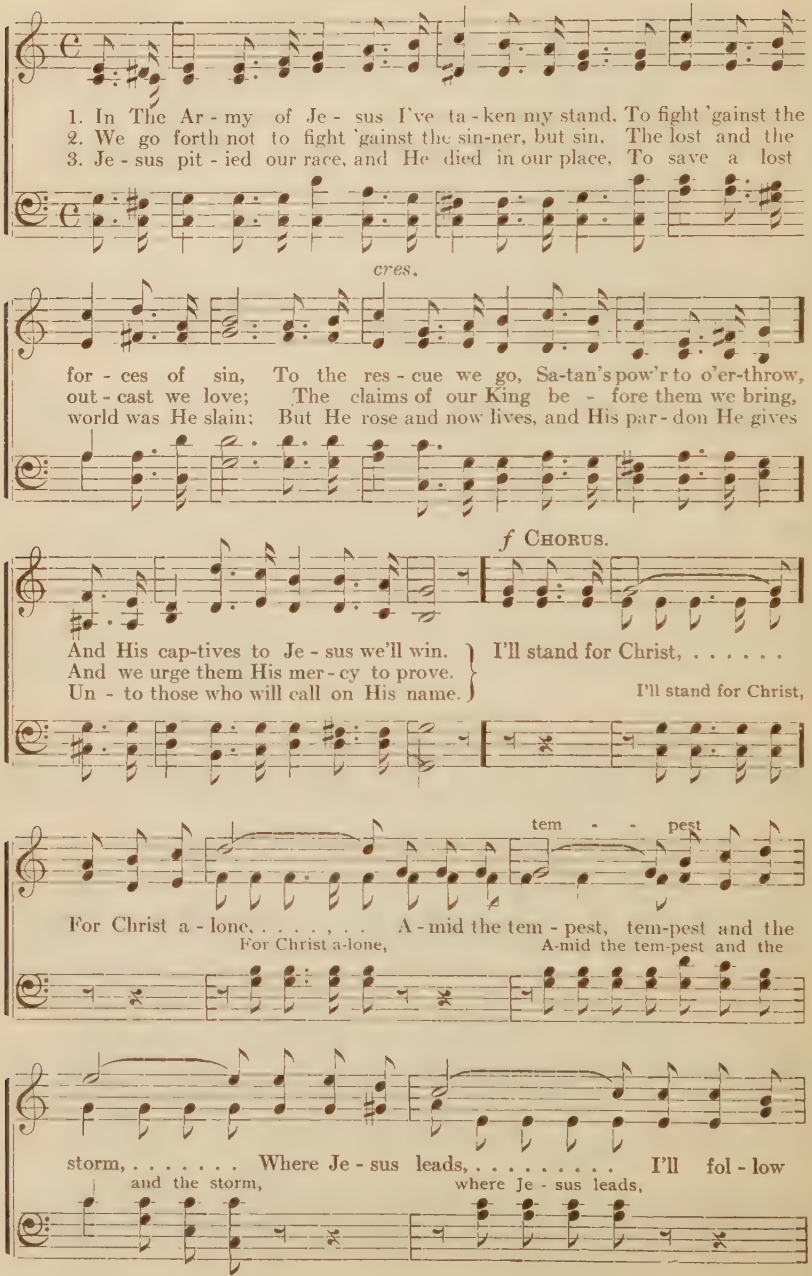
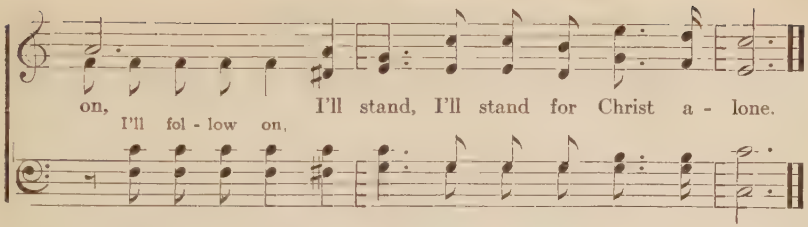
8s. 7s.—S. S. 838. B. M. I. 156.


mp Moderato.
1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, In that bright and hap-py land,
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet with many loved ones, Who were torn from our em-brace?
4. Yes, we'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Nev - er to be part - ed more;
And with the re-deemed for ev - er, In our Sav-iour's presence stand?
Shall we meet and cast our an - chor By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
Shall we list - en to their voi - ces, And be - hold them face to face?
There we'll praise our Saviour ev - er, On that bright and hap - py shore.
mf Chorus.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet, shall we meet,
mp
Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

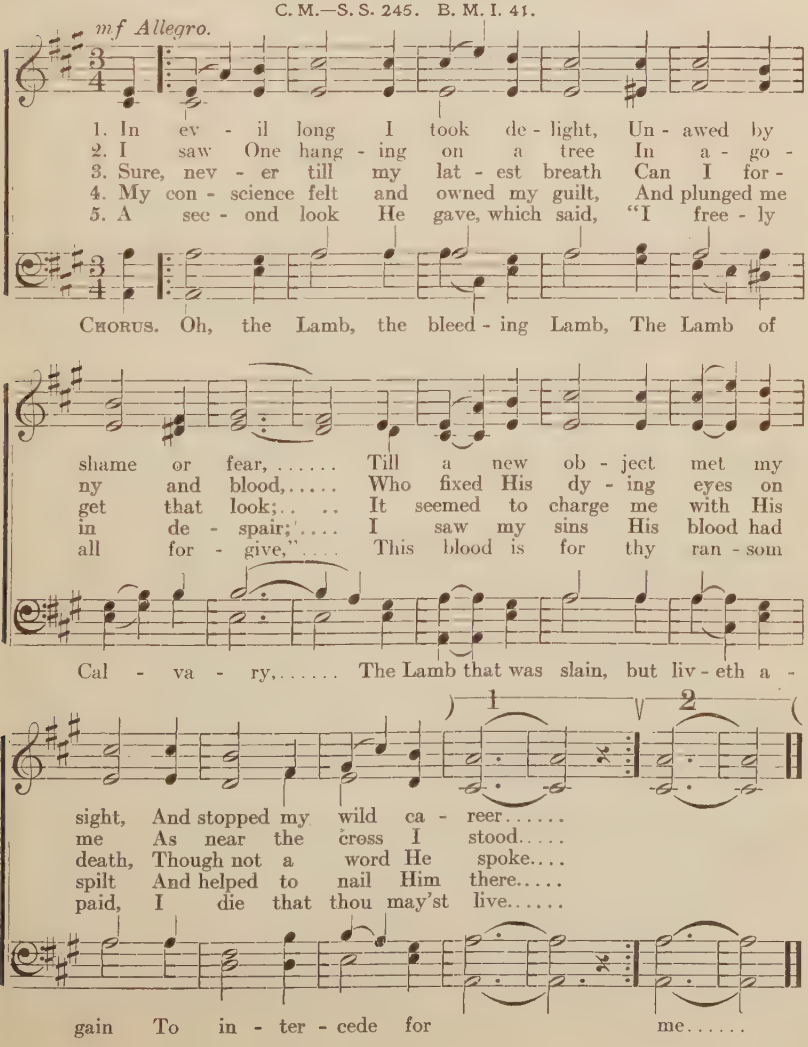
Lord, Fill My Craving Heart.

C. M. S. S. 387. B. M. I. 45.

mp Moderato.
1. While here be- fore Thy cross I kneel, To me Thy love im - part;
2. Deep - en in me Thy work of grace, Teach me to do Thy will;
3. With might - y power my soul bap - tize, My long - ing heart in - spire.
4. I want in this dark world to shine, And ev - er faith - ful be,
With a deep, burn-ing love for souls, Lord, fill my crav - ing heart.
Help me to live a spot - less life, Thy ho - ly laws ful - fil.
That I may from this mo - ment rise A liv - ing flame of fire.
That all a - round shall know I'm Thine In blest re - al - i - ty.
p CHORUS.
cres.
Lord, fill my craving heart, Lord, fill my crav-ing heart,
Lord, fill my craving heart, Lord, fill my craving heart,
mf
f
mf
With a deep burn - ing love for souls, Lord, fill my crav - ing heart.

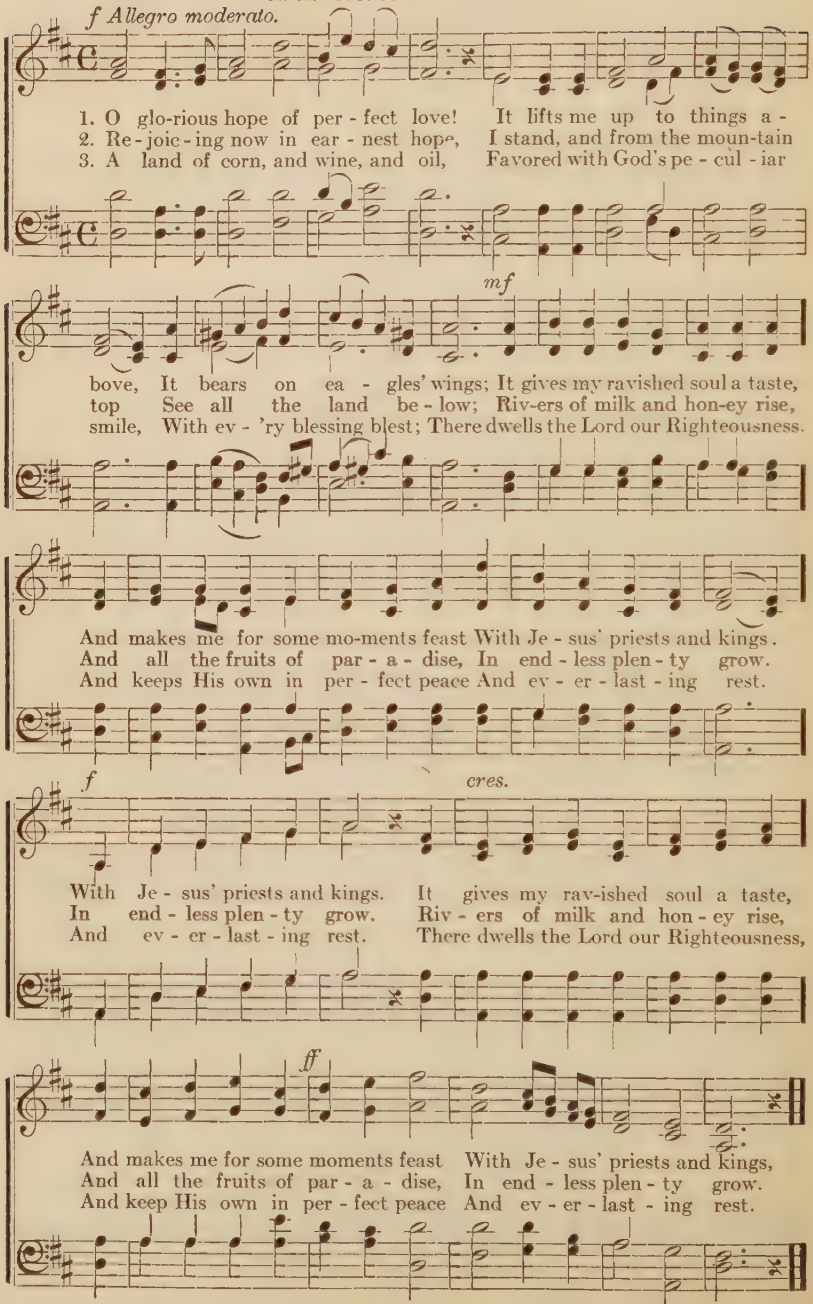
I'll Stand for Christ.

P. M.—S. S. 595. B. M. I. 244.

1. In The Ar - my of Je - sus I've ta - ken my stand, To fight 'gainst the
2. We go forth not to fight 'gainst the sin-ner, but sin, The lost and the
3. Je - sus pit - ied our race, and He died in our place, To save a lost
cres.
for - ces of sin, To the res - cue we go, Sa-tan's pow'r to o'er-throw,
out - cast we love; The claims of our King be - fore them we bring,
world was He slain; But He rose and now lives, and His par - don He gives
f CHORUS.
And His cap-tives to Je - sus we'll win.
And we urge them His mer - cy to prove.
Un - to those who will call on His name.
I'll stand for Christ, ...
I'll stand for Christ,
tem - - pest
For Christ a - lone, ... A - mid the tem - pest, tem-pest and the
For Christ a-lone,
A-mid the tem-pest and the
storm, ... Where Je - sus leads, ... I'll fol - low
and the storm,
where Je - sus leads,

326 In Evil Long I Took Delight.

C. M.—S. S. 245. B. M. I. 41.

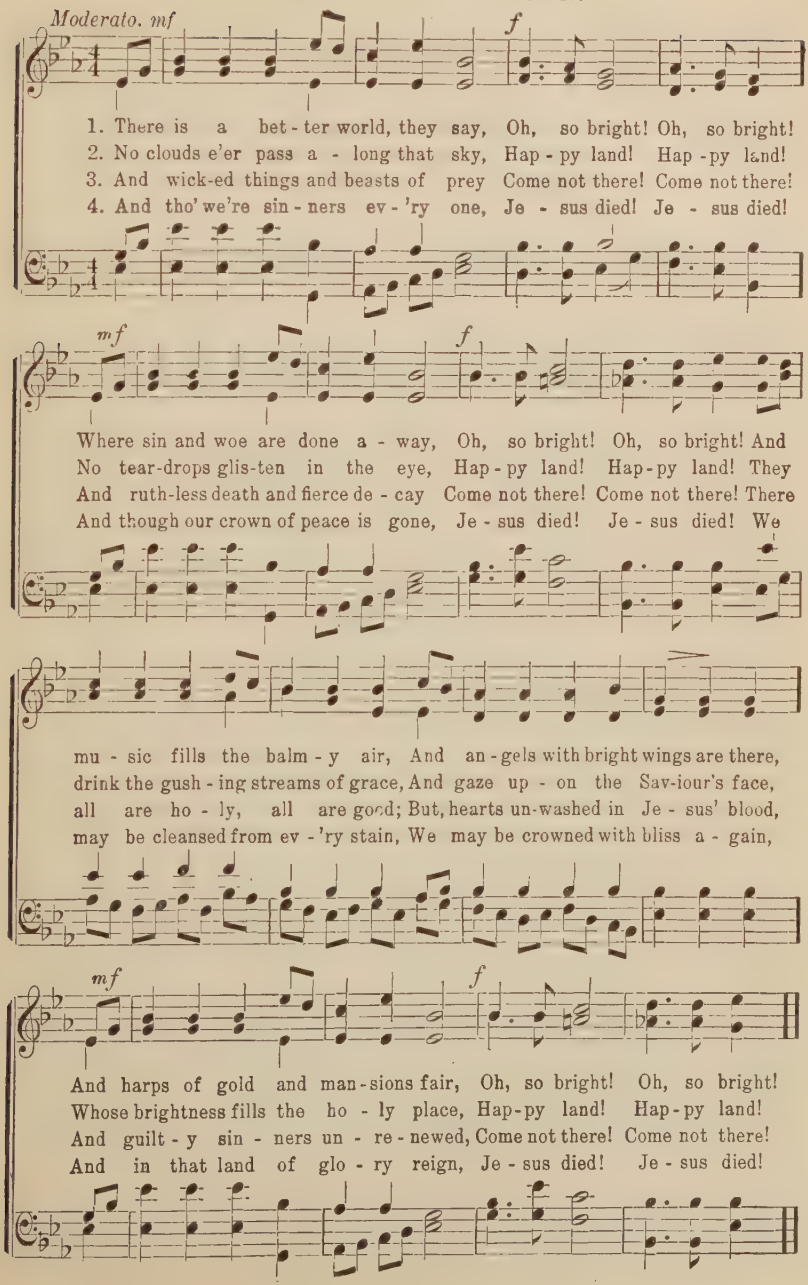

mf Allegro.
1. In ev - il long I took de - light, Un - awed by
2. I saw One hang - ing on a tree In a - go -
3. Sure, nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for -
4. My con - science felt and owned my guilt, And plunged me
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly
Chorus. Oh, the Lamb, the bleed - ing Lamb, The Lamb of
shame or fear, ... Till a new ob - ject met my
ny and blood, ... Who fixed His dy - ing eyes on
get that look; . . . . . It seemed to charge me with His
in de - spair; . . . . I saw my sins His blood had
all for - give," . . . . This blood is for thy ran - som
Cal - va - ry, ... The Lamb that was slain, but liv - eth a -
1
2
sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer . . . . . .
me As near the cross I stood . . . . .
death, Though not a word He spoke . . . .
spilt And helped to nail Him there . . . . .
paid, I die that thou may'st live . . . . . .
gain To in - ter - cede for me . . . . . .

O Glorious Hope.

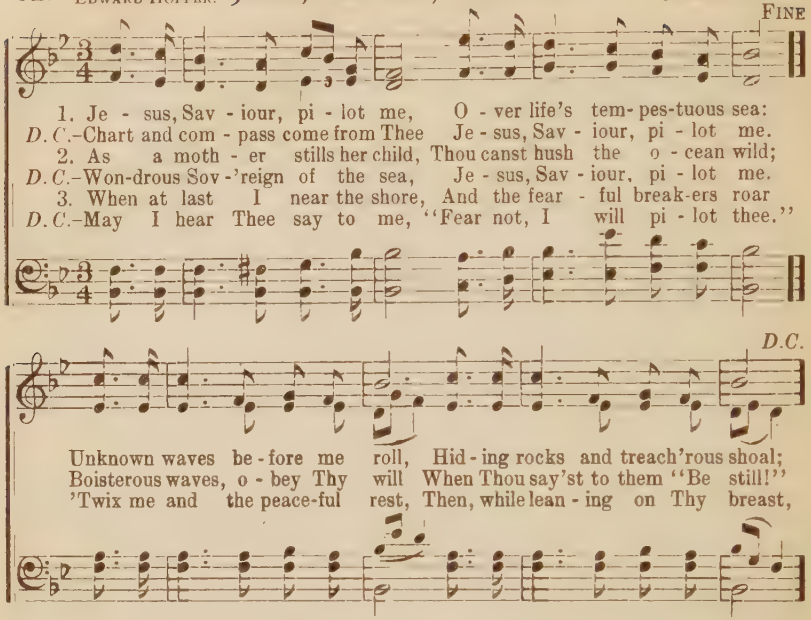
8s. 6s.—S. S. 359. B. M. I. 139.

f Allegro moderato.
1. O glo-rious hope of per - fect love! It lifts me up to things a -
2. Re - joic - ing now in ear - nest hope, I stand, and from the moun-tain
3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil, Favored with God's pe - cul - iar
mf
bove, It bears on ea - gles' wings; It gives my ravished soul a taste,
top See all the land be - low; Riv-ers of milk and hon-ey rise,
smile, With ev - 'ry blessing blest; There dwells the Lord our Righteousness.
And makes me for some mo-ments feast With Je - sus' priests and kings.
And all the fruits of par - a - dise, In end - less plen - ty grow.
And keeps His own in per - fect peace And ev - er - last - ing rest.
f
cres.
With Je - sus' priests and kings. It gives my rav-ished soul a taste,
In end - less plen - ty grow. Riv - ers of milk and hon - ey rise,
And ev - er - last - ing rest. There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
ff
And makes me for some moments feast With Je - sus' priests and kings,
And all the fruits of par - a - dise, In end - less plen - ty grow.
And keep His own in per - fect peace And ev - er - last - ing rest.

There is a Better World.

S's & 3's. S. S. 674. B. M. I. 123.

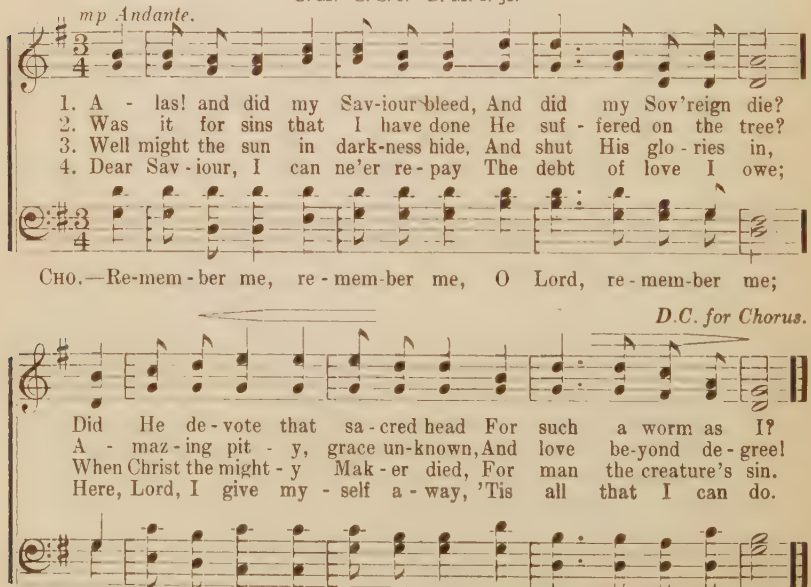

Moderato. mf
f
1. There is a bet - ter world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
2. No clouds e'er pass a - long that sky, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
3. And wick-ed things and beasts of prey Come not there! Come not there!
4. And tho' we're sin - ners ev - 'ry one, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!
mf
f
Where sin and woe are done a - way, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! And
No tear-drops glis-ten in the eye, Hap - py land! Hap - py land! They
And ruth-less death and fierce de - cay Come not there! Come not there! There
And though our crown of peace is gone, Je - sus died! Je - sus died! We
mu - sic fills the balm - y air, And an - gels with bright wings are there,
drink the gush - ing streams of grace, And gaze up - on the Sav-iour's face,
all are ho - ly, all are good; But, hearts un-washed in Je - sus' blood,
may be cleansed from ev - 'ry stain, We may be crowned with bliss a - gain,
mf
f
And harps of gold and man - sions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
Whose brightness fills the ho - ly place, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
And guilt - y sin - ners un - re - newed, Come not there! Come not there!
And in that land of glo - ry reign, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!

329 Edward Hopper. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. J. E. Gould.

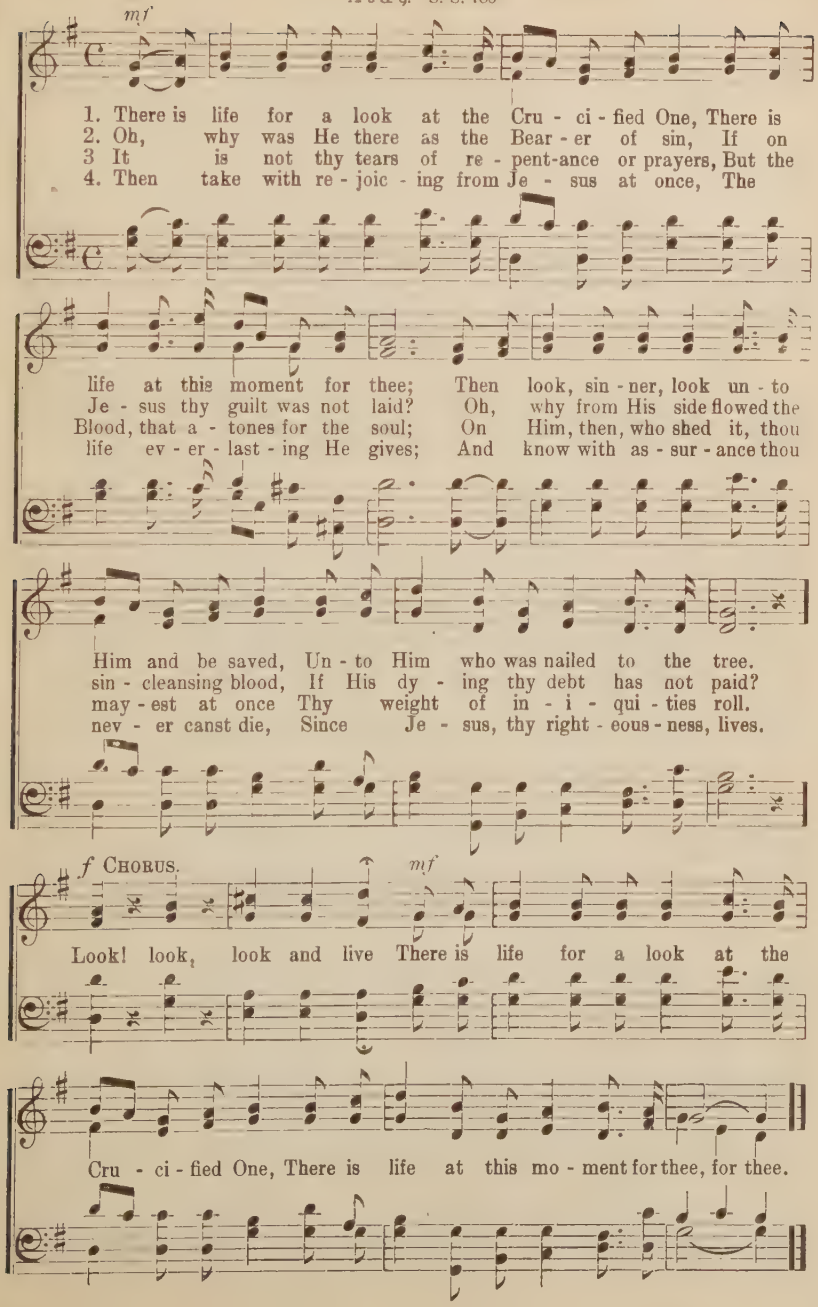

FINE
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem- pes-tuous sea:
D.C.–Chart and com - pass come from Thee Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C.–Won-drous Sov -'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D.C.–May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."
D.C.
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boisterous waves, o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twix me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

330 Remember Me.

C. M. S. S. 6. B. M. I. 58.

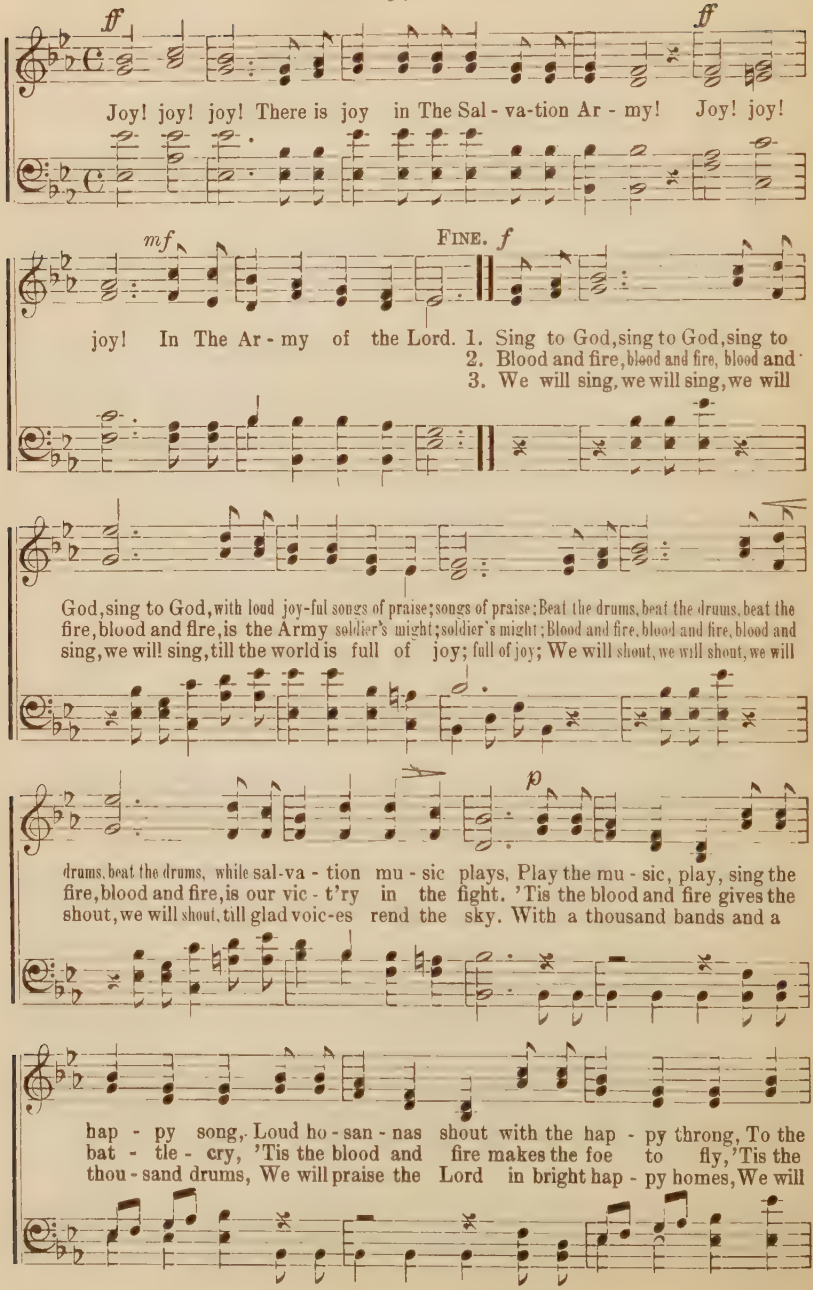

mp Andante.
1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for sins that I have done He suf - fered on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Dear Sav - iour, I can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Cho.—Re-mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord, re - mem - ber me;
D.C. for Chorus.
Did He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ the might - y Mak - er died, For man the creature's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.
Re - mem-ber, Lord, Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me.

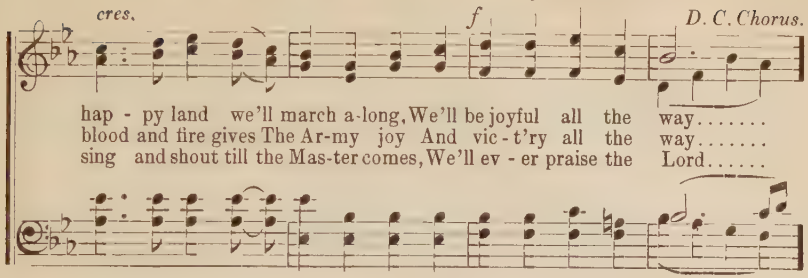
There is Life for a Look.

12's & 9. S. S. 106

mf
1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
3 It is not thy tears of re - pent-ance or prayers, But the
4. Then take with re - joic - ing from Je - sus at once, The
life at this moment for thee; Then look, sin - ner, look un - to
Je - sus thy guilt was not laid? Oh, why from His side flowed the
Blood, that a - tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou
life ev - er - last - ing He gives; And know with as - sur - ance thou
Him and be saved, Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.
sin - cleansing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
may - est at once Thy weight of in - i - qui - ties roll.
nev - er canst die, Since Je - sus, thy right - eous - ness, lives.
f CHORUS.
mf
Look! look, look and live There is life for a look at the
Cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo - ment for thee, for thee.

Joy in The Salvation Army.

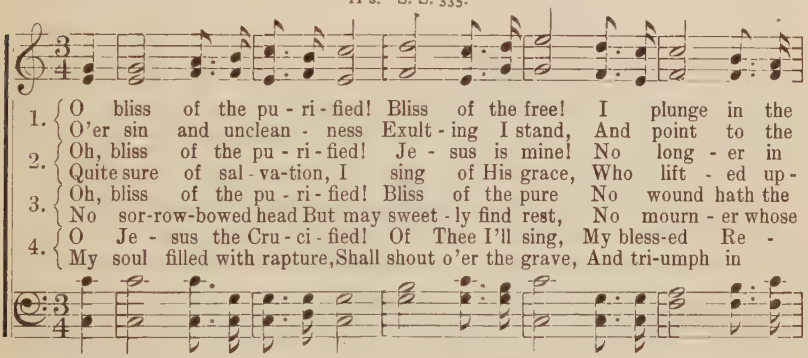
P. M. S. S. 587. B. M. I. 247.

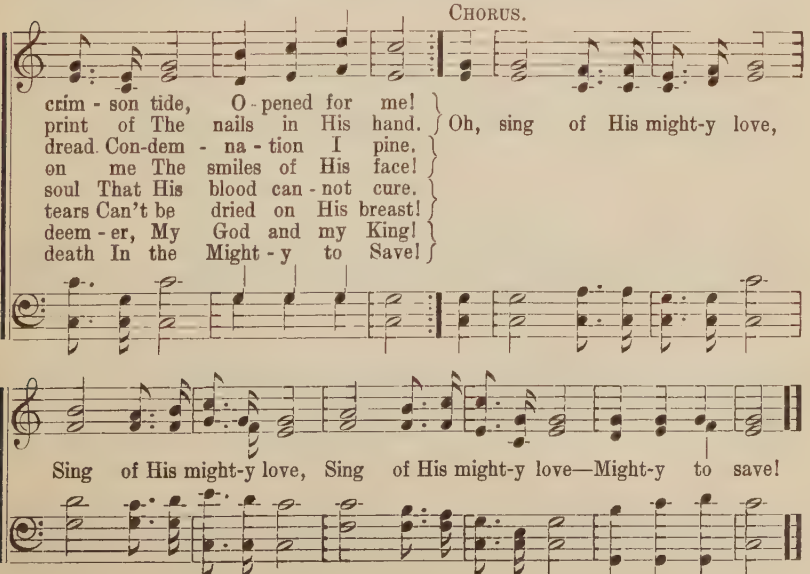

ff
Joy! joy! joy! There is joy in The Sal - va-tion Ar - my! Joy! joy!
mf
FINE. f
joy! In The Ar - my of the Lord. 1. Sing to God, sing to God, sing to
2. Blood and fire, blood and fire, blood and
3. We will sing, we will sing, we will
God, sing to God, with loud joy-ful songs of praise; songs of praise; Beat the drums, beat the drums, beat the
fire, blood and fire, is the Army soldier's might; soldier's might; Blood and fire, blood and fire, blood and
sing, we will sing, till the world is full of joy; full of joy; We will shout, we will shout, we will
p
drums, beat the drums, while sal-va - tion mu - sic plays, Play the mu - sic, play, sing the
fire, blood and fire, is our vic - t'ry in the fight. 'Tis the blood and fire gives the
shout, we will shout, till glad voic-es rend the sky. With a thousand bands and a
hap - py song, Loud ho - san - nas shout with the hap - py throng, To the
bat - tle - cry, 'Tis the blood and fire makes the foe to fly, 'Tis the
thou - sand drums, We will praise the Lord in bright hap - py homes, We will


cres.
f
D. C. Chorus.
hap - py land we'll march a-long, We'll be joyful all the way.....
blood and fire gives The Ar-my joy And vic-t'ry all the way.....
sing and shout till the Mas-ter comes, We'll ev - er praise the Lord.....

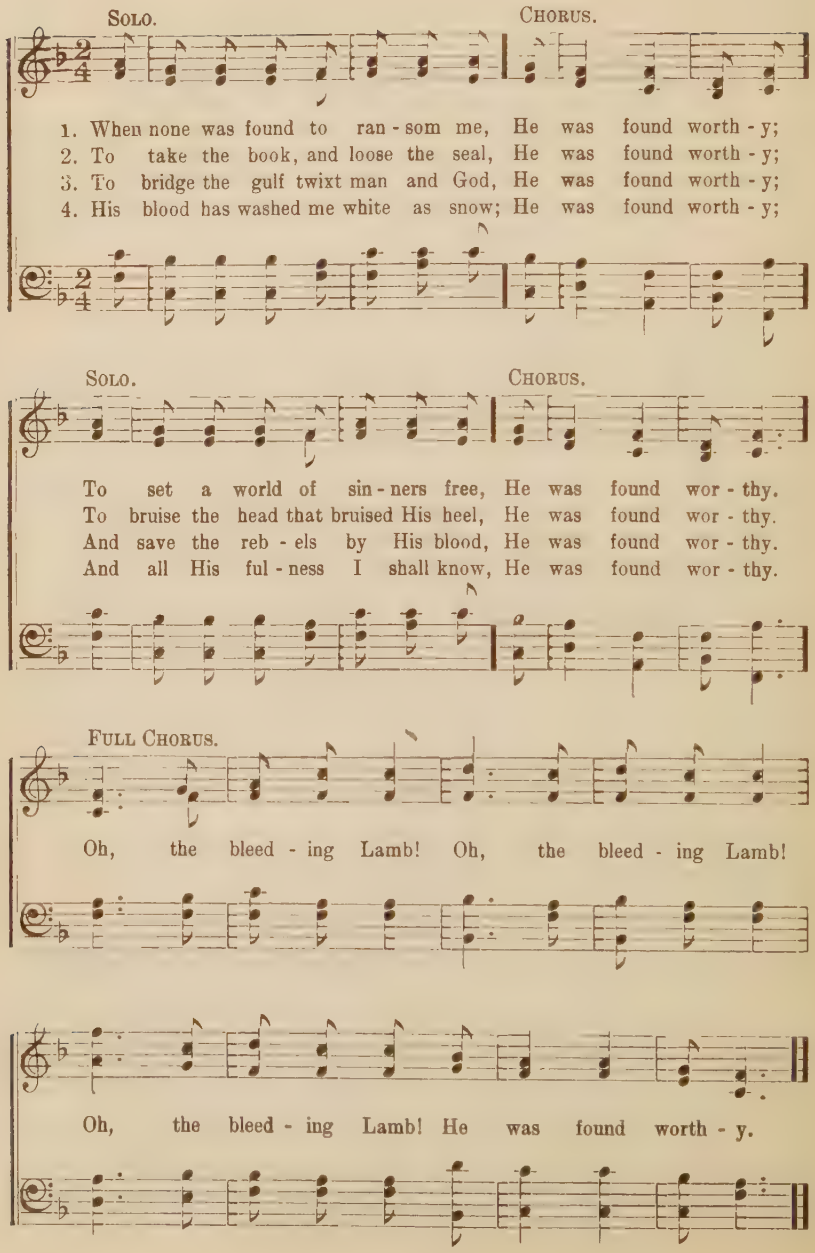
333 Mighty to Save.

11's. S. S. 335.


1. O bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Bliss of the free! I plunge in the
2. O'er sin and unclean - ness Exult - ing I stand, And point to the
3. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine! No long - er in
4. Quite sure of sal - va-tion, I sing of His grace, Who lift - ed up -
Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Bliss of the pure No wound hath the
No sor-row-bowed head But may sweet - ly find rest, No mourn - er whose
O Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied! Of Thee I'll sing, My bless-ed Re -
My soul filled with rapture, Shall shout o'er the grave, And tri-umph in


Chorus.
crim - son tide, O - pened for me!
print of The nails in His hand.
dread Con-dem - na - tion I pine.
on me The smiles of His face!
soul That His blood can - not cure.
tears Can't be dried on His breast!
deem - er, My God and my King!
death In the Might - y to Save!
Oh, sing of His might-y love,
Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love—Might-y to save!

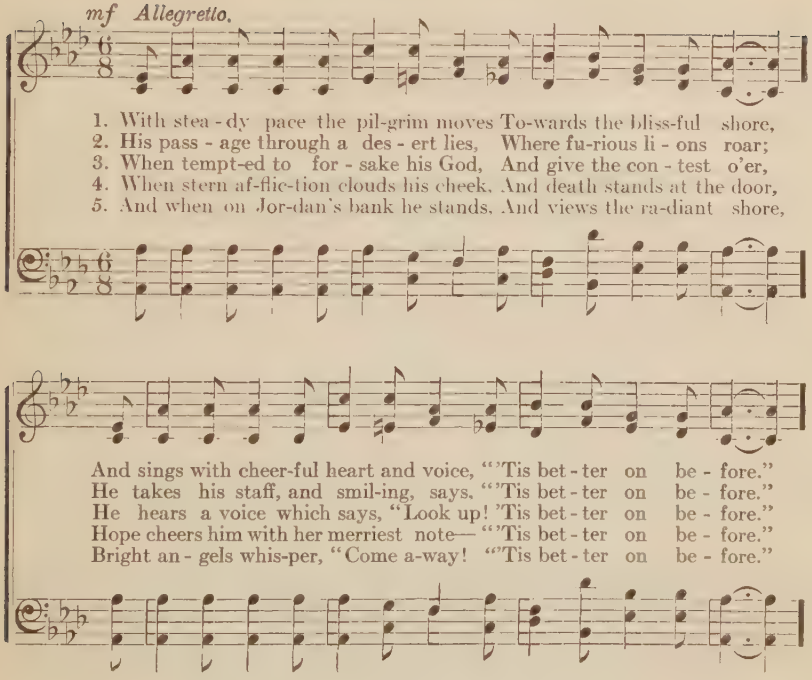
He Was Found Worthy.

S. S. 10. B. J. 106.

Solo.
Chorus.
1. When none was found to ran - som me, He was found worth - y;
2. To take the book, and loose the seal, He was found worth - y;
3. To bridge the gulf twixt man and God, He was found worth - y;
4. His blood has washed me white as snow; He was found worth - y;
Solo.
Chorus.
To set a world of sin - ners free, He was found wor - thy.
To bruise the head that bruised His heel, He was found wor - thy.
And save the reb - els by His blood, He was found wor - thy.
And all His ful - ness I shall know, He was found wor - thy.
Full Chorus.
Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb! Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb!
Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb! He was found worth - y.

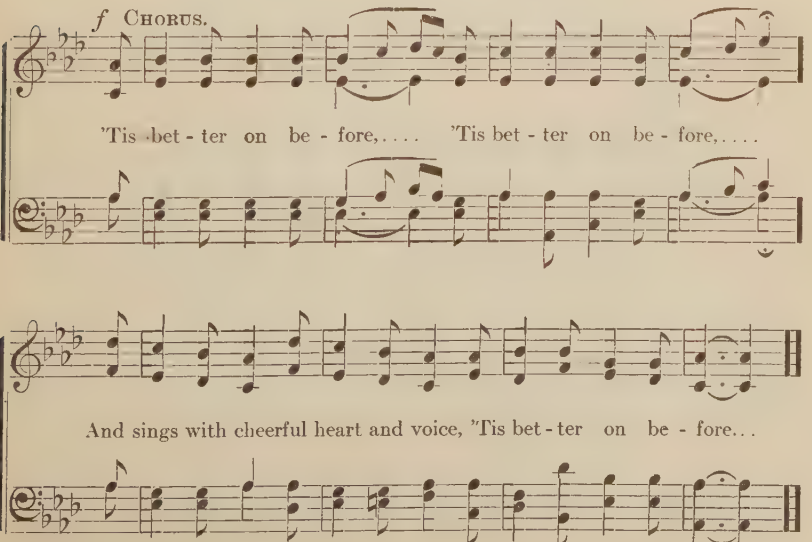
'Tis Better On Before.

C. M.—S. S. 701. B. M. I. 47.

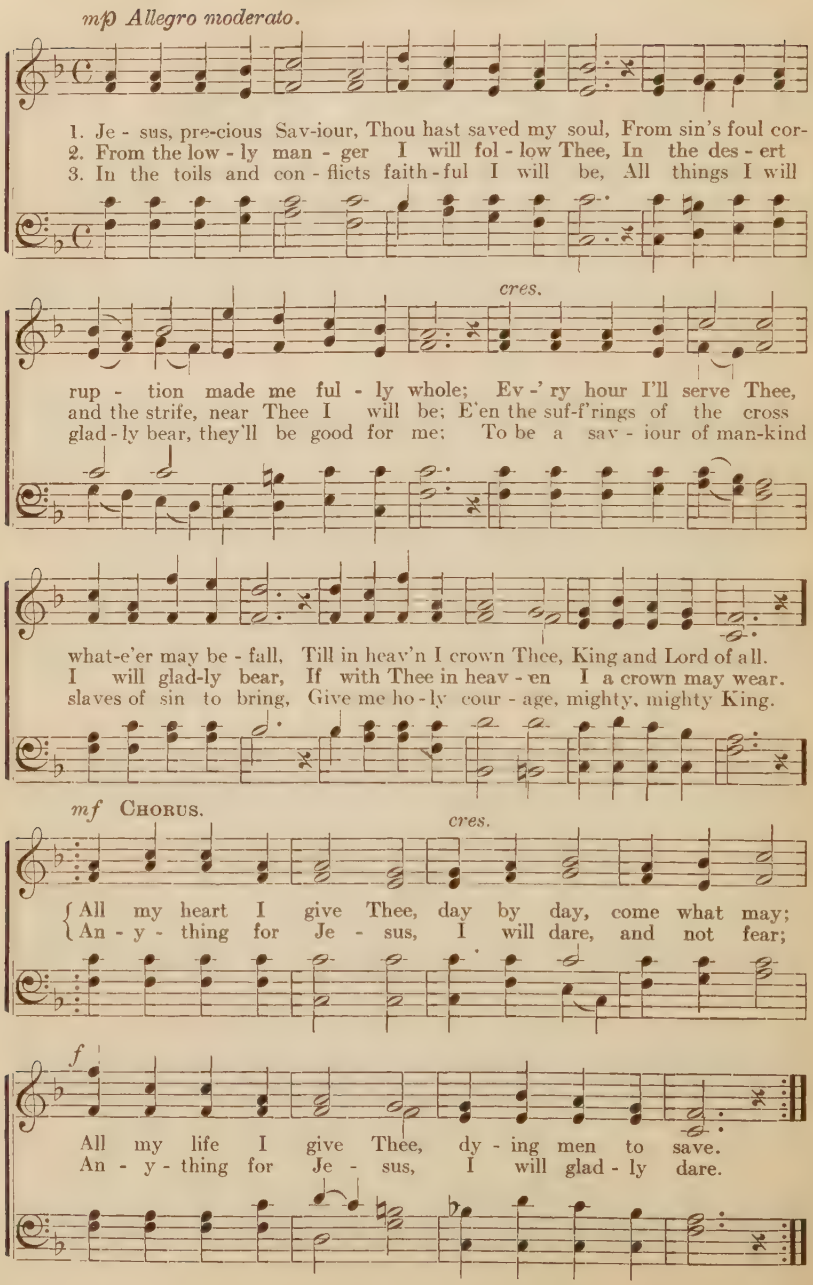
mf *Allegretto.*

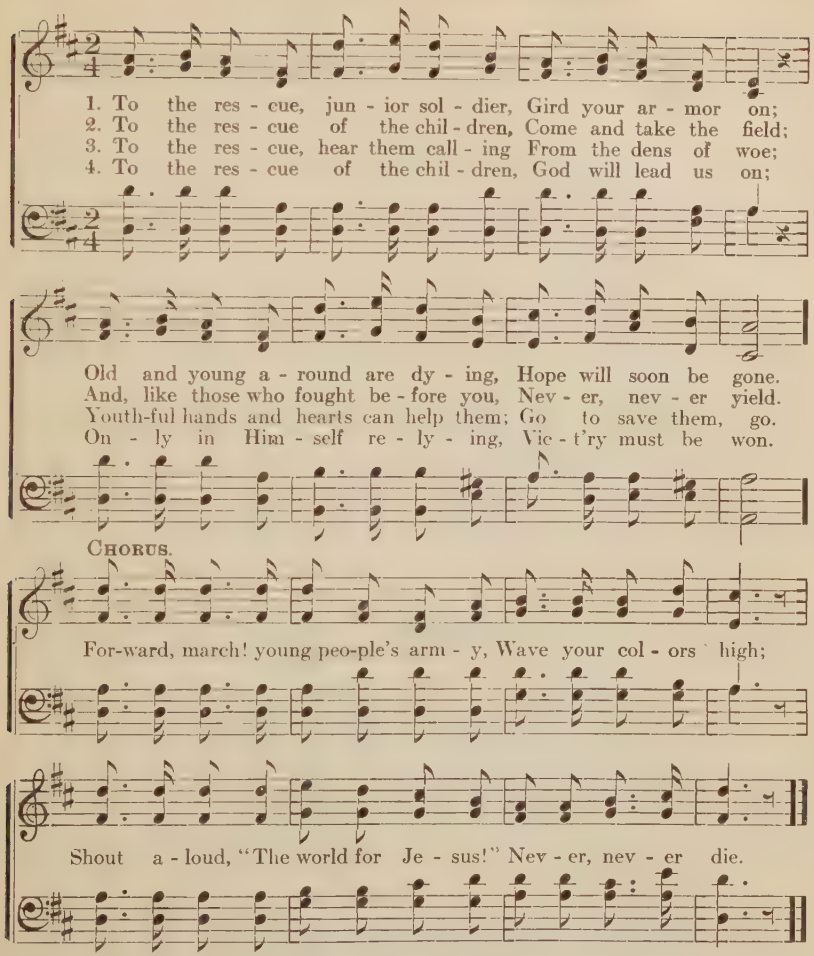

1. With stea - dy pace the pil-grim moves To-wards the bliss-ful shore,
2. His pass - age through a des - ert lies, Where fu-rious li - ons roar;
3. When tempt-ed to for - sake his God, And give the con - test o'er,
4. When stern af-flic-tion clouds his cheek, And death stands at the door,
5. And when on Jor-dan's bank he stands, And views the ra-diant shore,
And sings with cheer-ful heart and voice, "'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."
He takes his staff, and smil-ing, says, "'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."
He hears a voice which says, "Look up! 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."
Hope cheers him with her merriest note— "'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."
Bright an - gels whis-per, "Come a-way! "'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."

f CHORUS.



Anything for Jesus.

P. M.—S. S. 447. B. M. I. 206.

mp Allegro moderato.
1. Je - sus, pre-cious Sav-iour, Thou hast saved my soul, From sin's foul cor-
2. From the low - ly man - ger I will fol - low Thee, In the des - ert
3. In the toils and con - flicts faith - ful I will be, All things I will
cres.
rup - tion made me ful - ly whole; Ev -' ry hour I'll serve Thee,
and the strife, near Thee I will be; E'en the suf-f'rings of the cross
glad - ly bear, they'll be good for me; To be a sav - iour of man-kind
what-e'er may be - fall, Till in heav'n I crown Thee, King and Lord of all.
I will glad-ly bear, If with Thee in heav - en I a crown may wear.
slaves of sin to bring, Give me ho - ly cour - age, mighty, mighty King.
mf Chorus.
cres.
All my heart I give Thee, day by day, come what may;
An - y - thing for Je - sus, I will dare, and not fear;
f
All my life I give Thee, dy - ing men to save.
An - y - thing for Je - sus, I will glad - ly dare.

337 To the Rescue, Junior Soldier.

1. To the res - cue, jun - ior sol - dier, Gird your ar - mor on;
2. To the res - cue of the chil - dren, Come and take the field;
3. To the res - cue, hear them call - ing From the dens of woe;
4. To the res - cue of the chil - dren, God will lead us on;
Old and young a - round are dy - ing, Hope will soon be gone.
And, like those who fought be - fore you, Nev - er, nev - er yield.
Youth-ful hands and hearts can help them; Go to save them, go.
On - ly in Him - self re - ly - ing, Vic - t'ry must be won.
CHORUS.
For-ward, march! young peo-ple's arm - y, Wave your col - ors high;
Shout a - loud, "The world for Je - sus!" Nev - er, nev - er die.

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338 Comrades in The Army.

Tune—337.

1 Comrades in The Army fighting,
To the flag be true,
For it tells of full salvation;
Keep it well in view.

CHORUS.

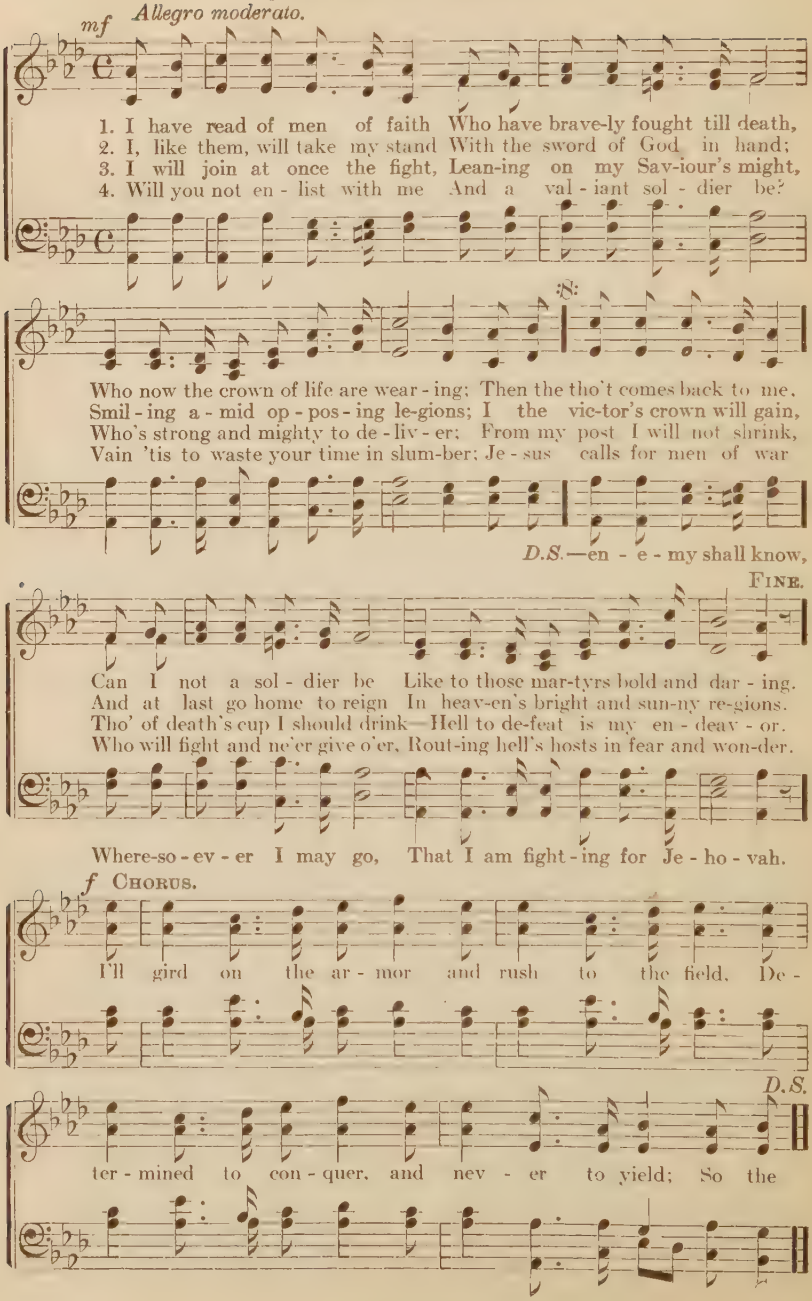
Hoist the flag, and keep it waving,
Hold the colors high;
With the Red, and Blue, and Yellow,
"Forward!" is our cry.

2 Red reminds us of our Saviour,
Suffering on the tree,
And the Blood that flowed from Calvery.
Shed for you and me.

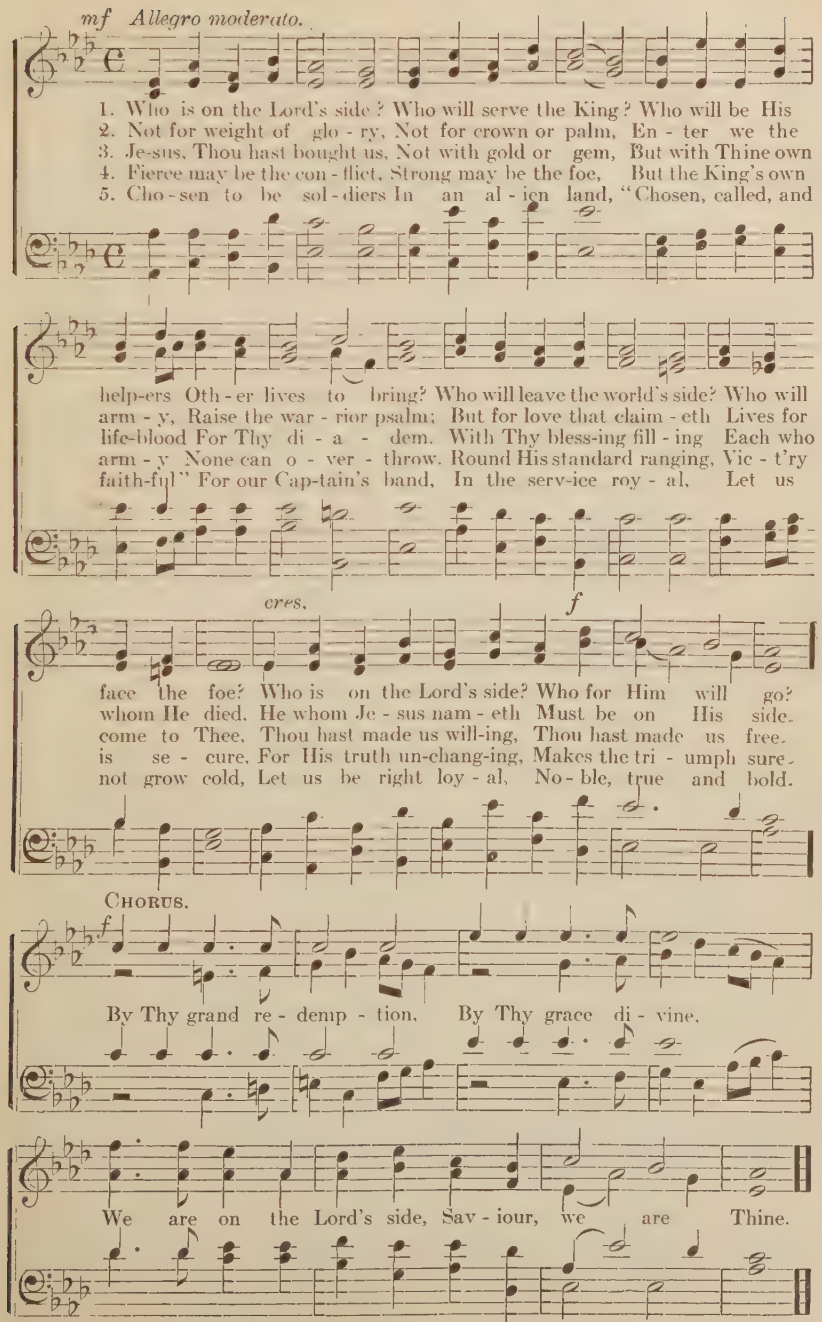
3 Blue to all the world announces
Purity from sin;
Tells to souls who fall and struggle,
Victory they can win.

4 So the Yellow Star, denoting
Fire from God on high,
Tells us, through His Holy Spirit,
We can Hell defy.

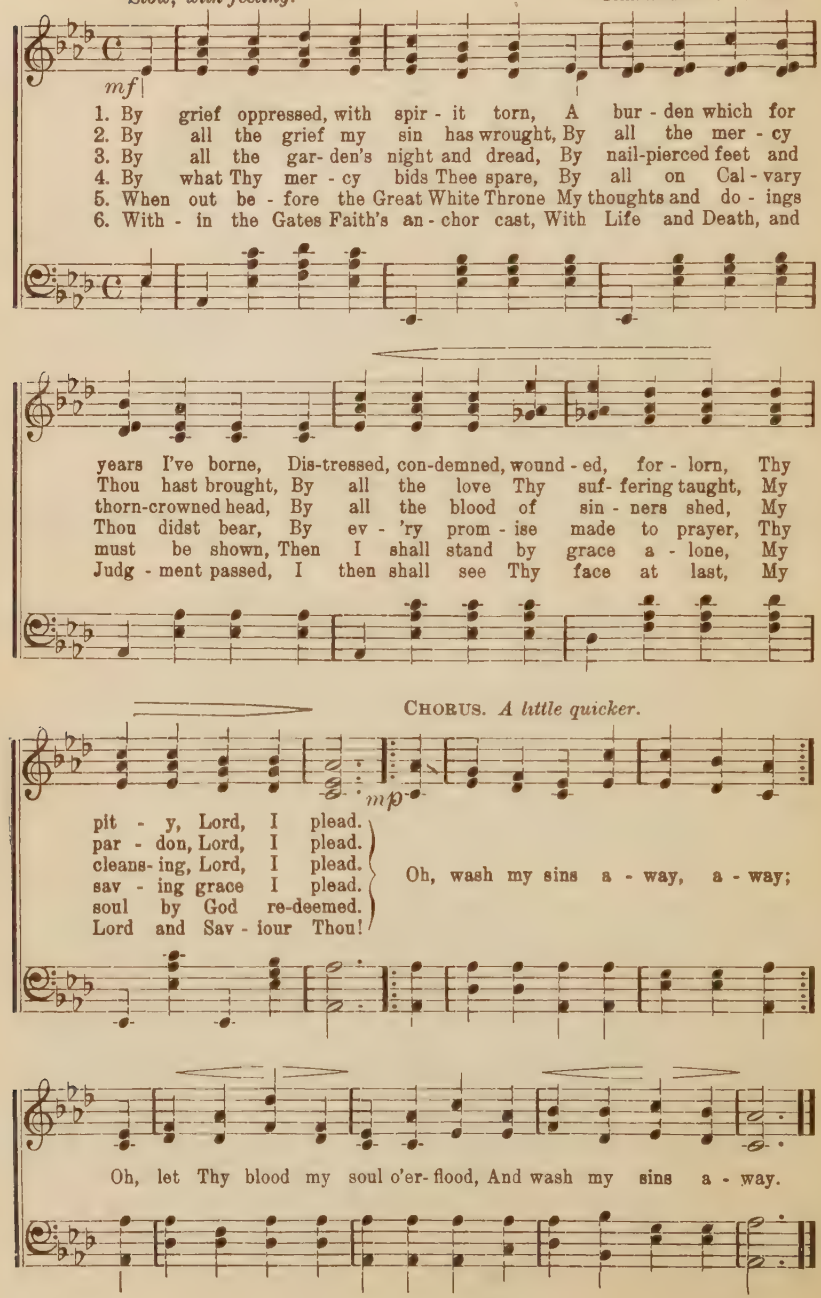
Gird On the Armor.

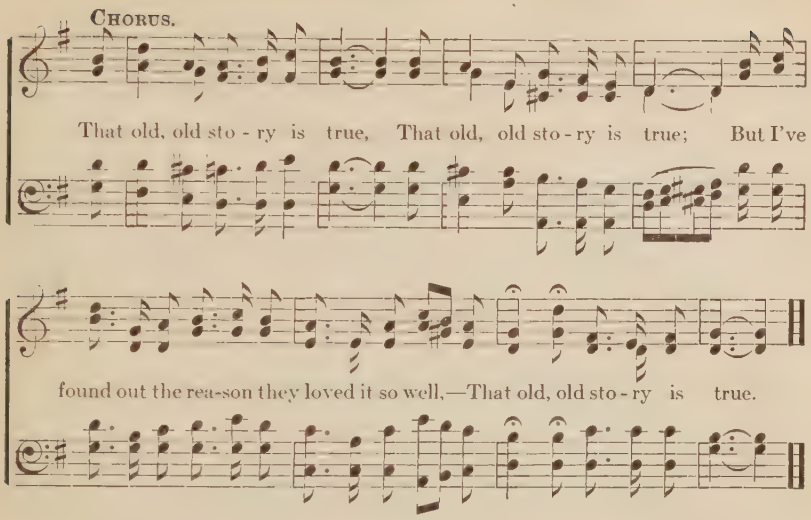
P. M.—S. S. 552. B M I. 228.

mf
Allegro moderato.
1. I have read of men of faith Who have brave-ly fought till death,
2. I, like them, will take my stand With the sword of God in hand;
3. I will join at once the fight, Lean-ing on my Sav-iour's might,
4. Will you not en - list with me And a val - iant sol - dier be?
Who now the crown of life are wear - ing; Then the tho't comes back to me,
Smil - ing a - mid op - pos - ing le-gions; I the vic-tor's crown will gain,
Who's strong and mighty to de - liv - er; From my post I will not shrink,
Vain 'tis to waste your time in slum-ber; Je - sus calls for men of war
D.S.—en - e - my shall know,
FINE.
Can I not a sol - dier be Like to those mar-tyrs bold and dar - ing.
And at last go home to reign In heav-en's bright and sun-ny re-gions.
Tho' of death's cup I should drink—Hell to de-feat is my en - deav - or.
Who will fight and ne'er give o'er, Rout-ing hell's hosts in fear and won-der.
Where-so - ev - er I may go, That I am fight - ing for Je - ho - vah.
f CHORUS.
I'll gird on the ar - mor and rush to the field, De -
D.S.
ter - mined to con - quer, and nev - er to yield; So the

Who Is On the Lord's Side?


mf Allegro moderato.
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown or palm, En - ter we the
3. Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own
5. Cho - sen to be sol - diers In an al - ien land, "Chosen, called, and
help-ers Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will
arm - y, Raise the war - rior psalm; But for love that claim - eth Lives for
life-blood For Thy di - a - dem. With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who
arm - y None can o - ver - throw. Round His standard ranging, Vic - t'ry
faith-ful" For our Cap-tain's band, In the serv-ice roy - al, Let us
cres.
f
face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
whom He died. He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
come to Thee, Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free.
is se - cure. For His truth un-chang-ing, Makes the tri - umph sure.
not grow cold, Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true and bold.
Chorus.
f
By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di - vine,
We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.

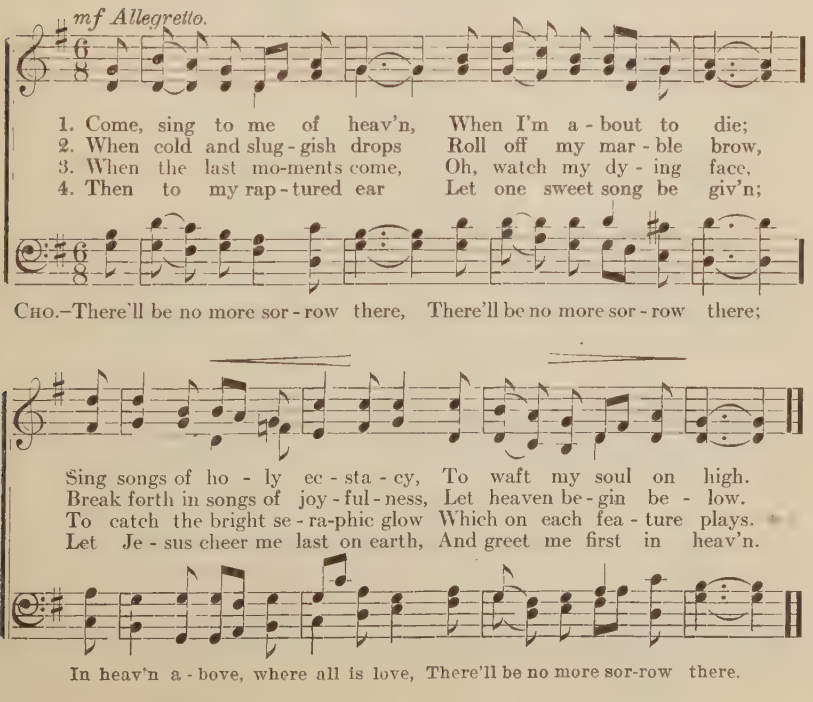
The Plea of Contrition.

Slow, with feeling. Commander E. C. Booth.

mf
1. By grief oppressed, with spir - it torn, A bur - den which for
2. By all the grief my sin has wrought, By all the mer - cy
3. By all the gar- den's night and dread, By nail-pierced feet and
4. By what Thy mer - cy bids Thee spare, By all on Cal - vary
5. When out be - fore the Great White Throne My thoughts and do - ings
6. With - in the Gates Faith's an - chor cast, With Life and Death, and
years I've borne, Dis-tressed, con-demned, wound - ed, for - lorn, Thy
Thou hast brought, By all the love Thy suf- fering taught, My
thorn-crowned head, By all the blood of sin - ners shed, My
Thou didst bear, By ev - 'ry prom - ise made to prayer, Thy
must be shown, Then I shall stand by grace a - lone, My
Judg - ment passed, I then shall see Thy face at last, My
CHORUS. *A little quicker.*
mp
pit - y, Lord, I plead.
par - don, Lord, I plead.
cleans- ing, Lord, I plead.
sav - ing grace I plead.
soul by God re-deemed.
Lord and Sav - iour Thou!
Oh, wash my sins a - way, a - way;
Oh, let Thy blood my soul o'er- flood, And wash my sins a - way.


Chorus.
That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; But I've
found out the rea-son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto - ry is true.

344 There'll Be No More Sorrow There.

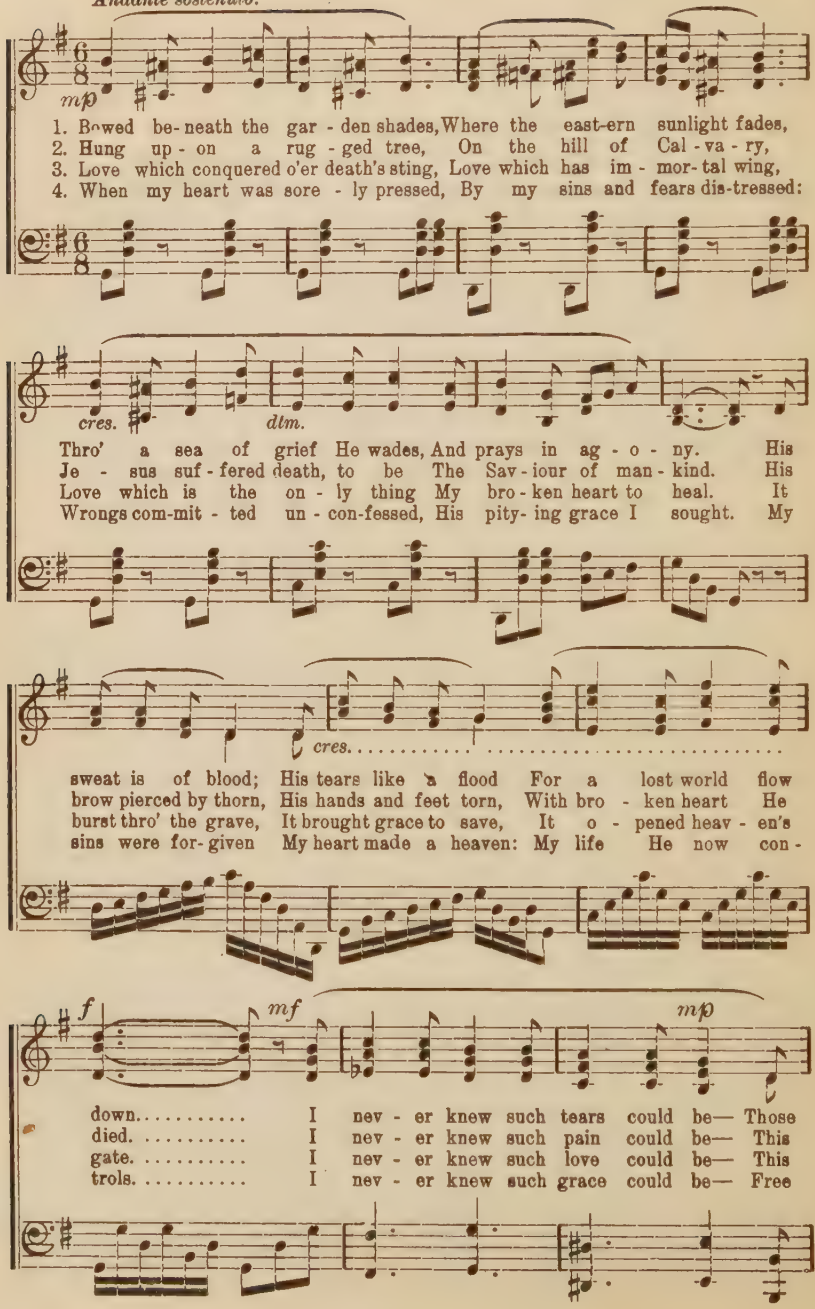
S. M.—S. S. 631. B. M. I. 73.

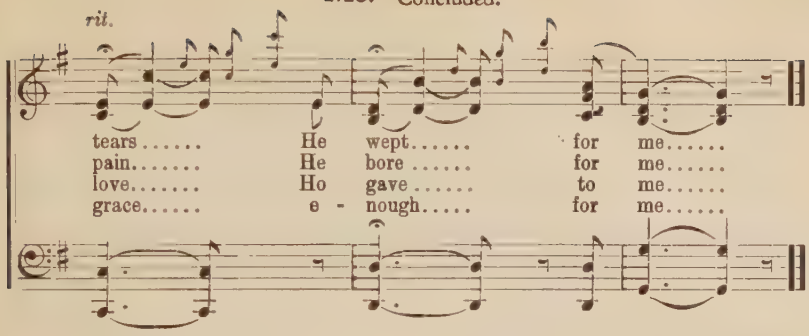

mf Allegretto.
1. Come, sing to me of heav'n, When I'm a - bout to die;
2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo-ments come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
4. Then to my rap - tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;
Cho.—There'll be no more sor - row there, There'll be no more sor - row there;
Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heaven be - gin be - low.
To catch the bright se - ra-phic glow Which on each fea - ture plays.
Let Je - sus cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.
In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sor-row there.

Me.

Commander E. C. Booth

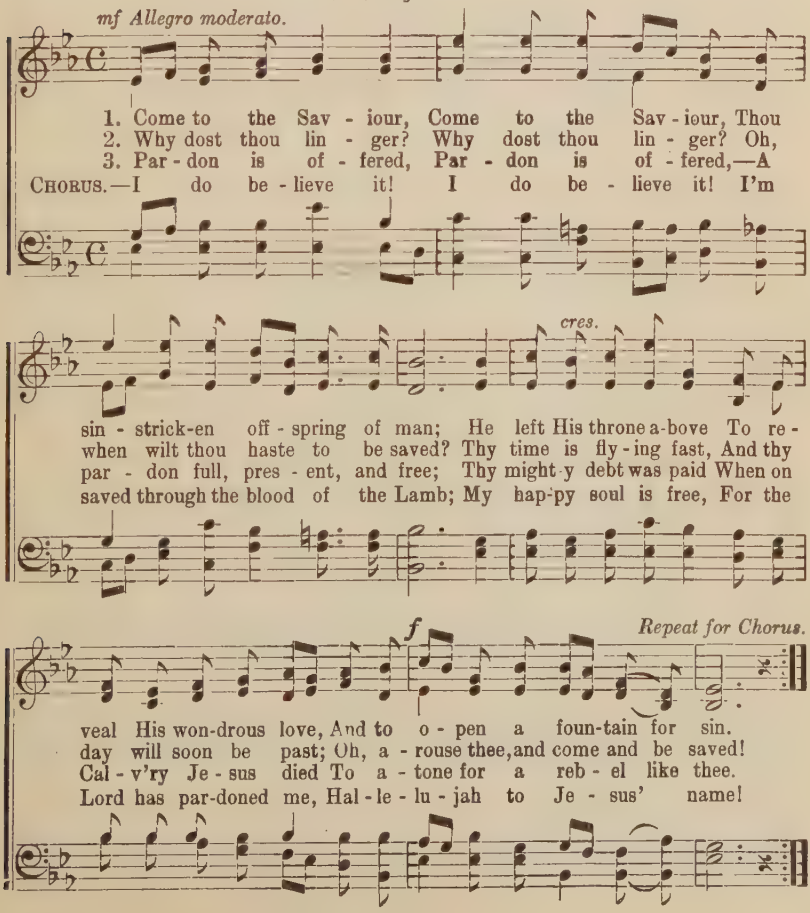
Andante sostenuto.


mp
1. Bowed be-neath the gar-den shades, Where the east-ern sunlight fades,
2. Hung up-on a rug-ged tree, On the hill of Cal-va-ry,
3. Love which conquered o'er death's sting, Love which has im-mor-tal wing,
4. When my heart was sore-ly pressed, By my sins and fears dis-tressed:
cres.
dim.
Thro' a sea of grief He wades, And prays in ag-o-ny. His
Je-sus suf-fered death, to be The Sav-iour of man-kind. His
Love which is the on-ly thing My bro-ken heart to heal. It
Wrongs com-mit-ted un-con-fessed, His pity-ing grace I sought. My
cres.
sweat is of blood; His tears like a flood For a lost world flow
brow pierced by thorn, His hands and feet torn, With bro-ken heart He
burst thro' the grave, It brought grace to save, It o-pened heav-en's
sins were for-given My heart made a heaven: My life He now con-
f
mf
mp
down. I nev-er knew such tears could be— Those
died. I nev-er knew such pain could be— This
gate. I nev-er knew such love could be— This
trols. I nev-er knew such grace could be— Free



346 Come to the Saviour.

P. M. S. S. 25. B. M. I 222.


mf Allegro moderato.
1. Come to the Sav - iour, Come to the Sav - iour, Thou
2. Why dost thou lin - ger? Why dost thou lin - ger? Oh,
3. Par - don is of - fered, Par - don is of - fered,—A
Chorus.—I do be - lieve it! I do be - lieve it! I'm
cres.
sin - strick-en off - spring of man; He left His throne a-bove To re -
when wilt thou haste to be saved? Thy time is fly - ing fast, And thy
par - don full, pres - ent, and free; Thy might - y debt was paid When on
saved through the blood of the Lamb; My hap-py soul is free, For the
f
Repeat for Chorus.
veal His won-drous love, And to o - pen a foun-tain for sin.
day will soon be past; Oh, a - rouse thee, and come and be saved!
Cal - v'ry Je - sus died To a - tone for a reb - el like thee.
Lord has par-doned me, Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus' name!

Follow On.

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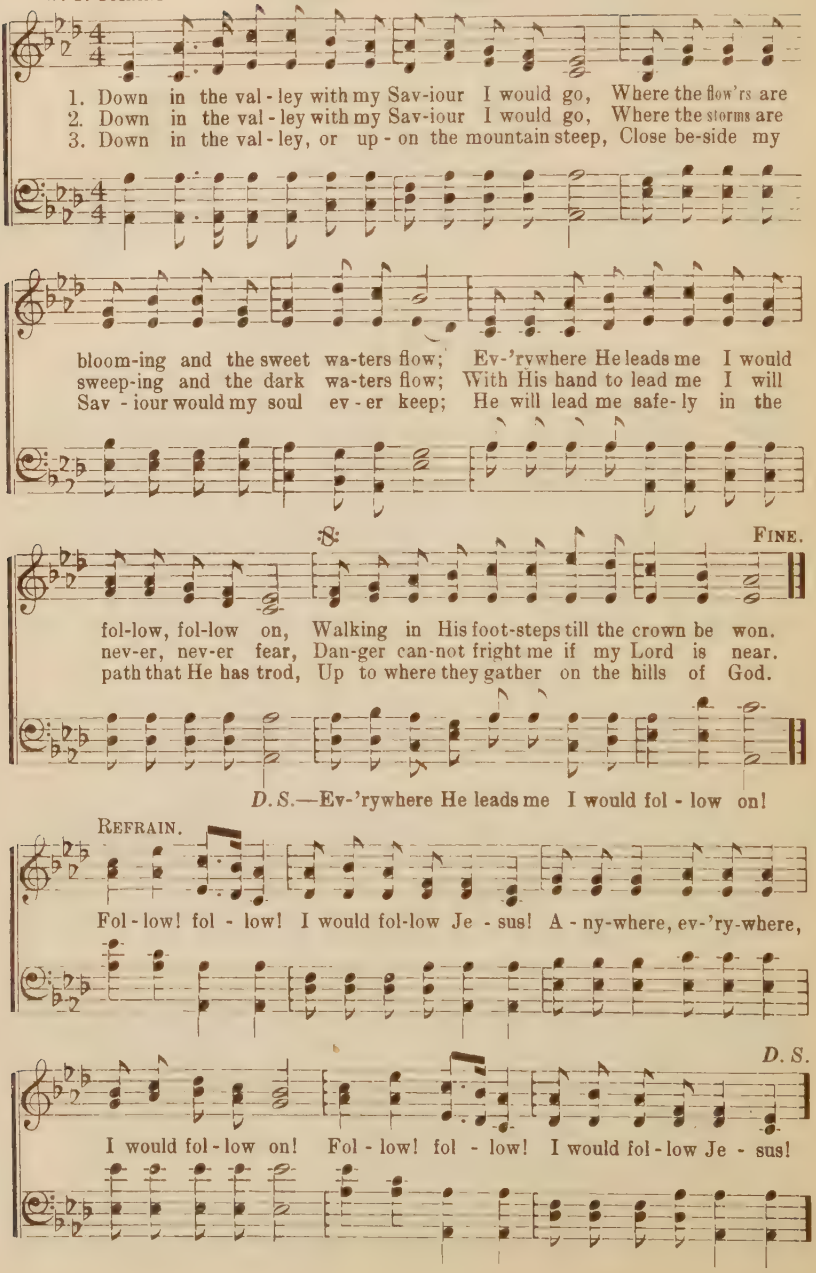
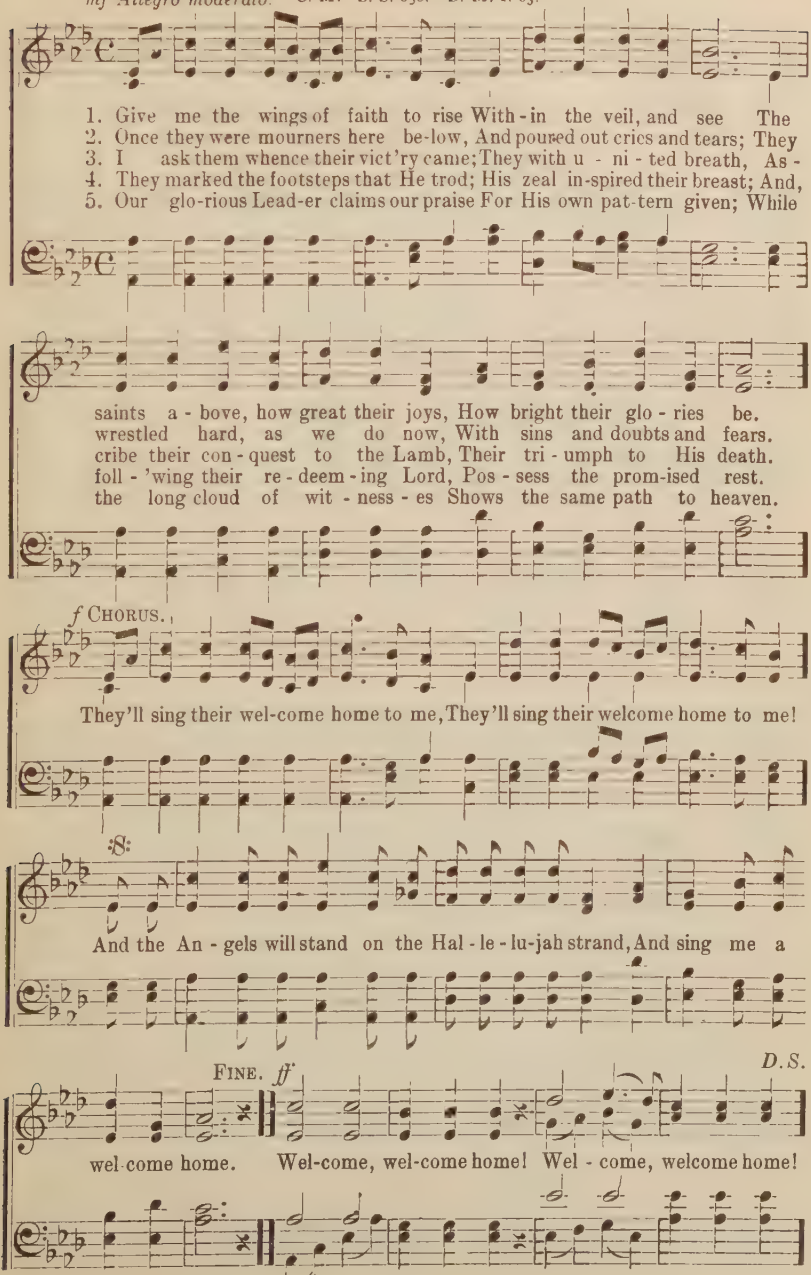
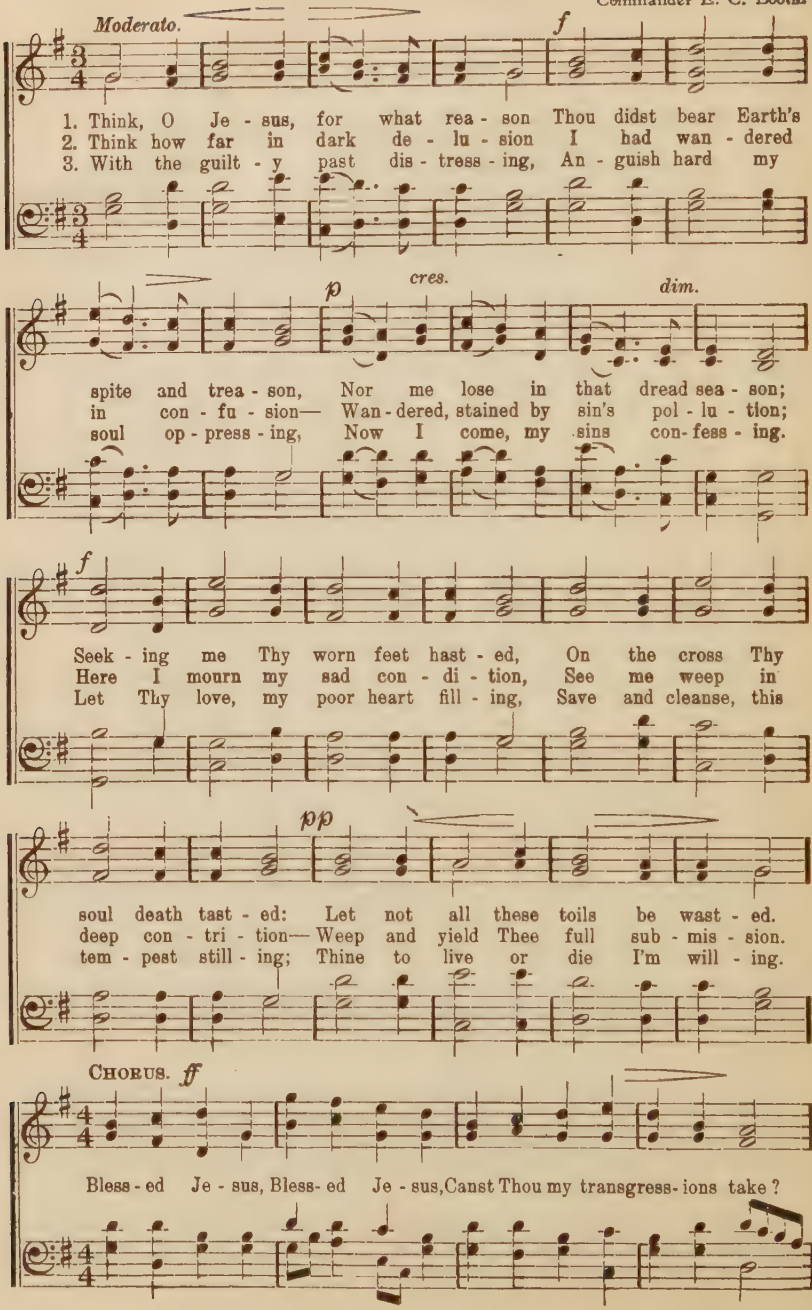
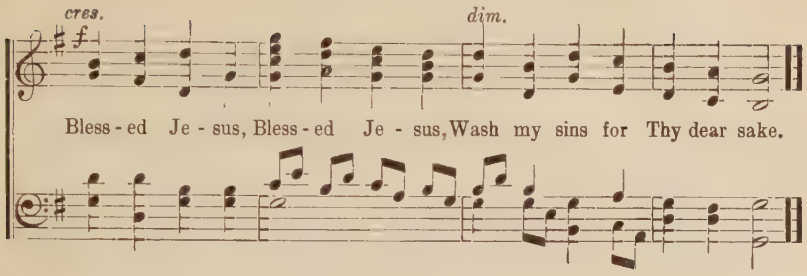
W. O. CUSHING. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my
bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe- ly in the
FINE.
fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.
D. S.—Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol - low on!
REFRAIN.
Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus! A - ny-where, ev-'ry-where,
D. S.
I would fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus!

They'll Sing a Welcome Home.

mf Allegro moderato. C. M. S. S. 658. B. M. I. 63.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here be-low, And poured out cries and tears; They
3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came; They with u - ni - ted breath, As -
4. They marked the footsteps that He trod; His zeal in-spired their breast; And,
5. Our glo-rious Lead-er claims our praise For His own pat-tern given; While
saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears.
cribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to His death.
foll - 'wing their re - deem - ing Lord, Pos - sess the prom-ised rest.
the long cloud of wit - ness - es Shows the same path to heaven.
f CHORUS.
They'll sing their wel-come home to me, They'll sing their welcome home to me!
8:
And the An - gels will stand on the Hal - le - lu-jah strand, And sing me a
FINE. ff
D.S.
wel-come home. Wel-come, wel-come home! Wel - come, welcome home!

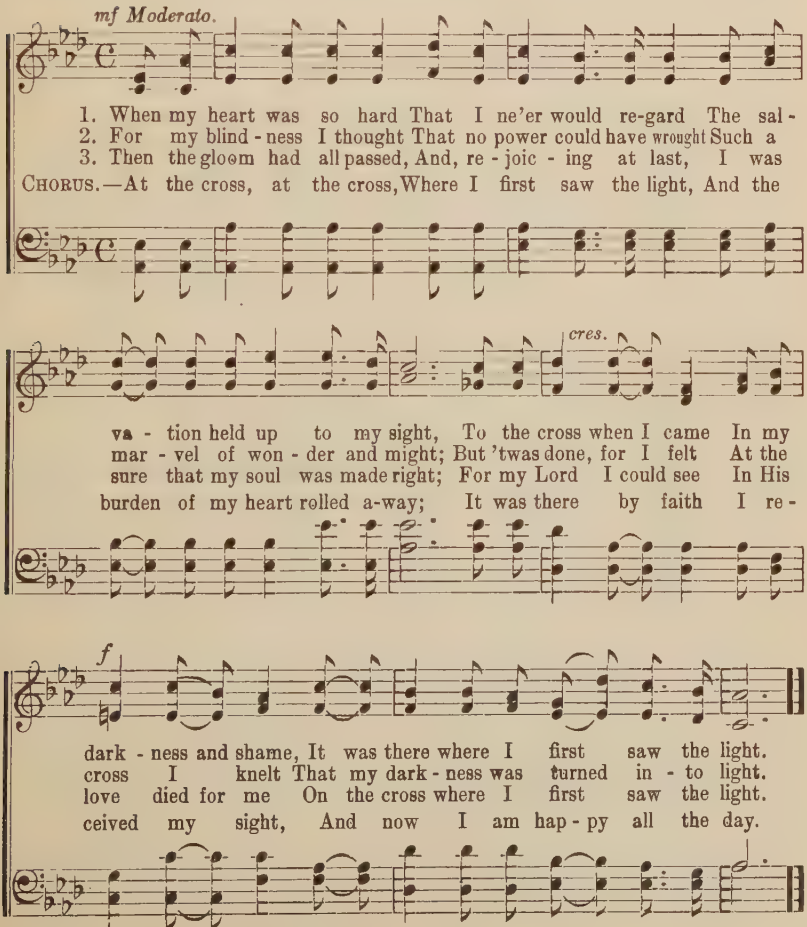
Think, O Jesus!

Commander E. C. Booth.

Moderato.
f
1. Think, O Je - sus, for what rea - son Thou didst bear Earth's
2. Think how far in dark de - lu - sion I had wan - dered
3. With the guilt - y past dis - tress - ing, An - guish hard my
p
cres.
dim.
spite and trea - son, Nor me lose in that dread sea - son;
in con - fu - sion— Wan - dered, stained by sin's pol - lu - tion;
soul op - press - ing, Now I come, my sins con - fess - ing.
f
Seek - ing me Thy worn feet hast - ed, On the cross Thy
Here I mourn my sad con - di - tion, See me weep in
Let Thy love, my poor heart fill - ing, Save and cleanse, this
pp
soul death tast - ed: Let not all these toils be wast - ed.
deep con - tri - tion— Weep and yield Thee full sub - mis - sion.
tem - pest still - ing; Thine to live or die I'm will - ing.
Chorus. ff
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Canst Thou my transgress - ions take?



350 At the Cross.

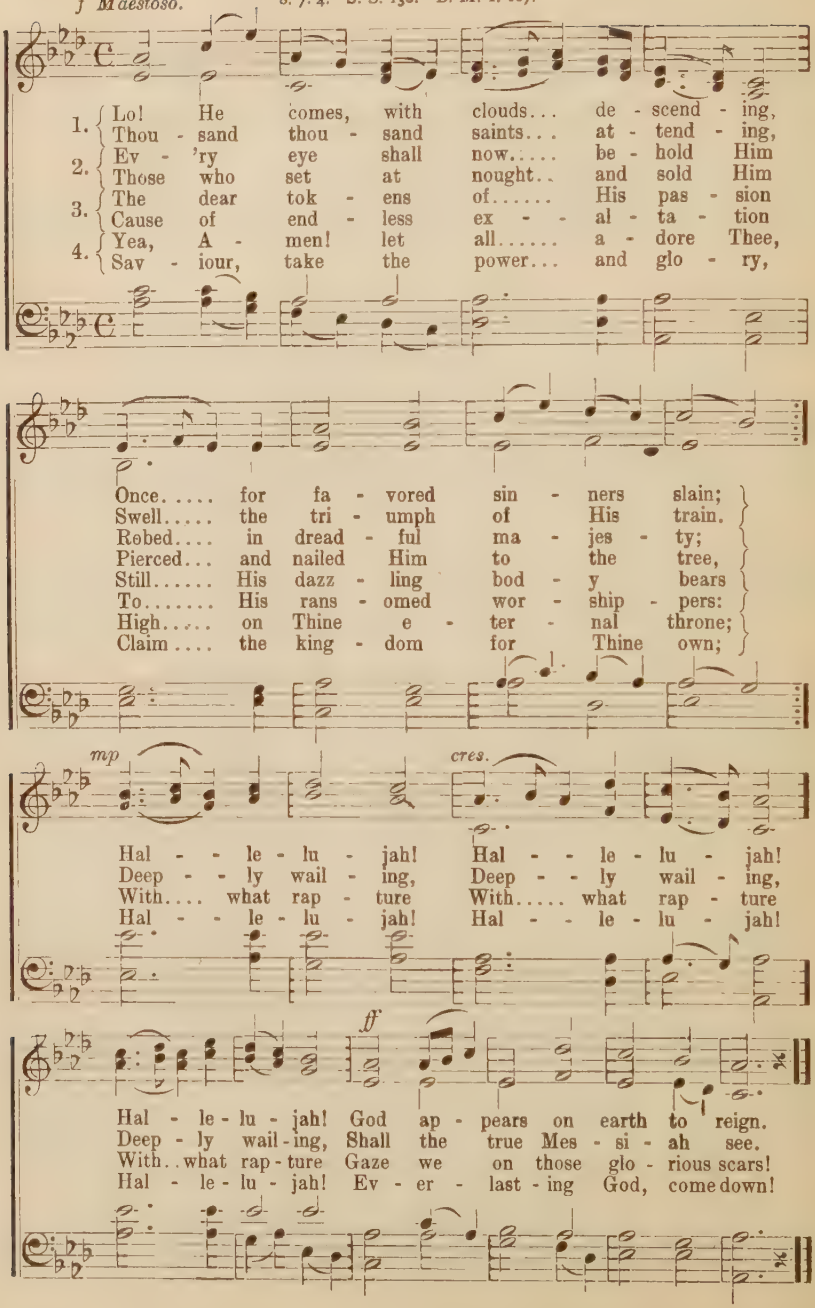
P. M. S. S. 221. B. M. I. 208.


mf Moderato.
1. When my heart was so hard That I ne'er would re-gard The sal-
2. For my blind - ness I thought That no power could have wrought Such a
3. Then the gloom had all passed, And, re - joic - ing at last, I was
CHORUS.—At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the
cres.
va - tion held up to my sight, To the cross when I came In my
mar - vel of won - der and might; But 'twas done, for I felt At the
sure that my soul was made right; For my Lord I could see In His
burden of my heart rolled a-way; It was there by faith I re-
f
dark - ness and shame, It was there where I first saw the light.
cross I knelt That my dark - ness was turned in - to light.
love died for me On the cross where I first saw the light.
ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

Lo! He Comes.

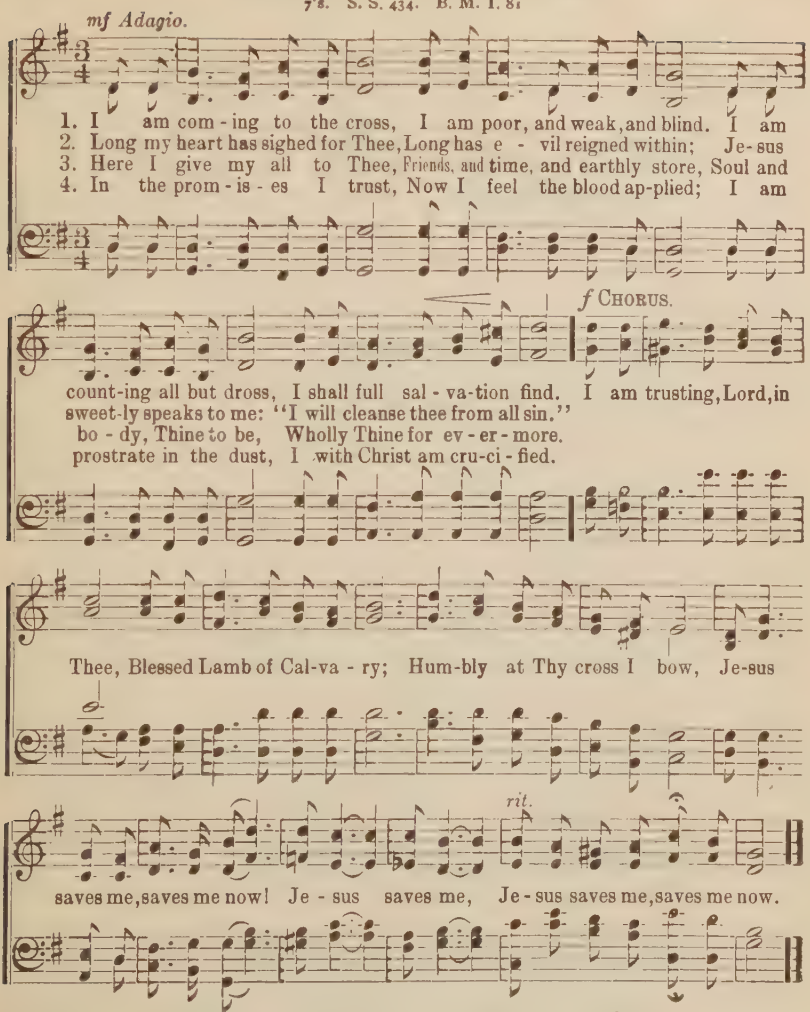
8. 7. 4. S. S. 138. B. M. I. 167.

f Maestoso.


1. Lo! He comes, with clouds... de - scend - ing,
Thou - sand thou - sand saints... at - tend - ing,
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now..... be - hold Him
Those who set at nought.. and sold Him
3. The dear tok - ens of..... His pas - sion
Cause of end - less ex - - al - ta - tion
4. Yea, A - men! let all..... a - dore Thee,
Sav - iour, take the power... and glo - ry,
Once..... for fa - vored sin - ners slain;
Swell..... the tri - umph of His train.
Robed.... in dread - ful ma - jes - ty;
Pierced... and nailed Him to the tree,
Still..... His dazz - ling bod - y bears
To..... His rans - omed wor - ship - pers:
High..... on Thine e - ter - nal throne;
Claim.... the king - dom for Thine own;
mp
cres.
Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah!
Deep - - ly wail - ing, Deep - - ly wail - ing,
With.... what rap - ture With..... what rap - ture
Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah!
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.
Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
With..what rap - ture Gaze we on those glo - rious scars!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Ev - er - last - ing God, come down!

352 I am Coming to the Cross.

7's. S. S. 434. B. M. I. 81


mf Adagio.
1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind. I am
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within; Je-sus
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store, Soul and
4. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied; I am
f CHORUS.
count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va-tion find. I am trusting, Lord, in
sweet-ly speaks to me: "I will cleanse thee from all sin."
bo - dy, Thine to be, Wholly Thine for ev - er - more.
prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am cru-ci - fied.
Thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal-va - ry; Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Je-sus
rit.
saves me, saves me now! Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

353 Come, Oh Come, Great Spirit.

Tune—352.

1 Come, Thou burning Spirit, come!
Lo, we stretch our hands to Thee!
From the Father and the Son
Let us now Thy glory see.

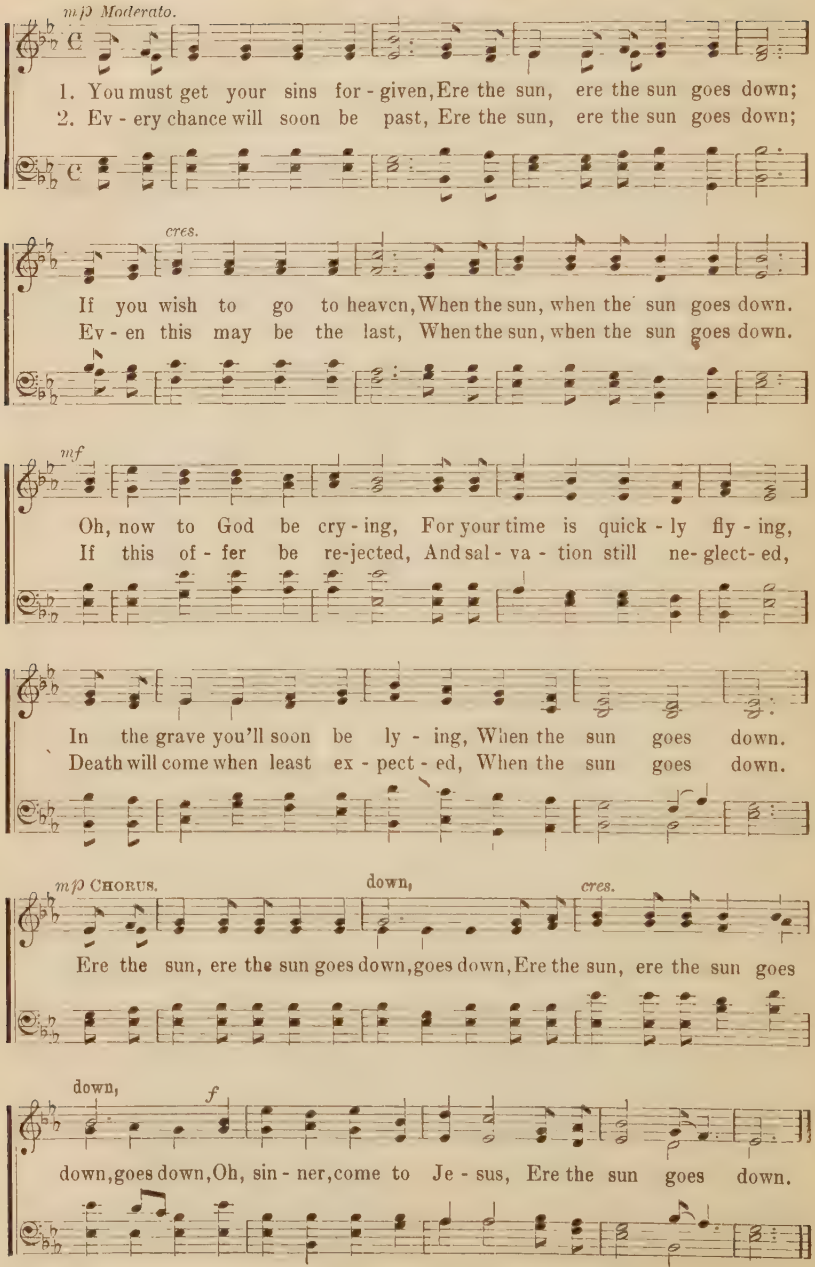
Come, oh, come, Great Spirit, come,
Let the mighty deed be done!
Satisfy our soul's desire—
Now we trust Thee for the fire.

2 On the altar now we lay
Soul and body, mind and will!
All the evil passions slay,
Come and every corner fill.

3 Now the sacrifice we make,
Though as dear as a right eye,
For our blessed Saviour's sake,
Who for us did bleed and die.

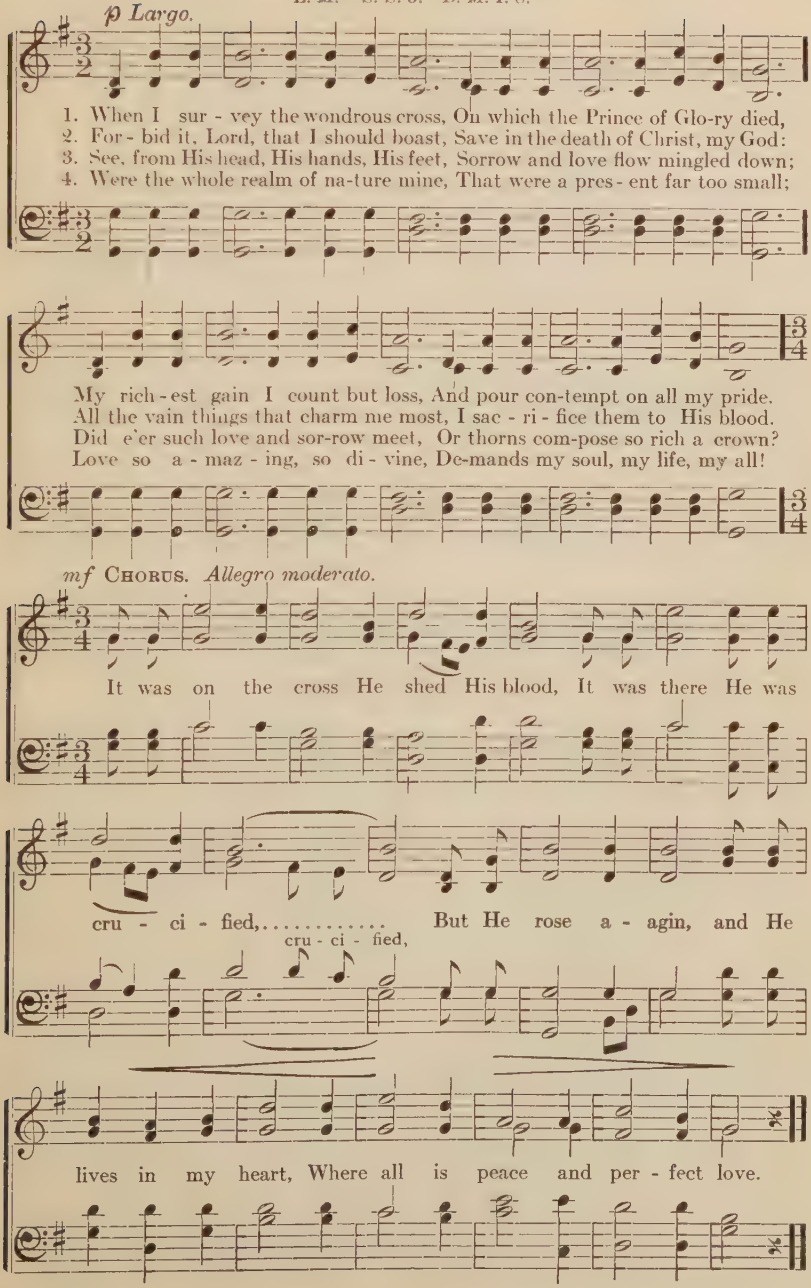
4 Now by faith the gift I claim
Bought by me by blood divine,
Through the all-prevailing Name
All the promises are mine.

Ere the Sun Goes Down.

P. M.—S. S. 133. B. M. I. 226.

mp Moderato.
1. You must get your sins for - given, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;
2. Ev - ery chance will soon be past, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;
cres.
If you wish to go to heaven, When the sun, when the sun goes down.
Ev - en this may be the last, When the sun, when the sun goes down.
mf
Oh, now to God be cry - ing, For your time is quick - ly fly - ing,
If this of - fer be re-jected, And sal - va - tion still ne- glect- ed,
In the grave you'll soon be ly - ing, When the sun goes down.
Death will come when least ex - pect - ed, When the sun goes down.
mp CHORUS.
down,
cres.
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down, goes down, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes
down,
f
down, goes down, Oh, sin - ner, come to Je - sus, Ere the sun goes down.

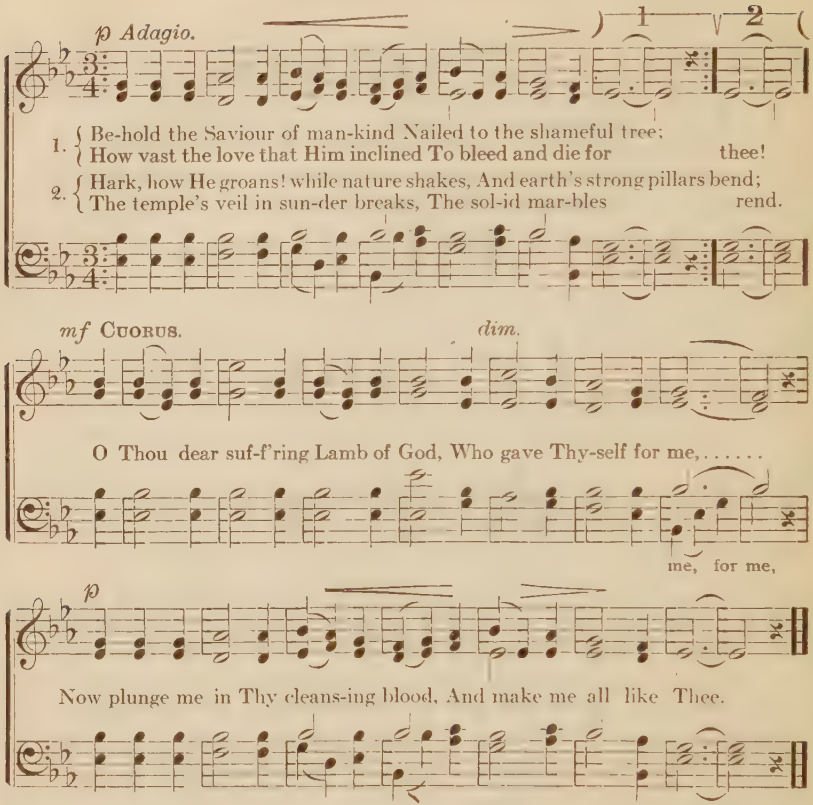
It Was On the Cross.

L. M.—S. S. 5. B. M. I. S.


p Largo.
1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God:
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all!
mf CHORUS. Allegro moderato.
It was on the cross He shed His blood, It was there He was
cru - ci - fied,..... But He rose a - gain, and He
cru - ci - fied,
lives in my heart, Where all is peace and per - fect love.

356 Behold the Saviour of Mankind.

C. M.—S. S. 3. B. M. I. 23.


p Adagio.
1 2
1. Be-hold the Saviour of man-kind Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined To bleed and die for thee!
2. Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sun-der breaks, The sol-id mar-bles rend.
mf Chorus.
dim.
O Thou dear suf-f'ring Lamb of God, Who gave Thy-self for me,.....
me, for me,
p
Now plunge me in Thy cleans-ing blood, And make me all like Thee.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," He cries,
See where He bows His sacred head;
He bows His head, and dies.

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

357 There is a Green Hill Far Away

Tune—356.

1 There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all,

Cho.—Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved!
And we must love Him too.
And trust in His redeeming love,
And try His works to do.

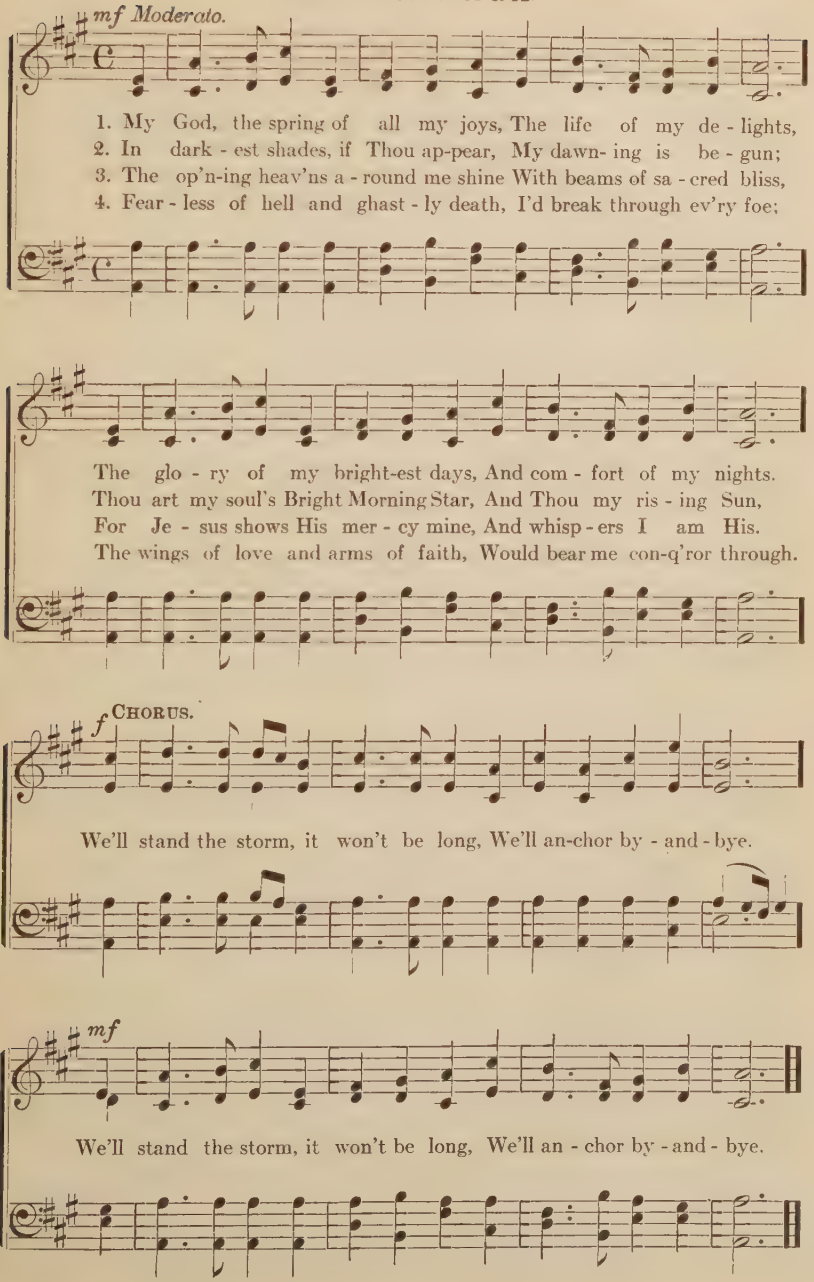
2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

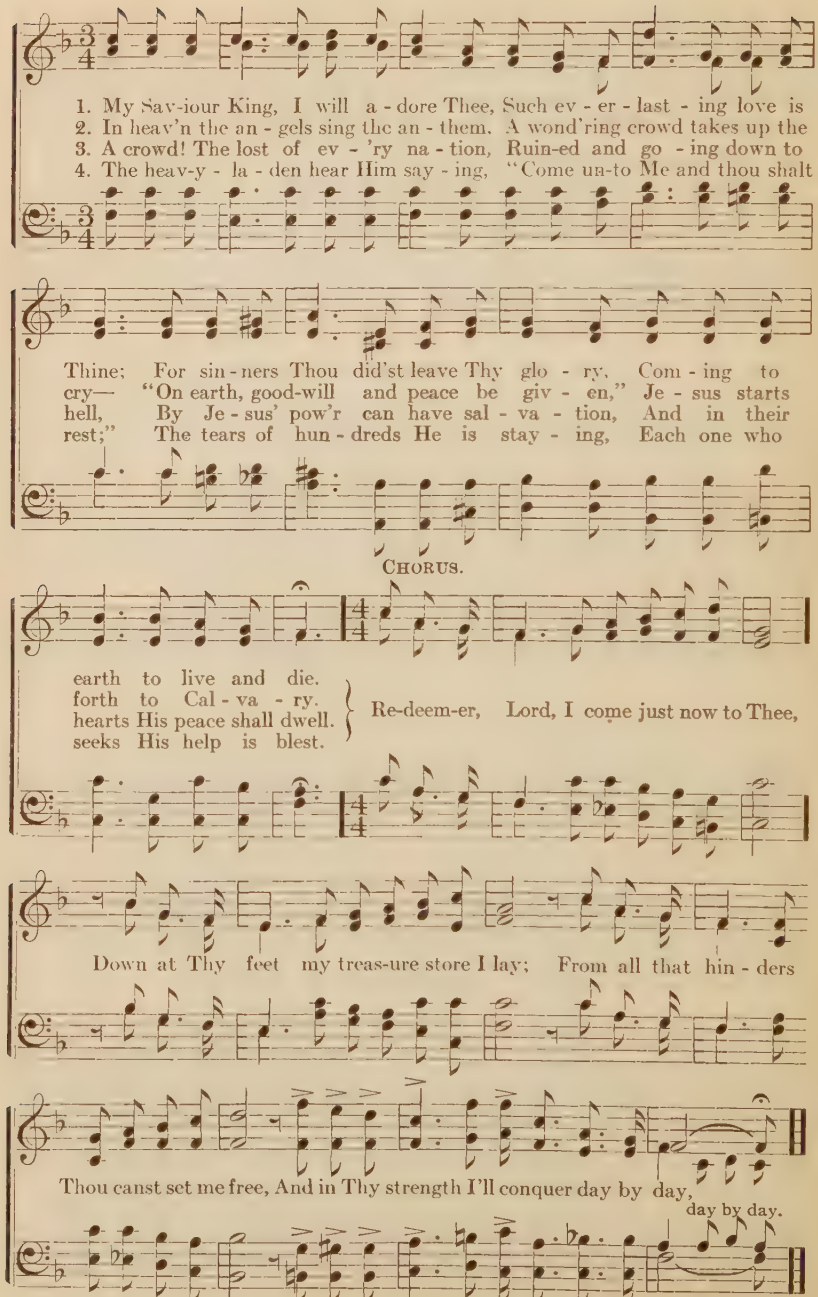
3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven.
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

My God, the Spring of All My Joys.

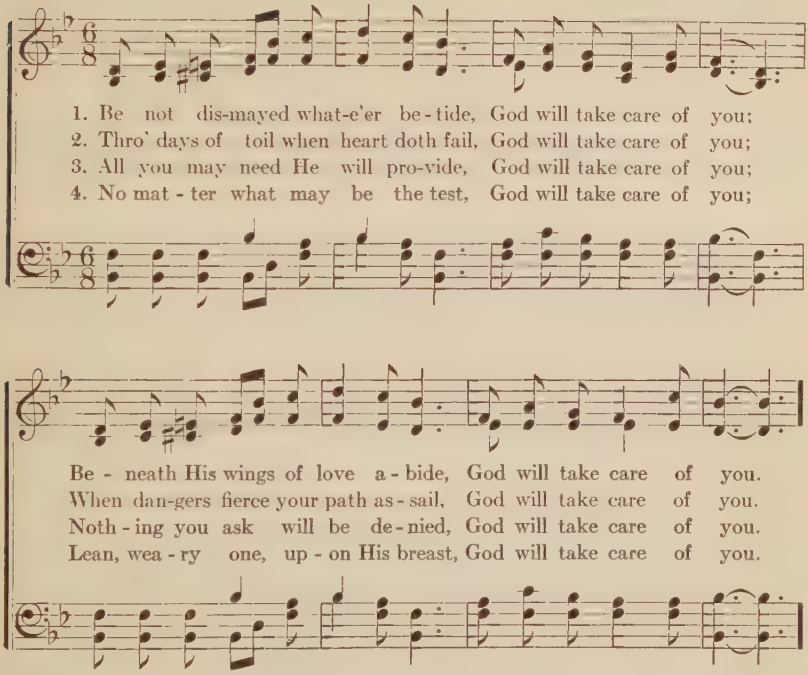
C. M.—S. S. 238. B. M. I. 62.


mf Moderato.
1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,
2. In dark - est shades, if Thou ap-pear, My dawn- ing is be - gun;
3. The op'n-ing heav'ns a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss,
4. Fear - less of hell and ghast - ly death, I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The glo - ry of my bright-est days, And com - fort of my nights.
Thou art my soul's Bright Morning Star, And Thou my ris - ing Sun,
For Je - sus shows His mer - cy mine, And whisp - ers I am His.
The wings of love and arms of faith, Would bear me con-q'ror through.
f CHORUS.
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an-chor by - and - bye.
mf
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an - chor by - and - bye.

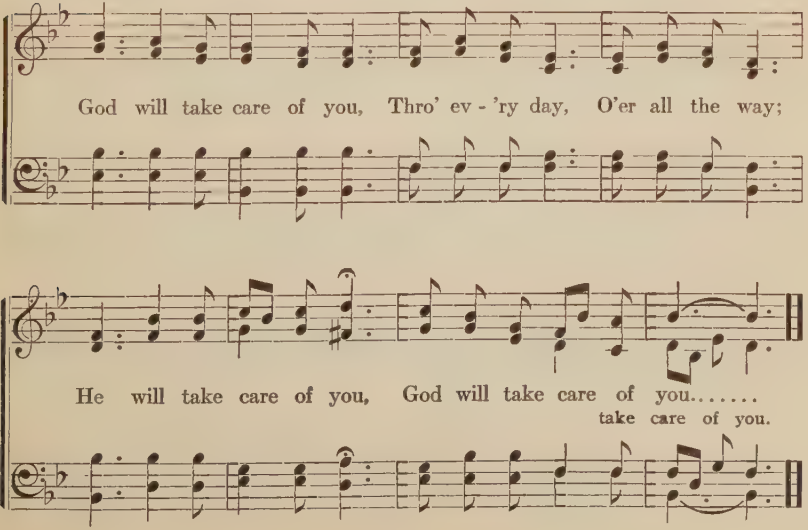
My Saviour King.

1. My Sav-iour King, I will a - dore Thee, Such ev - er - last - ing love is
2. In heav'n the an - gels sing the an - them. A wond'ring crowd takes up the
3. A crowd! The lost of ev - 'ry na - tion, Ruin-ed and go - ing down to
4. The heav-y - la - den hear Him say - ing, "Come un-to Me and thou shalt
Thine; For sin - ners Thou did'st leave Thy glo - ry, Com - ing to
cry— "On earth, good-will and peace be giv - en," Je - sus starts
hell, By Je - sus' pow'r can have sal - va - tion, And in their
rest;" The tears of hun - dreds He is stay - ing, Each one who
CHORUS.
earth to live and die.
forth to Cal - va - ry.
hearts His peace shall dwell.
seeks His help is blest.
Re-deem-er, Lord, I come just now to Thee,
Down at Thy feet my treas-ure store I lay; From all that hin - ders
Thou canst set me free, And in Thy strength I'll conquer day by day,
day by day.

God Will Take Care of You.

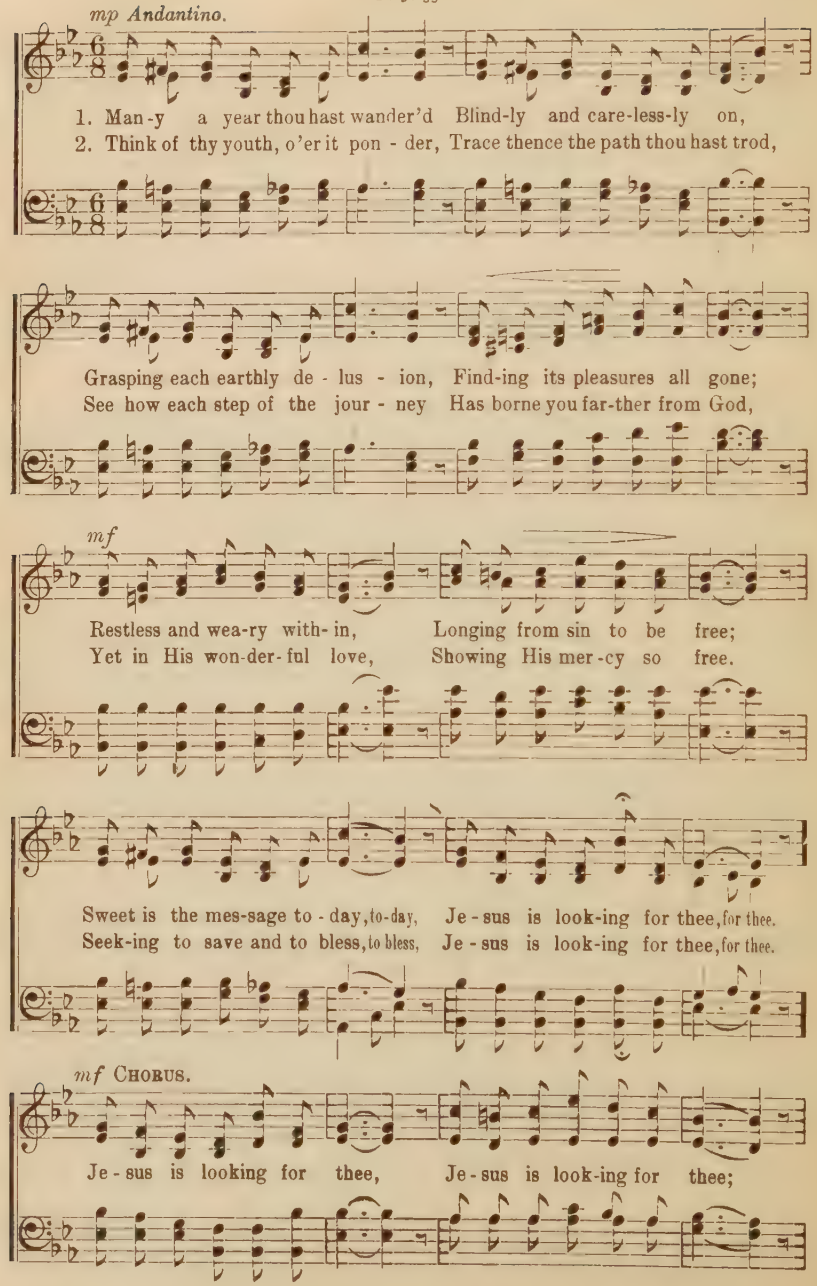
G. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.

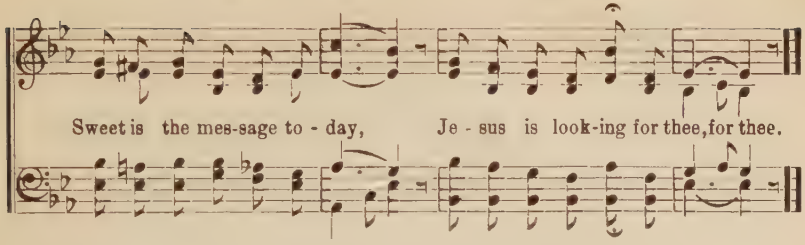

1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

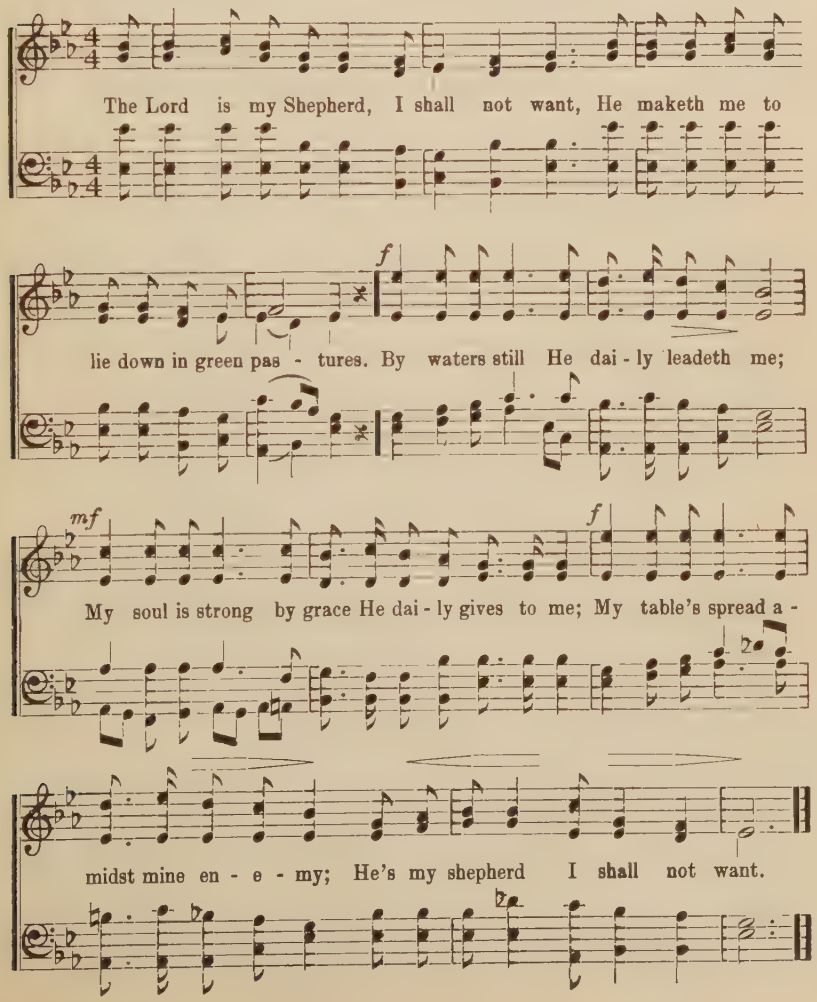
CHORUS.



Jesus is Looking for Thee.

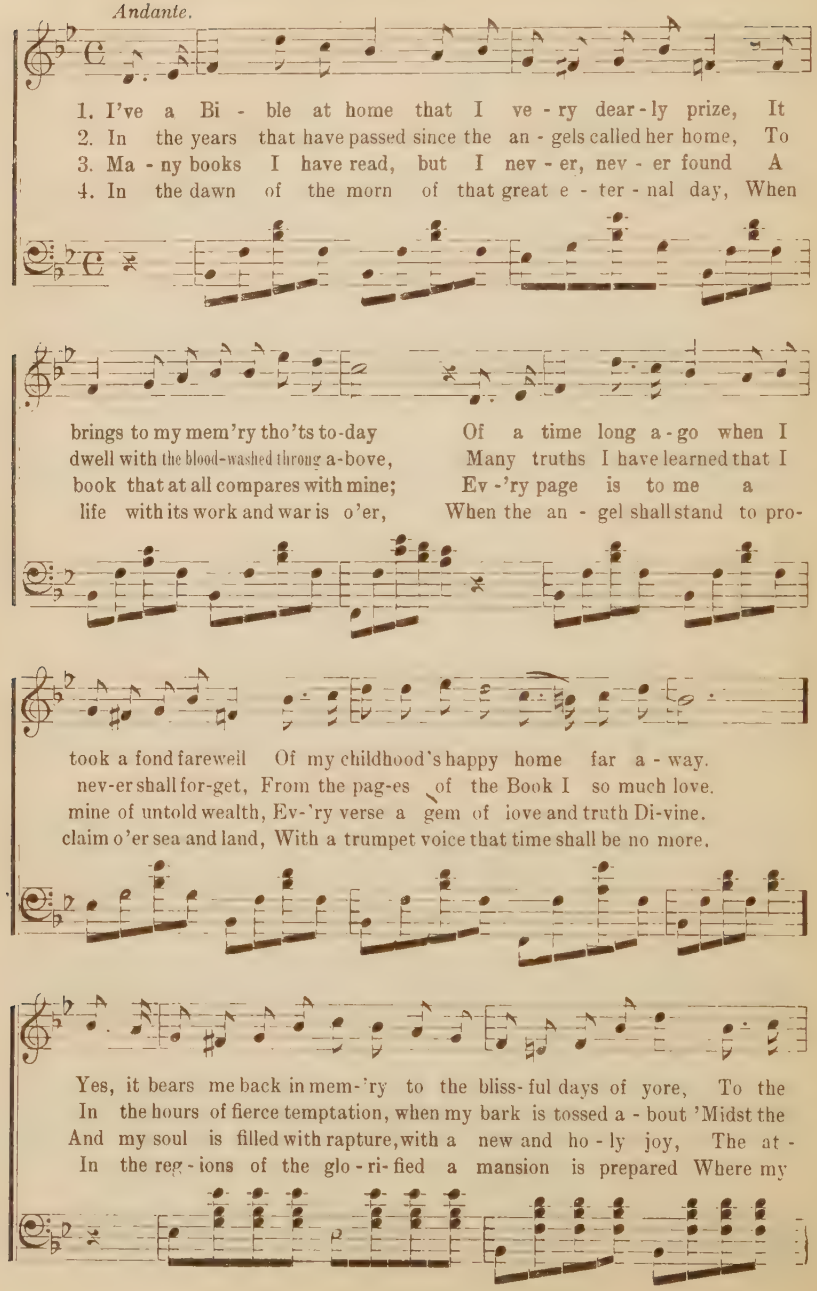
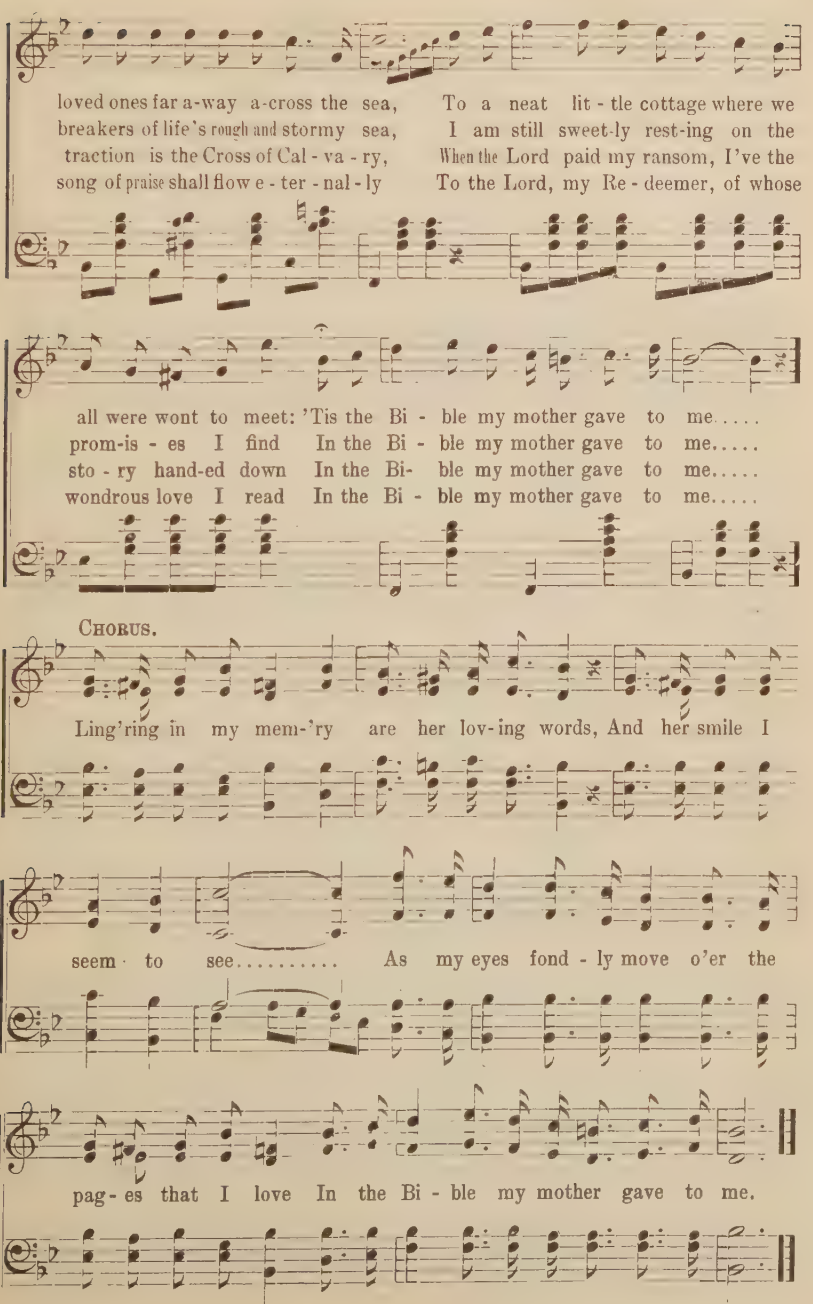
B. J. 356.

mp Andantino.
1. Man-y a year thou hast wander'd Blind-ly and care-less-ly on,
2. Think of thy youth, o'er it pon - der, Trace thence the path thou hast trod,
Grasping each earthly de - lus - ion, Find-ing its pleasures all gone;
See how each step of the jour - ney Has borne you far-ther from God,
mf
Restless and wea-ry with- in, Longing from sin to be free;
Yet in His won-der-ful love, Showing His mer-cy so free.
Sweet is the mes-sage to - day, to-day, Je - sus is look-ing for thee, for thee.
Seek-ing to save and to bless, to bless, Je - sus is look-ing for thee, for thee.
mf CHORUS.
Je - sus is looking for thee, Je - sus is look-ing for thee;

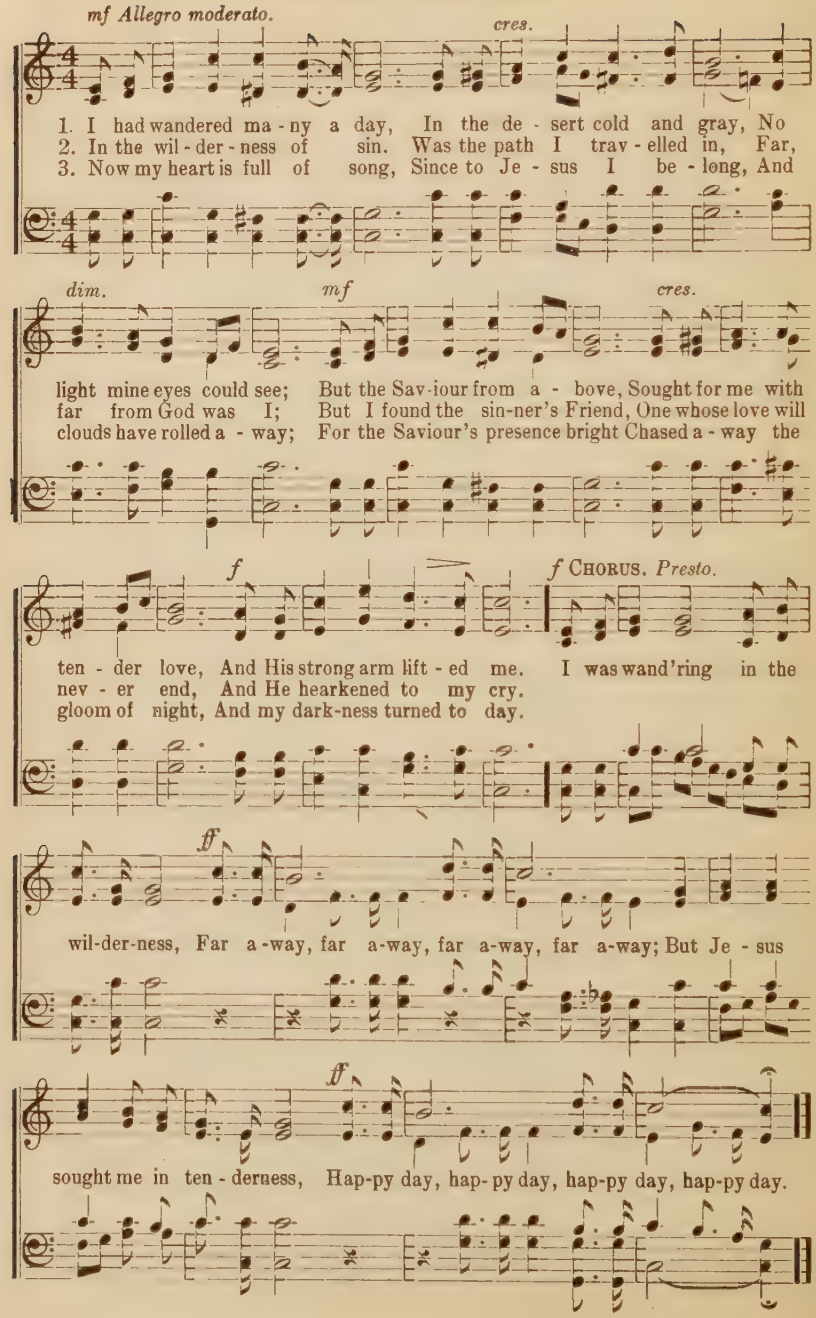
Jesus is Looking for Thee.—Concluded.

362 The Lord is My Shepherd.

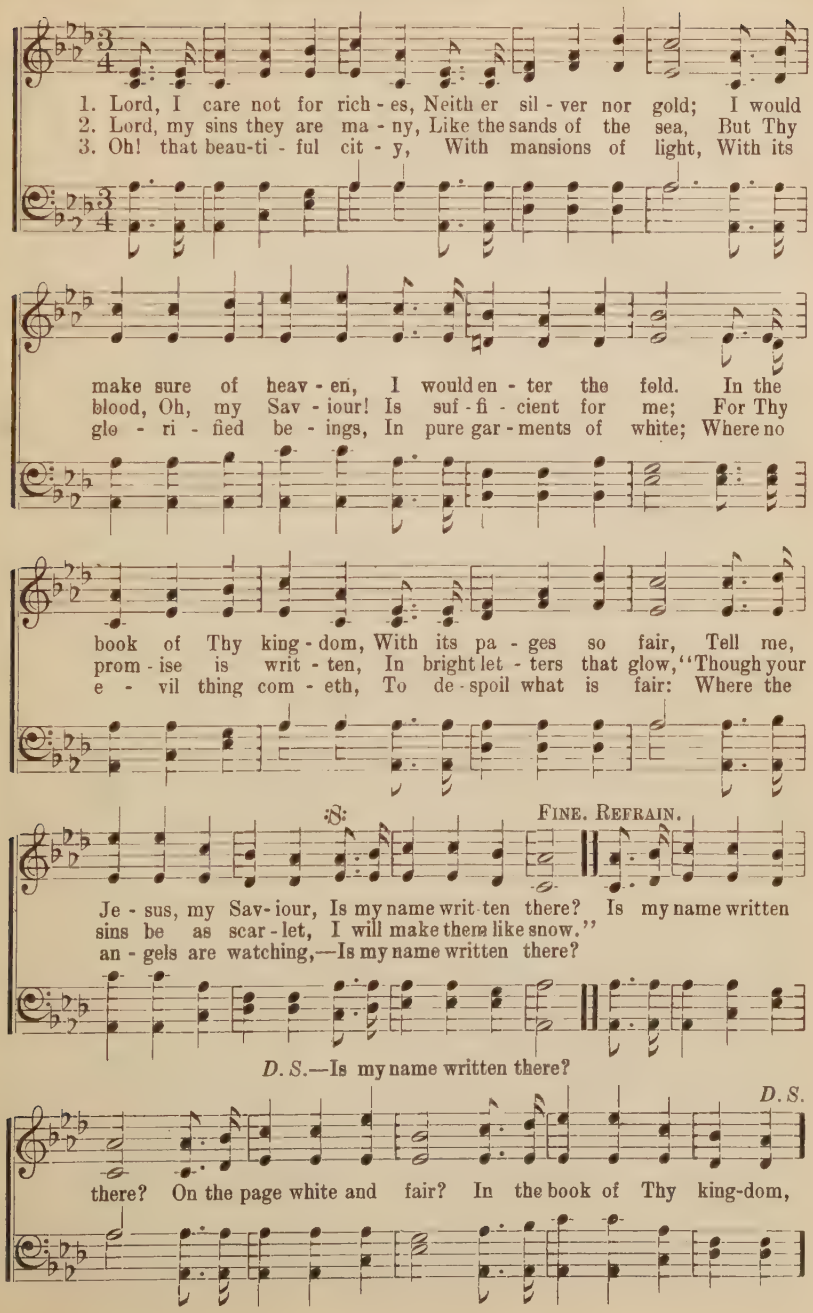

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me to
f
lie down in green pas - tures. By waters still He dai - ly leadeth me;
mf
f
My soul is strong by grace He dai - ly gives to me; My table's spread a -
midst mine en - e - my; He's my shepherd I shall not want.

The Bible My Mother Gave to Me.

Andante.


1. I've a Bi - ble at home that I ve - ry dear - ly prize, It
brings to my mem'ry tho'ts to-day Of a time long a - go when I
took a fond farewell Of my childhood's happy home far a - way.
Yes, it bears me back in mem-'ry to the bliss- ful days of yore, To the
2. In the years that have passed since the an - gels called her home, To
dwell with the blood-washed throng a-bove, Many truths I have learned that I
nev-er shall for-get, From the pag-es of the Book I so much love.
In the hours of fierce temptation, when my bark is tossed a - bout 'Midst the
3. Ma - ny books I have read, but I nev - er, nev - er found A
book that at all compares with mine; Ev -'ry page is to me a
mine of untold wealth, Ev-'ry verse a gem of love and truth Di-vine.
And my soul is filled with rapture, with a new and ho - ly joy, The at -
4. In the dawn of the morn of that great e - ter - nal day, When
life with its work and war is o'er, When the an - gel shall stand to pro-
claim o'er sea and land, With a trumpet voice that time shall be no more.
In the reg - ions of the glo - ri- fied a mansion is prepared Where my

loved ones far a-way a-cross the sea, To a neat lit-tle cottage where we
breakers of life's rough and stormy sea, I am still sweet-ly rest-ing on the
traction is the Cross of Cal-va-ry, When the Lord paid my ransom, I've the
song of praise shall flow e-ter-nal-ly To the Lord, my Re-deemer, of whose
all were wont to meet: 'Tis the Bi-ble my mother gave to me.....
prom-is-es I find In the Bi-ble my mother gave to me.....
sto-ry hand-ed down In the Bi-ble my mother gave to me.....
wondrous love I read In the Bi-ble my mother gave to me.....
Chorus.
Ling'ring in my mem-'ry are her lov-ing words, And her smile I
seem to see..... As my eyes fond-ly move o'er the
pag-es that I love In the Bi-ble my mother gave to me.

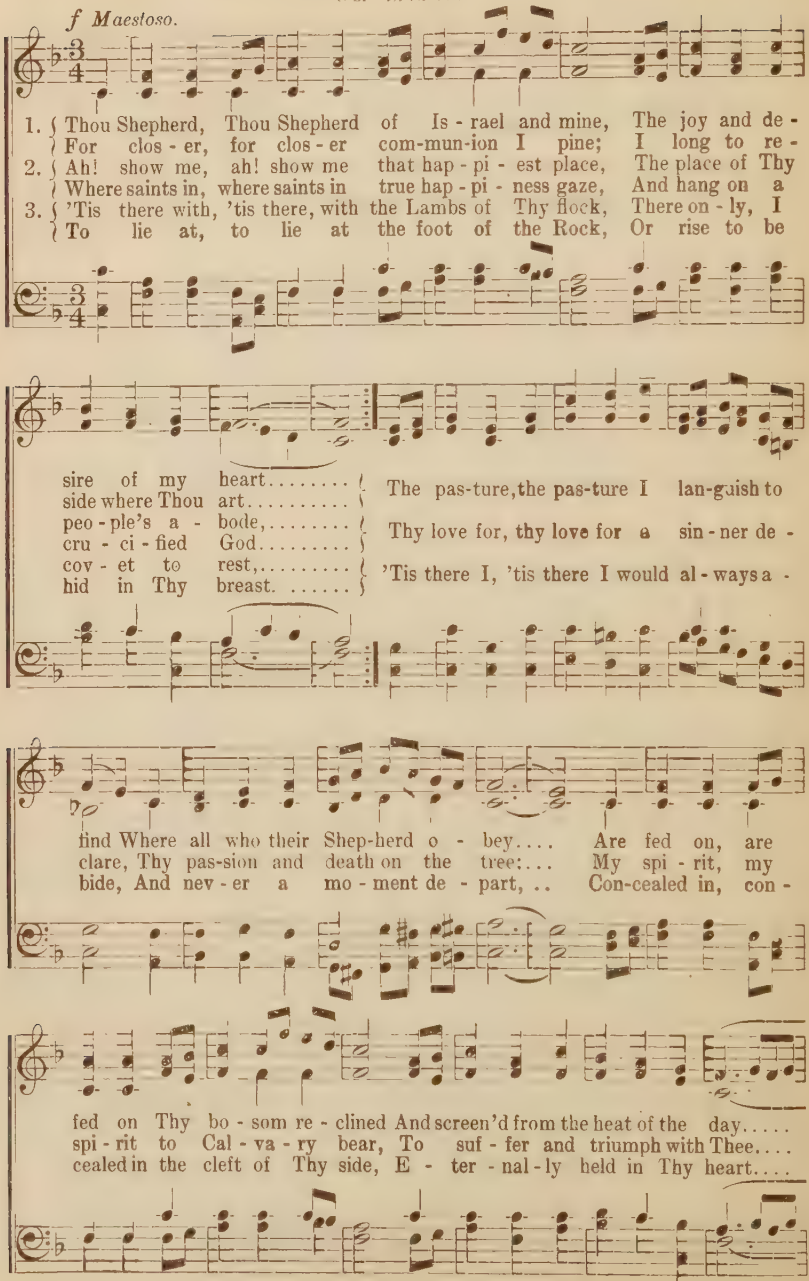
In the Wilderness.

mf Allegro moderato.
cres.
1. I had wandered ma - ny a day, In the de - sert cold and gray, No
2. In the wil - der - ness of sin. Was the path I trav - elled in, Far,
3. Now my heart is full of song, Since to Je - sus I be - long, And
dim.
mf
cres.
light mine eyes could see; But the Sav-iour from a - bove, Sought for me with
far from God was I; But I found the sin-ner's Friend, One whose love will
clouds have rolled a - way; For the Saviour's presence bright Chased a - way the
f
f CHORUS. Presto.
ten - der love, And His strong arm lift - ed me. I was wand'ring in the
nev - er end, And He hearkened to my cry.
gloom of night, And my dark-ness turned to day.
ff
wil-der-ness, Far a-way, far a-way, far a-way, far a-way; But Je - sus
ff
sought me in ten - derness, Hap-py day, hap- py day, hap-py day, hap-py day.

Is My Name Written There?

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith er sil - ver nor gold; I would
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With mansions of light, With its
make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the
blood, Oh, my Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy
glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white; Where no
book of Thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair, Tell me,
prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow, "Though your
e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair: Where the
FINE. REFRAIN.
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name written
sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
an - gels are watching,—Is my name written there?
D. S.—Is my name written there?
D. S.
there? On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy king-dom,

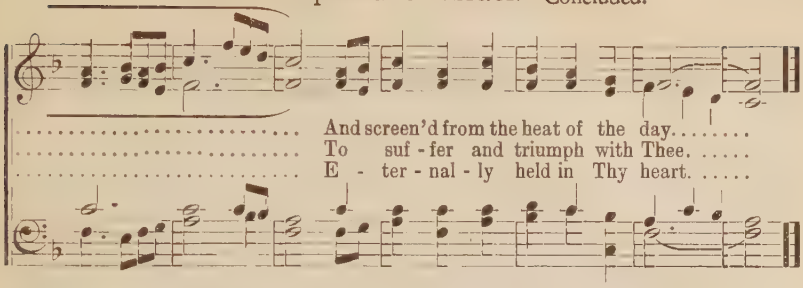
Thou Shepherd of Israel.

S's. S. S. 395.

f Maestoso.

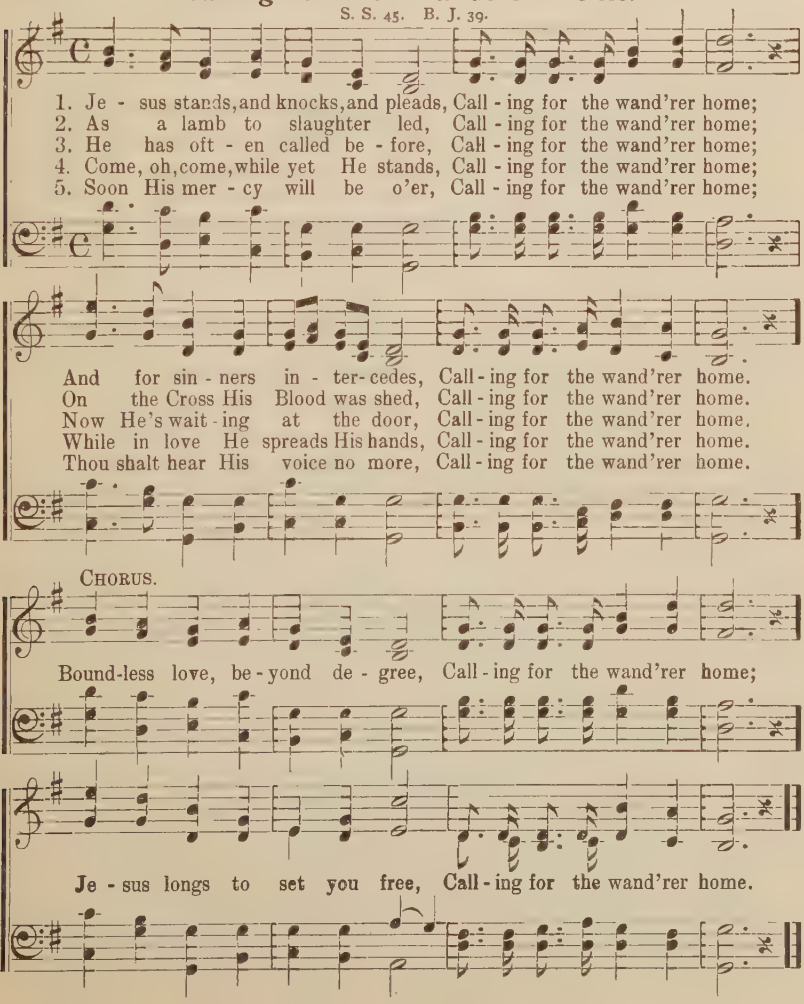

1. Thou Shepherd, Thou Shepherd of Is - rael and mine, The joy and de -
For clos - er, for clos - er com-mun-ion I pine; I long to re -
2. Ah! show me, ah! show me that hap - pi - est place, The place of Thy
Where saints in, where saints in true hap - pi - ness gaze, And hang on a
3. 'Tis there with, 'tis there, with the Lambs of Thy flock, There on - ly, I
To lie at, to lie at the foot of the Rock, Or rise to be
sire of my heart.....
side where Thou art.....
peo - ple's a - bode,.....
cru - ci - fied God.....
cov - et to rest,.....
hid in Thy breast.....
The pas-ture, the pas-ture I lan-guish to
Thy love for, thy love for a sin - ner de -
'Tis there I, 'tis there I would al - ways a -
find Where all who their Shep-herd o - bey.... Are fed on, are
clare, Thy pas-sion and death on the tree:... My spi - rit, my
bide, And nev - er a mo - ment de - part, .. Con-cealed in, con -
fed on Thy bo - som re - clined And screen'd from the heat of the day.....
spi - rit to Cal - va - ry bear, To suf - fer and triumph with Thee....
cealed in the cleft of Thy side, E - ter - nal - ly held in Thy heart....

Thou Shepherd of Israel. – Concluded.

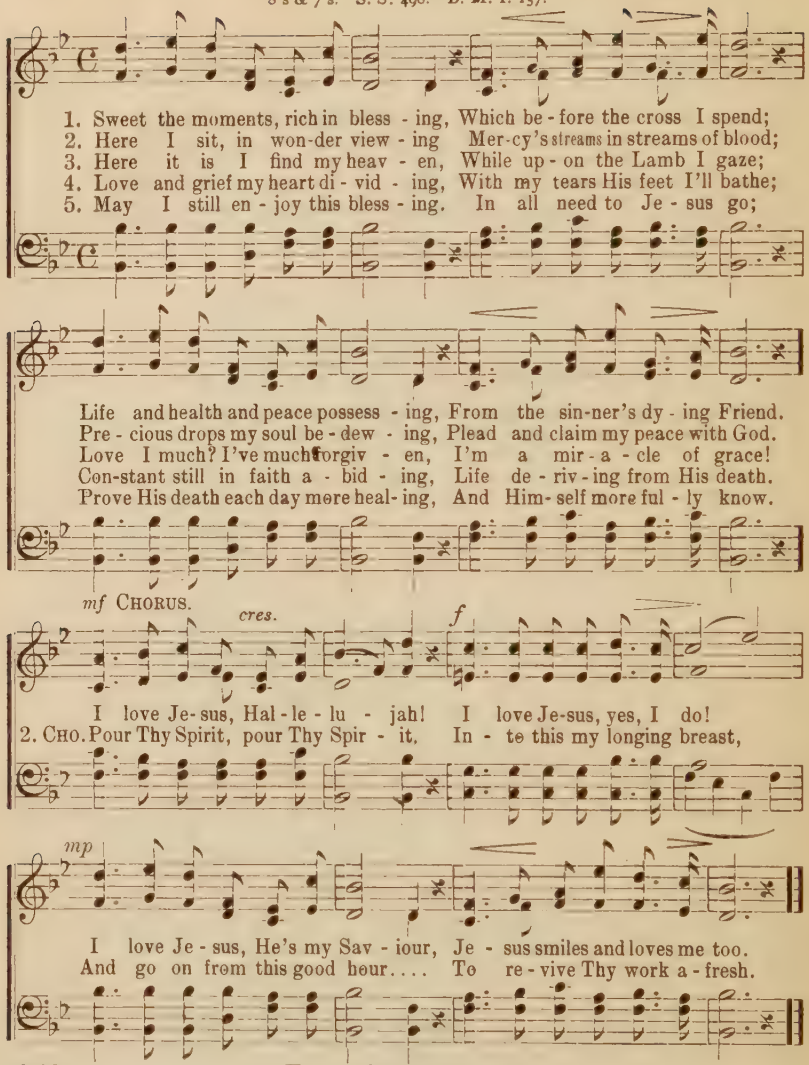


367 Calling for the Wanderer Home.

S. S. 45. B. J. 39.


1. Je - sus stands, and knocks, and pleads, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
2. As a lamb to slaughter led, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
3. He has oft - en called be - fore, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
4. Come, oh, come, while yet He stands, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
5. Soon His mer - cy will be o'er, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
And for sin - ners in - ter - cedes, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.
On the Cross His Blood was shed, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.
Now He's wait - ing at the door, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.
While in love He spreads His hands, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.
Thou shalt hear His voice no more, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.
CHORUS.
Bound-less love, be - yond de - gree, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
Je - sus longs to set you free, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.

Sweet the Moments.

8's & 7's. S. S. 498. B. M. I. 157.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
2. Here I sit, in won-der view - ing Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood;
3. Here it is I find my heav - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze;
4. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
5. May I still en - joy this bless - ing. In all need to Je - sus go;
Life and health and peace possess - ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.
Pre - cious drops my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
Love I much? I've much forgiv - en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!
Con-stant still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death.
Prove His death each day more heal - ing, And Him - self more ful - ly know.
mf CHORUS.
cres.
f
I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je-sus, yes, I do!
2. CHO. Pour Thy Spirit, pour Thy Spir - it. In - te this my longing breast,
mp
I love Je - sus, He's my Sav - iour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.
And go on from this good hour.... To re - vive Thy work a - fresh.

369 Pour Thy Spirit.

Tune—368. S. S. 293.

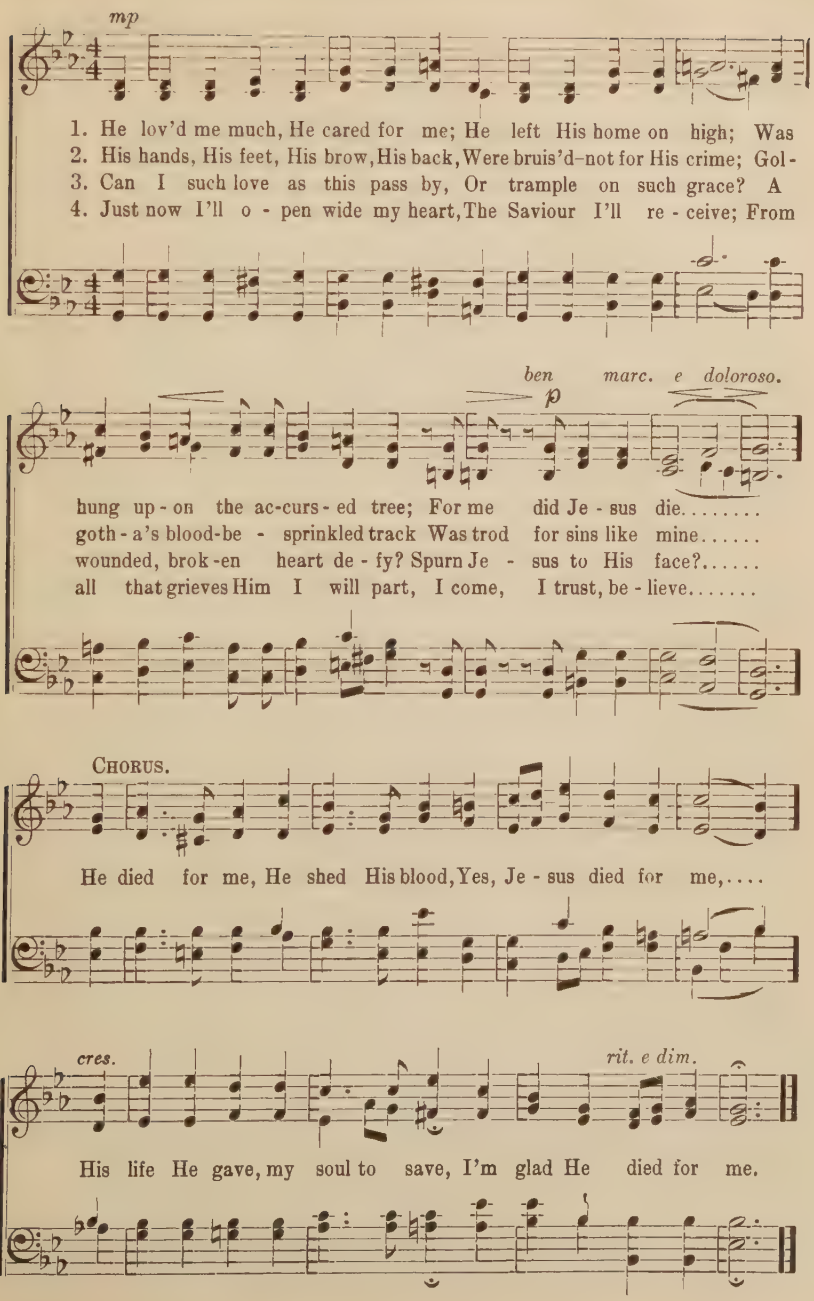
1 Precious Saviour, we are coming,
At Thy feet just now we fall,
Waiting to receive Thy blessing;
Come, and now baptize us all.

2 Mighty Lord, our hearts are open
To Thy penetrating gaze;
Now, oh, let the fire descending
Fill our hearts with power and praise!

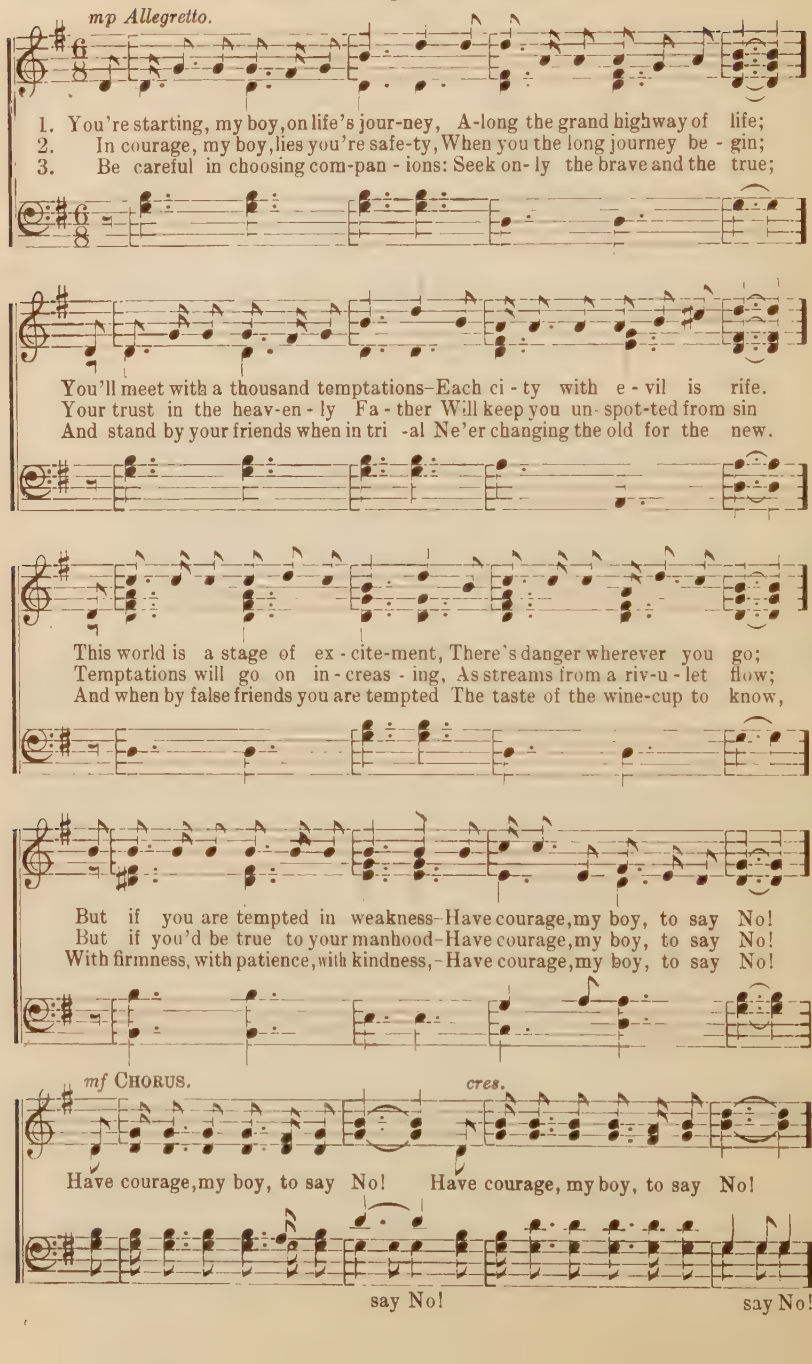
3 Time and talents I surrender,
Freely all I give to Thee;
Faith lays hold of Thy great promise,
Brings the fire just now on me.

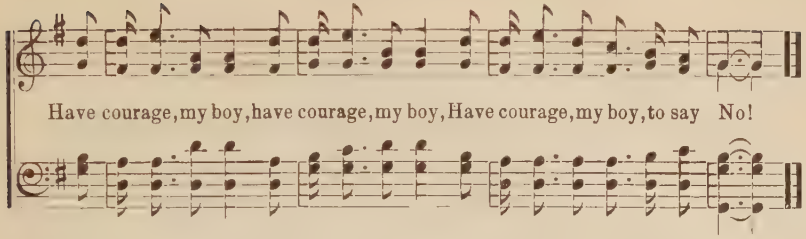
4 Hallelujah! It is falling,
Burning all my dross and sin,
Purifying all my nature;
Now I know I'm pure within.

He Died for Me.

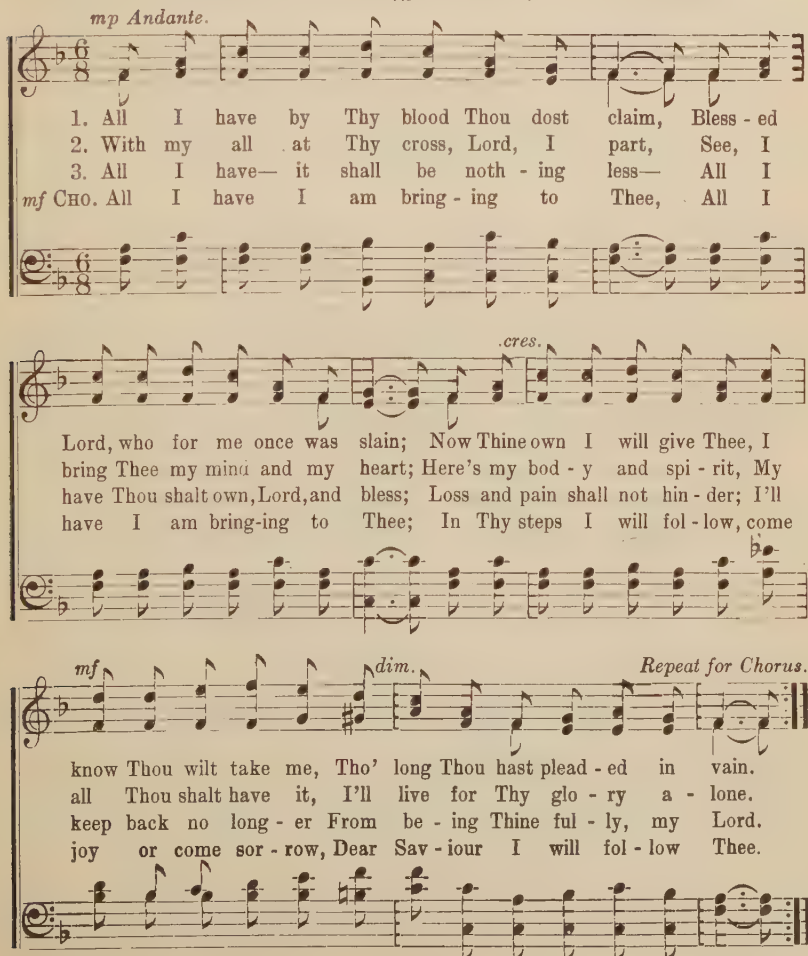

mp
1. He lov'd me much, He cared for me; He left His home on high; Was
2. His hands, His feet, His brow, His back, Were bruis'd-not for His crime; Gol-
3. Can I such love as this pass by, Or trample on such grace? A
4. Just now I'll o - pen wide my heart, The Saviour I'll re - ceive; From
ben marc. e doloroso.
p
hung up - on the ac-curs - ed tree; For me did Je - sus die.....
goth - a's blood-be - sprinkled track Was trod for sins like mine.....
wounded, brok - en heart de - fy? Spurn Je - sus to His face?.....
all that grieves Him I will part, I come, I trust, be - lieve.....
Chorus.
He died for me, He shed His blood, Yes, Je - sus died for me,....
cres.
rit. e dim.
His life He gave, my soul to save, I'm glad He died for me.

Have Courage to Say No!

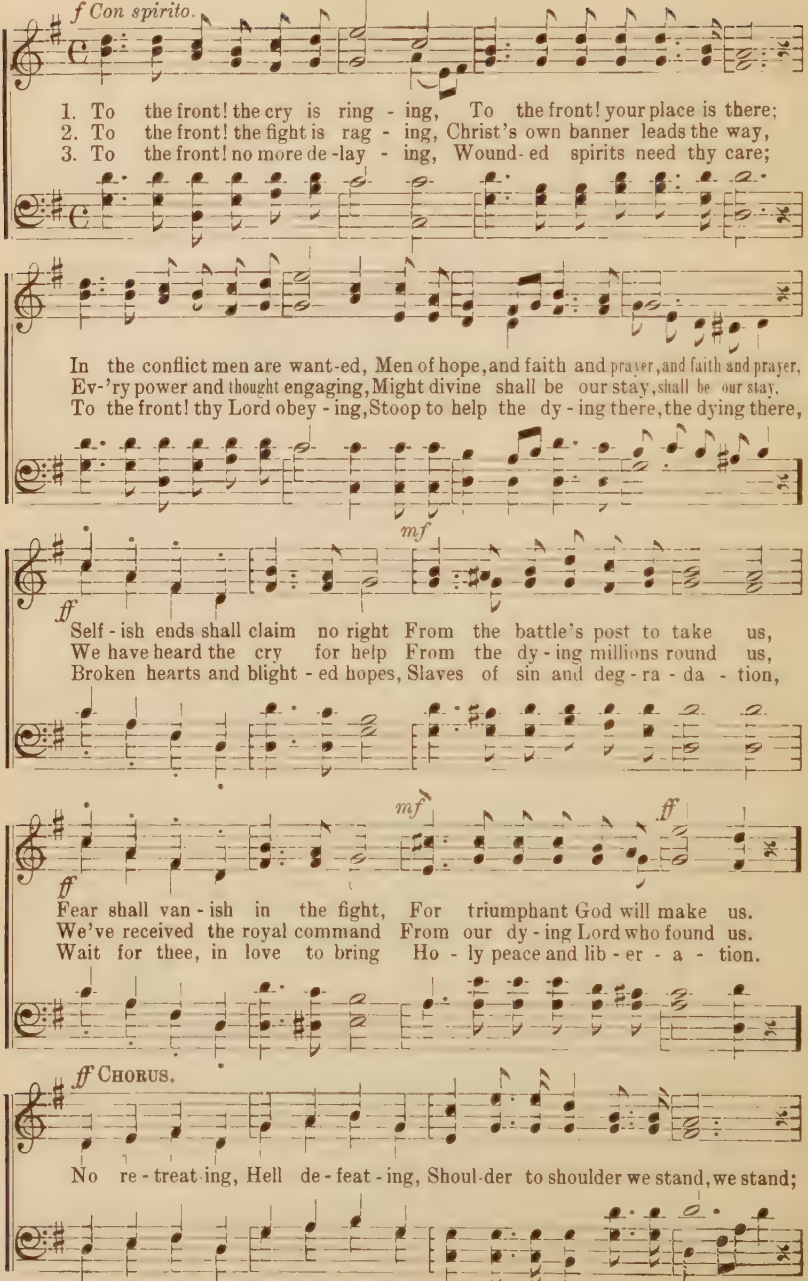

mp Allegretto.
1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour-ney, A-long the grand highway of life;
2. In courage, my boy, lies you're safe-ty, When you the long journey be - gin;
3. Be careful in choosing com-pan - ions: Seek on- ly the brave and the true;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations–Each ci - ty with e - vil is rife.
Your trust in the heav-en - ly Fa - ther Will keep you un- spot-ted from sin
And stand by your friends when in tri - al Ne'er changing the old for the new.
This world is a stage of ex - cite-ment, There's danger wherever you go;
Temptations will go on in - creas - ing, As streams from a riv-u - let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempted The taste of the wine-cup to know,
But if you are tempted in weakness–Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your manhood–Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firmness, with patience, with kindness,–Have courage, my boy, to say No!
mf CHORUS.
cres.
Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No!
say No!
say No!



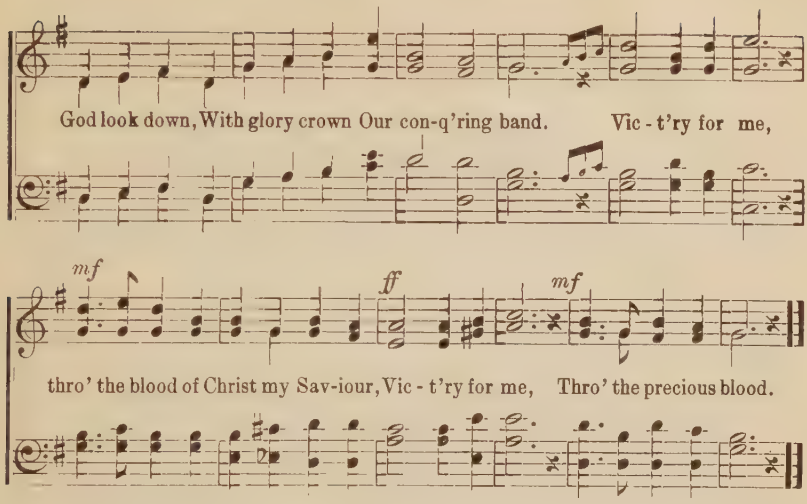
372 All I Have I am Bringing to Thee.

P. M. S. S. 443. B. M. I. 204.

mp Andante.
1. All I have by Thy blood Thou dost claim, Bless - ed
2. With my all at Thy cross, Lord, I part, See, I
3. All I have— it shall be noth - ing less— All I
mf CHO. All I have I am bring - ing to Thee, All I
cres.
Lord, who for me once was slain; Now Thine own I will give Thee, I
bring Thee my mind and my heart; Here's my bod - y and spi - rit, My
have Thou shalt own, Lord, and bless; Loss and pain shall not hin - der; I'll
have I am bring-ing to Thee; In Thy steps I will fol - low, come
mf
dim.
Repeat for Chorus.
know Thou wilt take me, Tho' long Thou hast plead - ed in vain.
all Thou shalt have it, I'll live for Thy glo - ry a - lone.
keep back no long - er From be - ing Thine ful - ly, my Lord.
joy or come sor - row, Dear Sav - iour I will fol - low Thee.

Victory For Me.

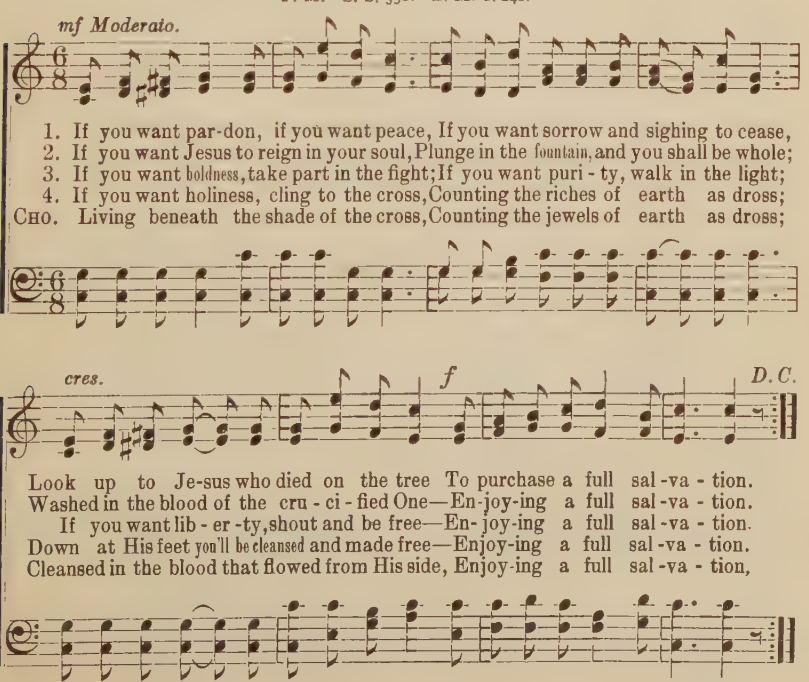
P. M. S. S. 555. B. M. I. 284.

f Con spirito.
1. To the front! the cry is ring - ing, To the front! your place is there;
2. To the front! the fight is rag - ing, Christ's own banner leads the way,
3. To the front! no more de-lay - ing, Wound-ed spirits need thy care;
In the conflict men are want-ed, Men of hope, and faith and prayer, and faith and prayer,
Ev-'ry power and thought engaging, Might divine shall be our stay, shall be our stay.
To the front! thy Lord obey - ing, Stoop to help the dy - ing there, the dying there,
mf
ff
Self - ish ends shall claim no right From the battle's post to take us,
We have heard the cry for help From the dy - ing millions round us,
Broken hearts and blight - ed hopes, Slaves of sin and deg - ra - da - tion,
mf
ff
ff
Fear shall van - ish in the fight, For triumphant God will make us.
We've received the royal command From our dy - ing Lord who found us.
Wait for thee, in love to bring Ho - ly peace and lib - er - a - tion.
ff CHORUS.
No re - treat - ing, Hell de - feat - ing, Shoul-der to shoulder we stand, we stand;

Victory for Me.—Concluded.

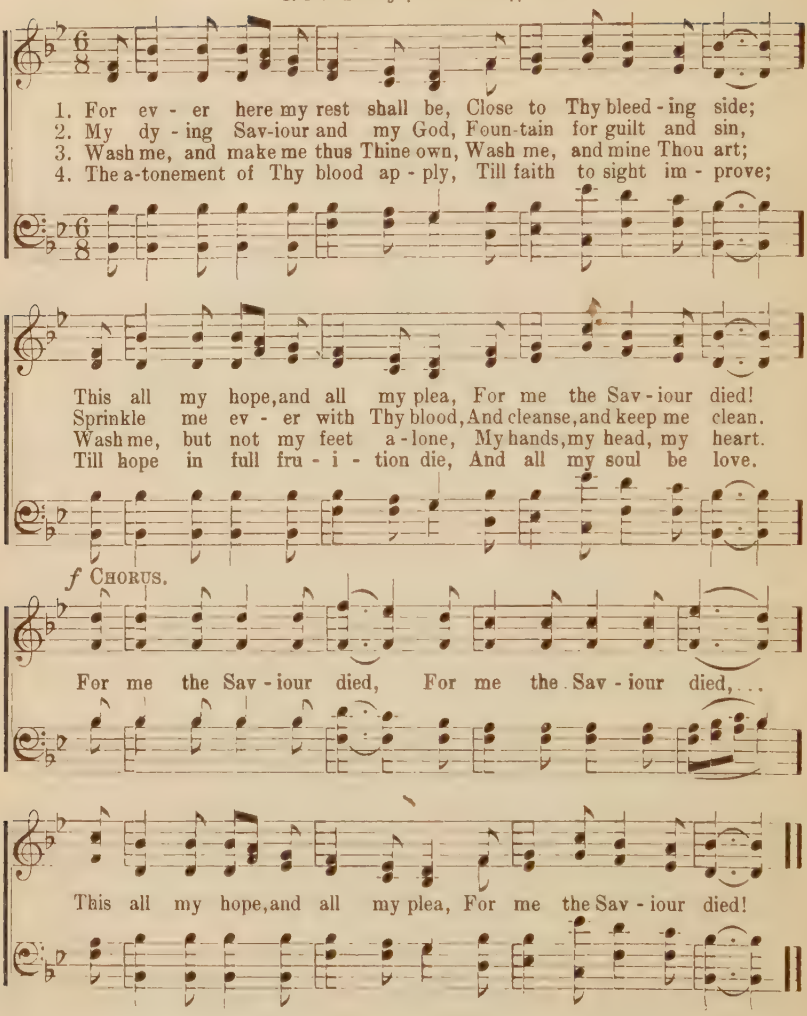

God look down, With glory crown Our con-q'ring band. Vic - t'ry for me,
mf
ff
mf
thro' the blood of Christ my Sav-iour, Vic - t'ry for me, Thro' the precious blood.

374 Living Beneath the Shade of the Cross.

P. M. S. S. 350. B. M. I. 248.


mf Moderato.
1. If you want par-don, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and sighing to cease,
2. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain, and you shall be whole;
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight; If you want puri - ty, walk in the light;
4. If you want holiness, cling to the cross, Counting the riches of earth as dross;
Cho. Living beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of earth as dross;
cres.
f
D. C.
Look up to Je-sus who died on the tree To purchase a full sal-va - tion.
Washed in the blood of the cru - ci - fied One—En-joy-ing a full sal-va - tion.
If you want lib - er - ty, shout and be free—En-joy-ing a full sal-va - tion.
Down at His feet you'll be cleansed and made free—Enjoy-ing a full sal-va - tion.
Cleansed in the blood that flowed from His side, Enjoy-ing a full sal-va - tion,

375 For Me the Saviour Died.

C. M. S. S. 364. B. M. I. 44.

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav-iour and my God, Foun-tain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own, Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. The a-tonement of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;
This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died!
Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.
f CHORUS.
For me the Sav - iour died, For me the Sav - iour died, . . .
This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died!

376 My God! I Know, I Feel.

Tune—375.

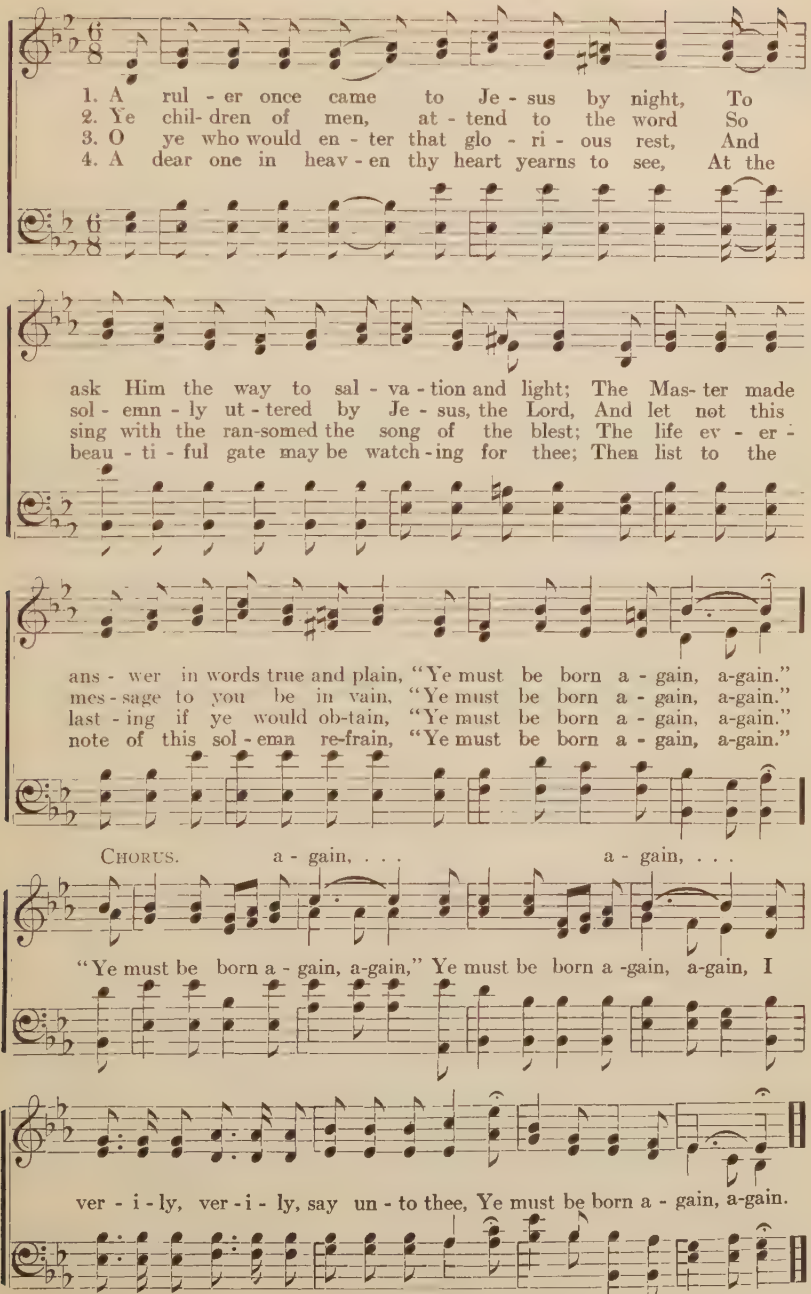
1 My God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in Thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

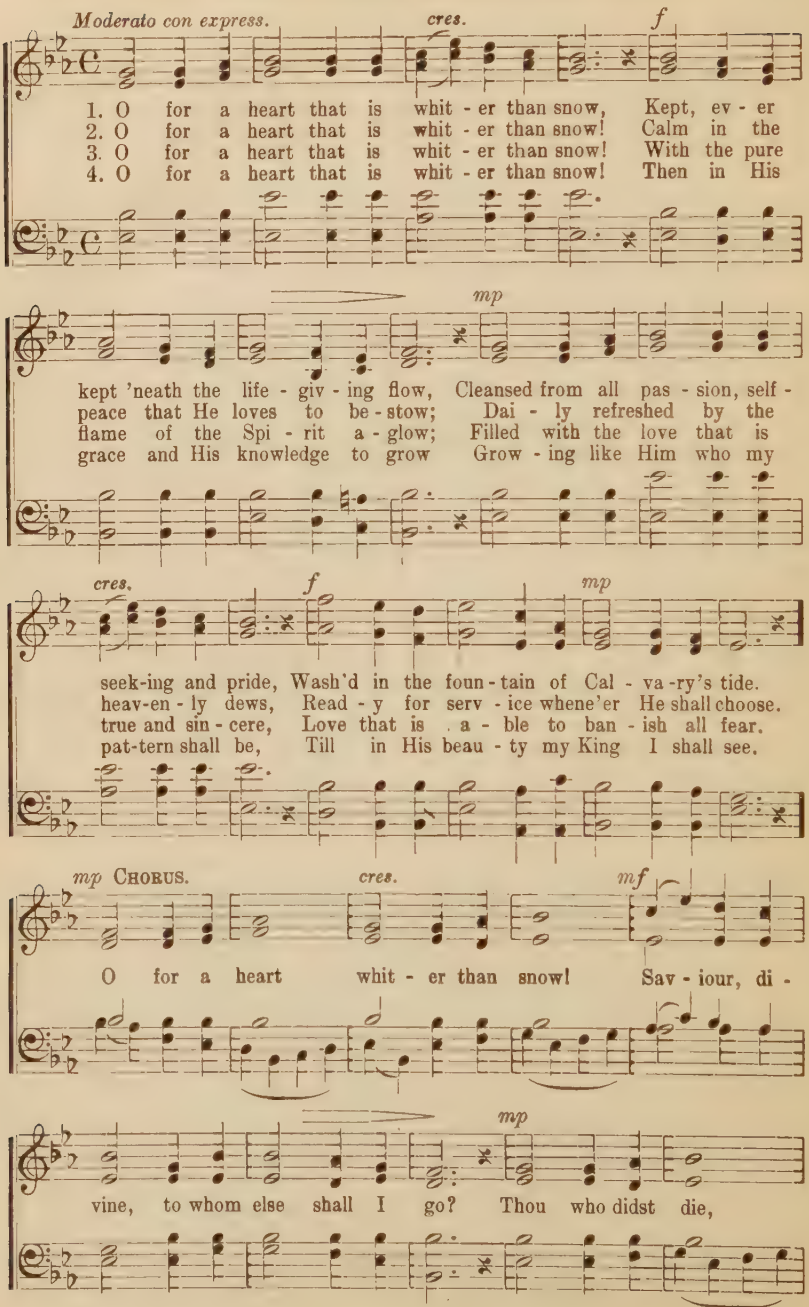
3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of Burning, come!

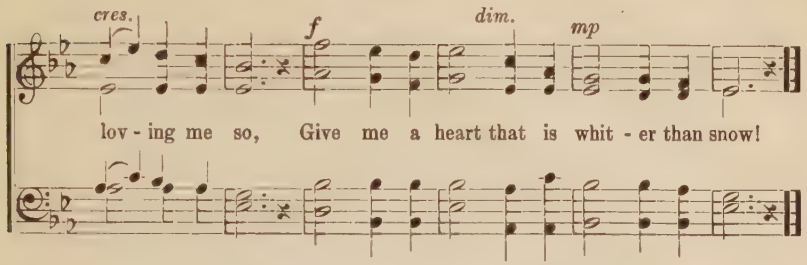
4 Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Ye Must Be Born Again.

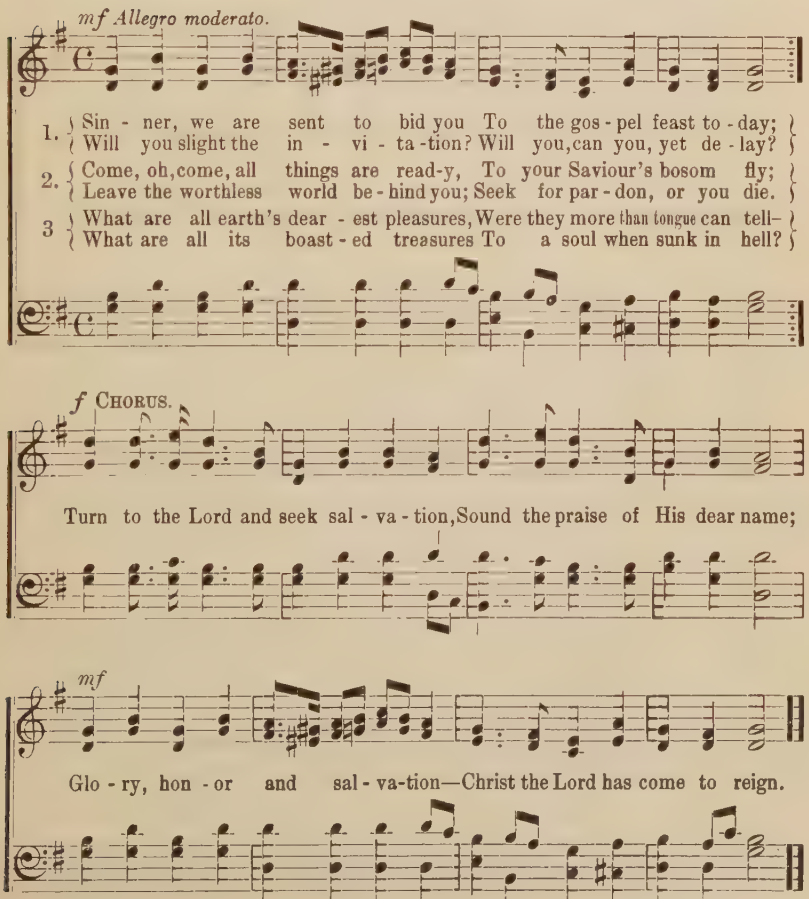

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
2. Ye chil- dren of men, at - tend to the word So
3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the
ask Him the way to sal - va - tion and light; The Mas- ter made
sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this
sing with the ran-somed the song of the blest; The life ev - er -
beau - ti - ful gate may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the
ans - wer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain."
mes - sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain."
last - ing if ye would ob-tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain."
note of this sol - emn re-frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain."
Chorus. a - gain, . . . a - gain, . . .
"Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain," Ye must be born a -gain, a-gain, I
ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain.

O for a Heart that is Whiter than Snow.

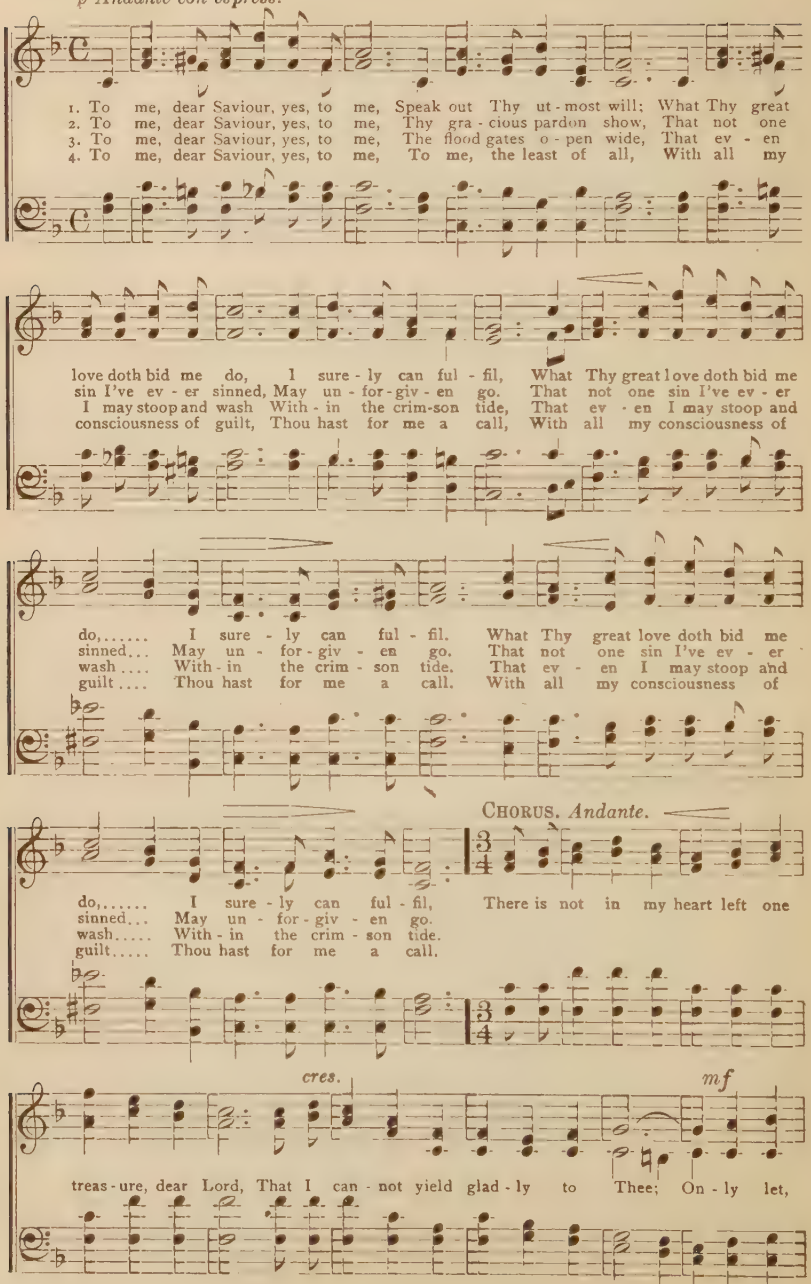

Moderato con express.
cres.
f
1. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow, Kept, ev - er
2. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Calm in the
3. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! With the pure
4. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Then in His
mp
kept 'neath the life - giv - ing flow, Cleansed from all pas - sion, self -
peace that He loves to be - stow; Dai - ly refreshed by the
flame of the Spi - rit a - glow; Filled with the love that is
grace and His knowledge to grow Grow - ing like Him who my
cres.
f
mp
seek-ing and pride, Wash'd in the foun - tain of Cal - va - ry's tide.
heav-en - ly dews, Read - y for serv - ice whene'er He shall choose.
true and sin - cere, Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
pat-tern shall be, Till in His beau - ty my King I shall see.
mp CHORUS.
cres.
mf
O for a heart whit - er than snow! Sav - iour, di -
mp
vine, to whom else shall I go? Thou who didst die,

O for a Heart that is Whiter than Snow.—Concluded.

379 Turn to the Lord.

8's & 7's. S. S. 86. B. M. I. 160.


mf Allegro moderato.
1. Sin - ner, we are sent to bid you To the gos - pel feast to - day;
Will you slight the in - vi - ta - tion? Will you, can you, yet de - lay?
2. Come, oh, come, all things are read-y, To your Saviour's bosom fly;
Leave the worthless world be - hind you; Seek for par - don, or you die.
3 What are all earth's dear - est pleasures, Were they more than tongue can tell–
What are all its boast - ed treasures To a soul when sunk in hell?
f CHORUS.
Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;
mf
Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion—Christ the Lord has come to reign.

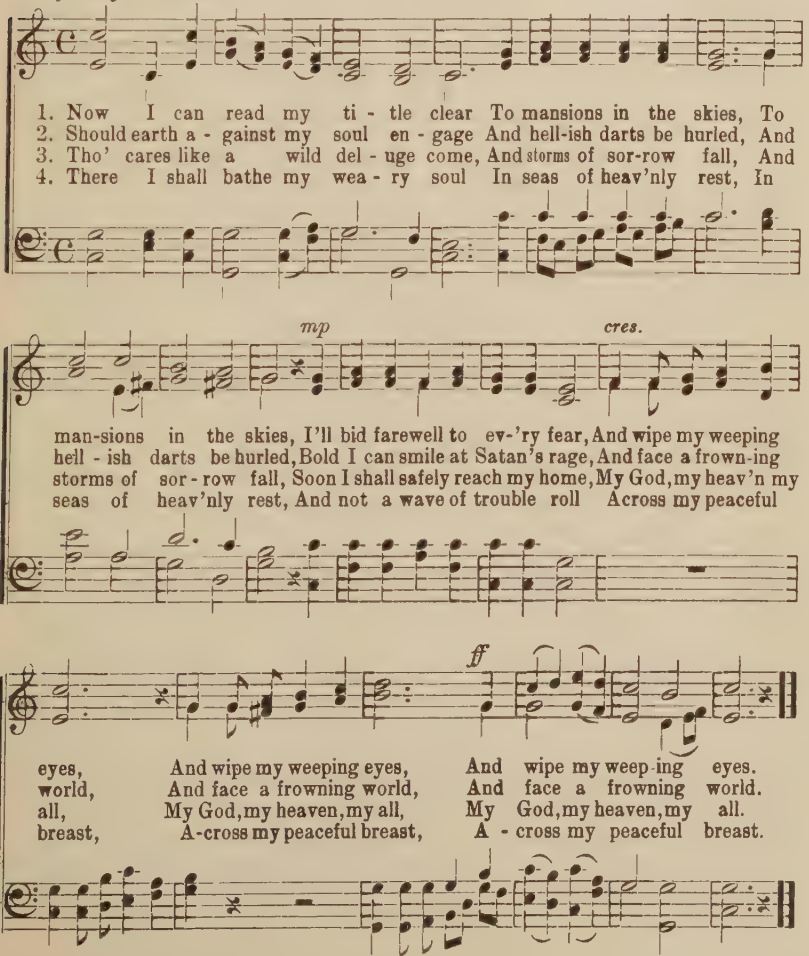
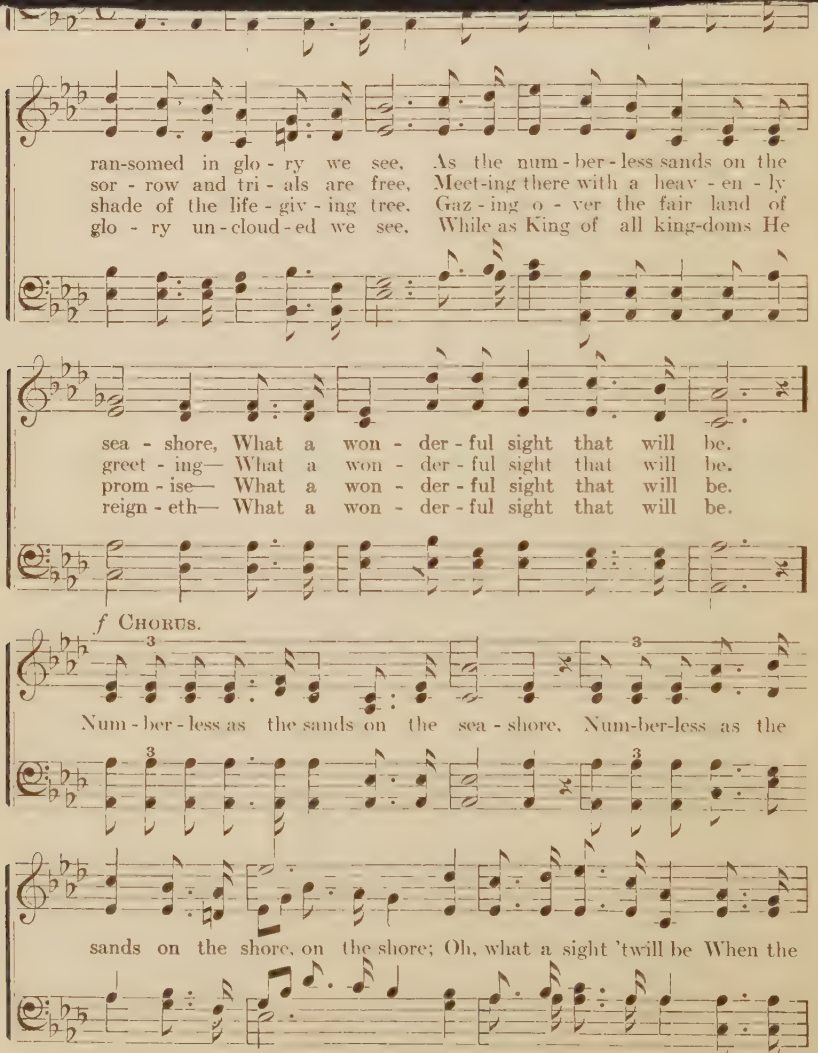
There is Not in My Heart.

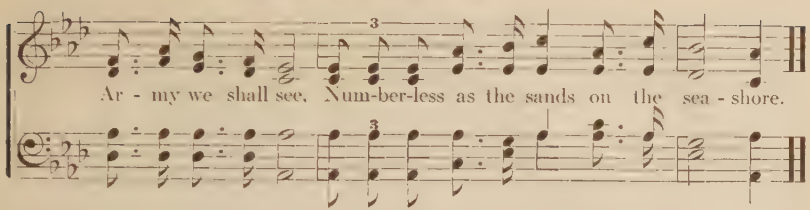
p Andante con espress.

1. To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me, Speak out Thy ut - most will; What Thy great
2. To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me, Thy gra - cious pardon show, That not one
3. To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me, The flood gates o - pen wide, That ev - en
4. To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me, To me, the least of all, With all my
love doth bid me do, I sure - ly can ful - fil, What Thy great love doth bid me
sin I've ev - er sinned, May un - for - giv - en go. That not one sin I've ev - er
I may stoop and wash With - in the crim-son tide, That ev - en I may stoop and
consciousness of guilt, Thou hast for me a call, With all my consciousness of
do,..... I sure - ly can ful - fil. What Thy great love doth bid me
sinned... May un - for - giv - en go. That not one sin I've ev - er
wash.... With - in the crim - son tide. That ev - en I may stoop and
guilt.... Thou hast for me a call. With all my consciousness of
CHORUS. *Andante.*
do,..... I sure - ly can ful - fil, There is not in my heart left one
sinned... May un - for - giv - en go.
wash..... With - in the crim - son tide.
guilt..... Thou hast for me a call.
cres.
mf
treas - ure, dear Lord, That I can - not yield glad - ly to Thee; On - ly let,

Now I Can Read My Title Clear.

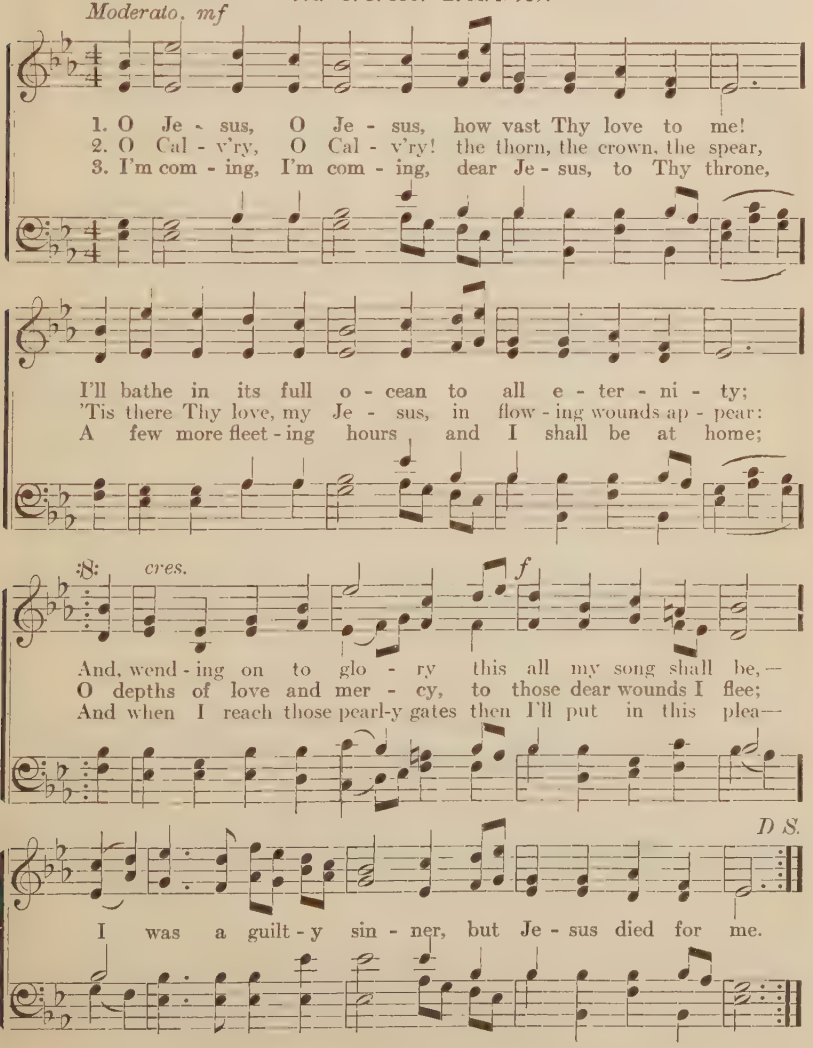
C. M. S. S. 270. B. M. I. 28.

f Allegro moderato.


1. Now I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, To
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage And hell-ish darts be hurled, And
3. Tho' cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor-row fall, And
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest, In
mp
cres.
man-sions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weeping
hell - ish darts be hurled, Bold I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown-ing
storms of sor - row fall, Soon I shall safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n my
seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful
ff
eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
world, And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world.
all, My God, my heaven, my all, My God, my heaven, my all.
breast, A-cross my peaceful breast, A - cross my peaceful breast.

ran-somed in glo - ry we see, As the num - ber - less sands on the
sor - row and tri - als are free, Meet-ing there with a heav - en - ly
shade of the life - giv - ing tree, Gaz - ing o - ver the fair land of
glo - ry un - cloud - ed we see, While as King of all king-doms He
sea - shore, What a won - der - ful sight that will be.
greet - ing— What a won - der - ful sight that will be.
prom - ise— What a won - der - ful sight that will be.
reign - eth— What a won - der - ful sight that will be.
f CHORUS.
Num - ber - less as the sands on the sea - shore, Num-ber-less as the
sands on the shore, on the shore; Oh, what a sight 'twill be When the

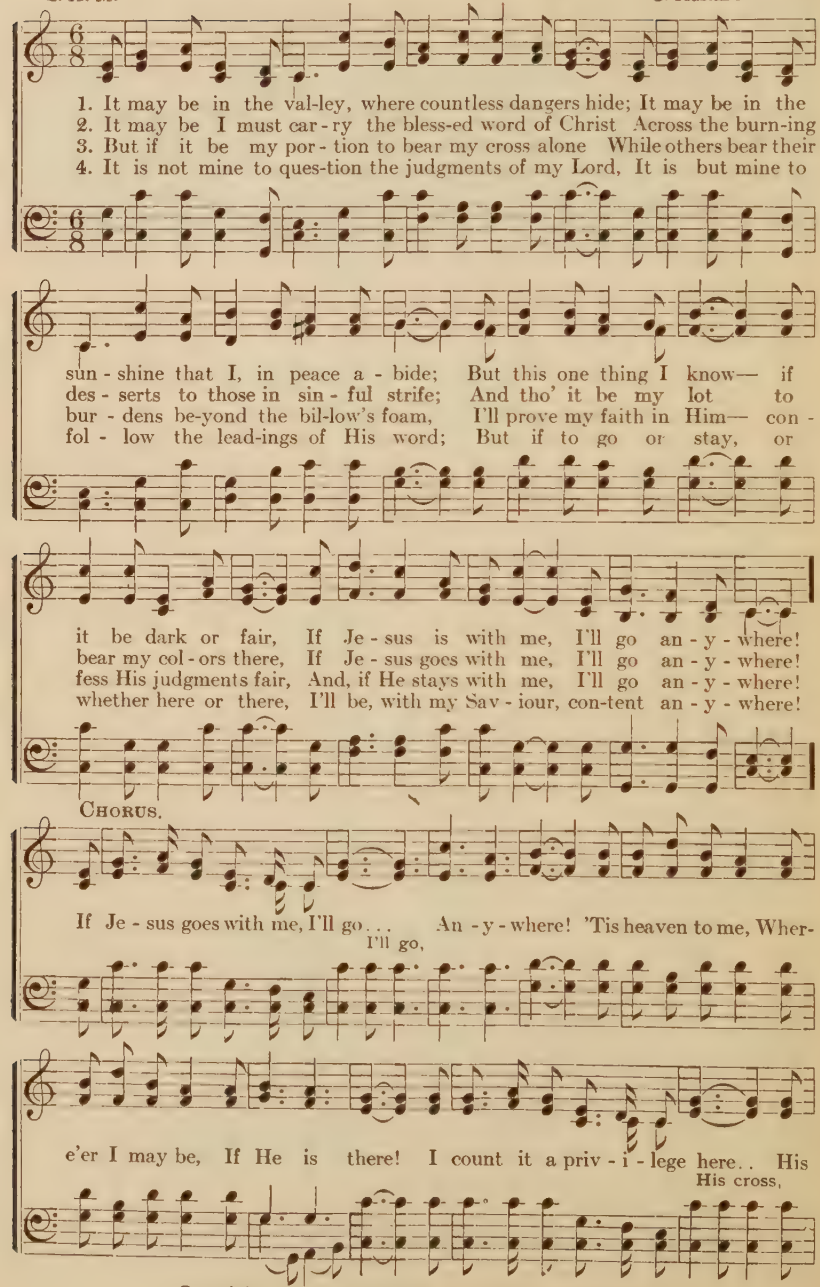


385 O Jesus! How Vast Thy Love to Me!

11s.—S. S. 330. B. M. I. 189.

Moderato. mf
1. O Je - sus, O Je - sus, how vast Thy love to me!
2. O Cal - v'ry, O Cal - v'ry! the thorn, the crown, the spear,
3. I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, dear Je - sus, to Thy throne,
I'll bathe in its full o - cean to all e - ter - ni - ty;
'Tis there Thy love, my Je - sus, in flow - ing wounds ap - pear:
A few more fleet - ing hours and I shall be at home;
cres.
f
And, wend - ing on to glo - ry this all my song shall be,—
O depths of love and mer - cy, to those dear wounds I flee;
And when I reach those pearl-y gates then I'll put in this plea—
D.S.
I was a guilt - y sin - ner, but Je - sus died for me.

If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of Christ Across the burn-ing
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross alone While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to
sun-shine that I, in peace a-bide; But this one thing I know— if
des-serts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con-
fol-low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-iour, con-tent an-y-where!
Chorus.
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go . . . An-y-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-
I'll go,
e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here . . His
His cross,

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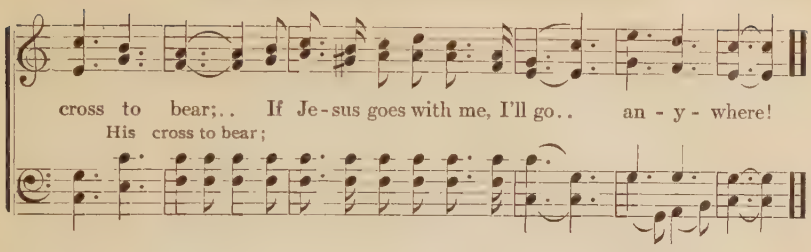
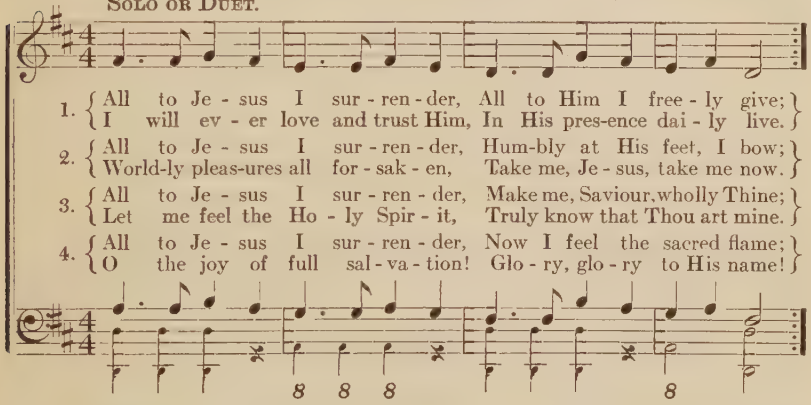
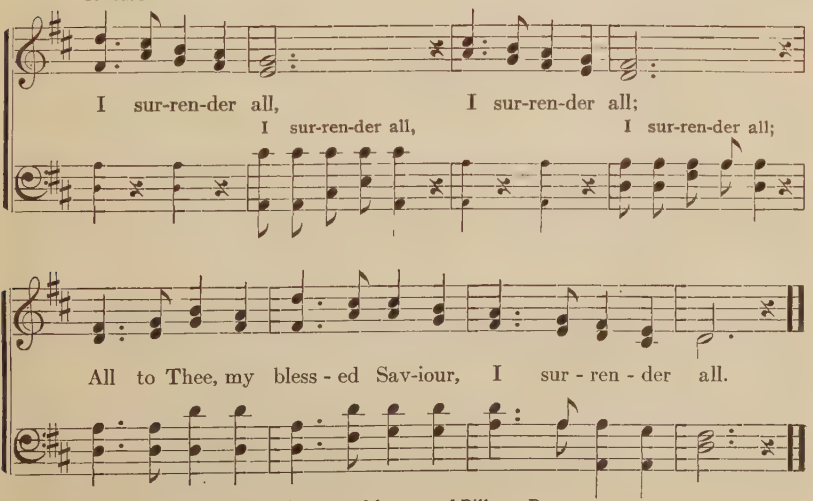


387 I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give;
I will ev-er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai-ly live.
2. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet, I bow;
World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
3. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Truly know that Thou art mine.
4. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry, glo-ry to His name!

CHORUS.



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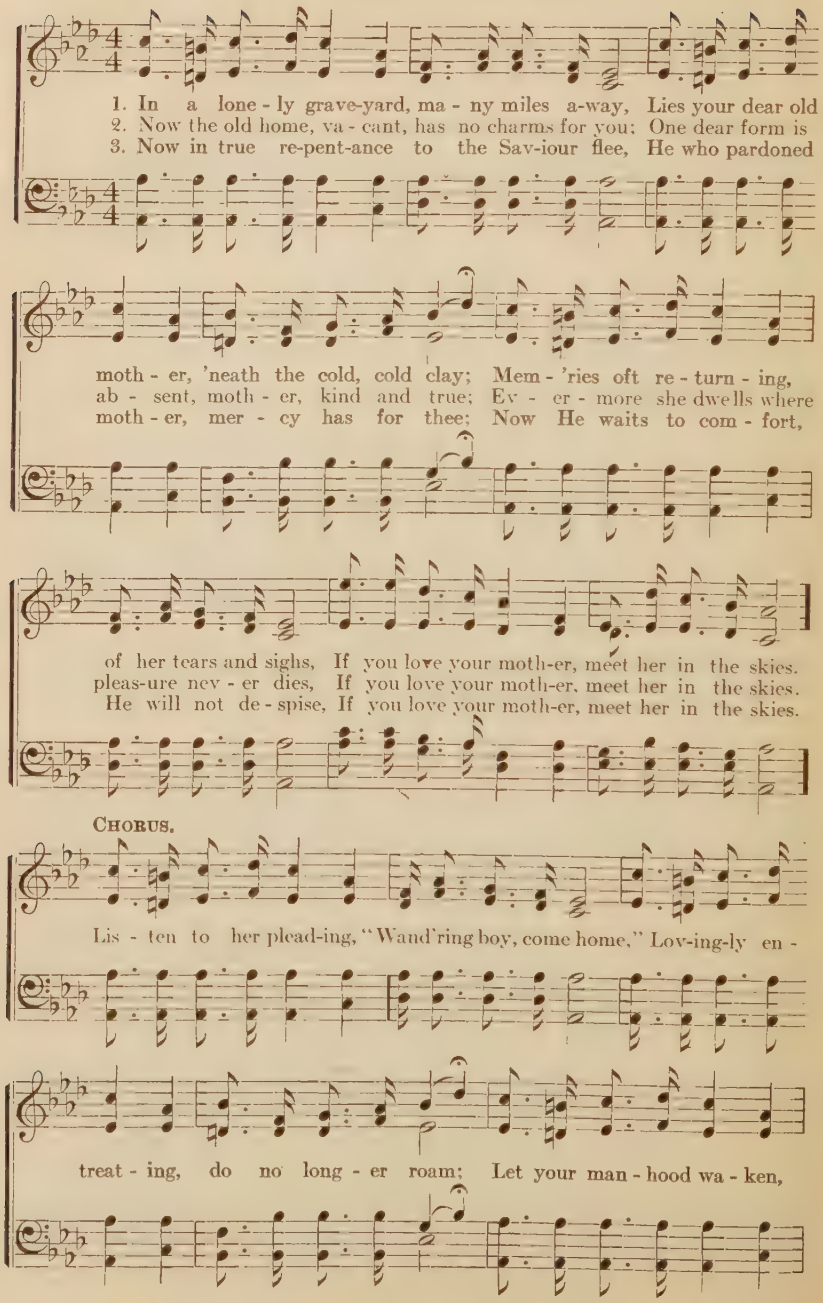
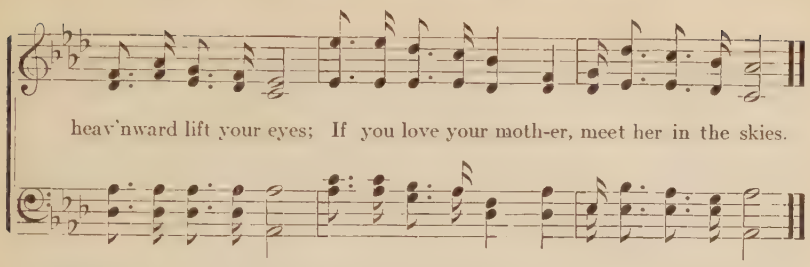
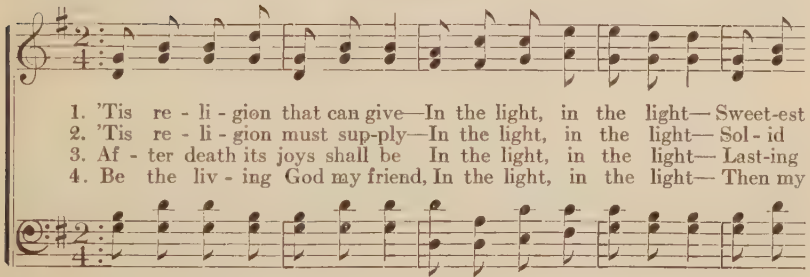
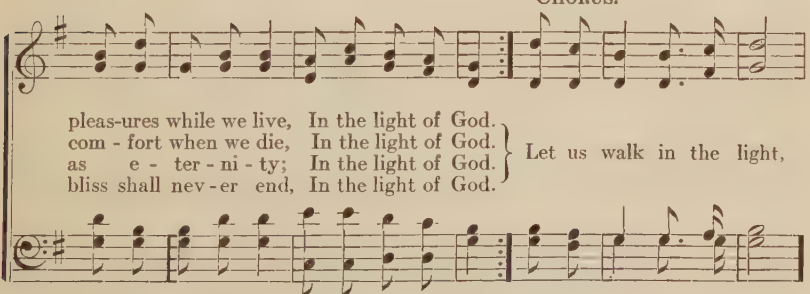
Meet Mother in the Skies.

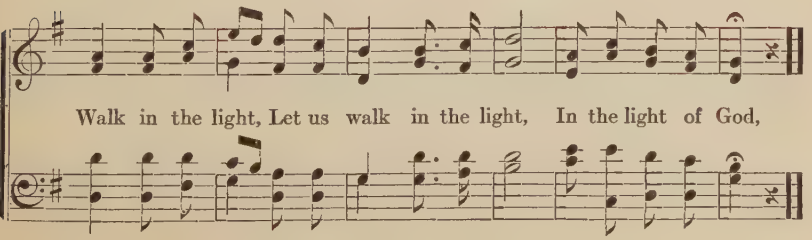

1. In a lone - ly grave-yard, ma - ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old
2. Now the old home, va - cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-iour flee, He who pardoned
moth - er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem - 'ries oft re - turn - ing,
ab - sent, moth - er, kind and true; Ev - er - more she dwells where
moth - er, mer - cy has for thee; Now He waits to com - fort,
of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
pleas-ure nev - er dies, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
He will not de - spise, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
CHORUS.
Lis - ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en -
treat - ing, do no long - er roam; Let your man - hood wa - ken,



389 Walk in the Light.

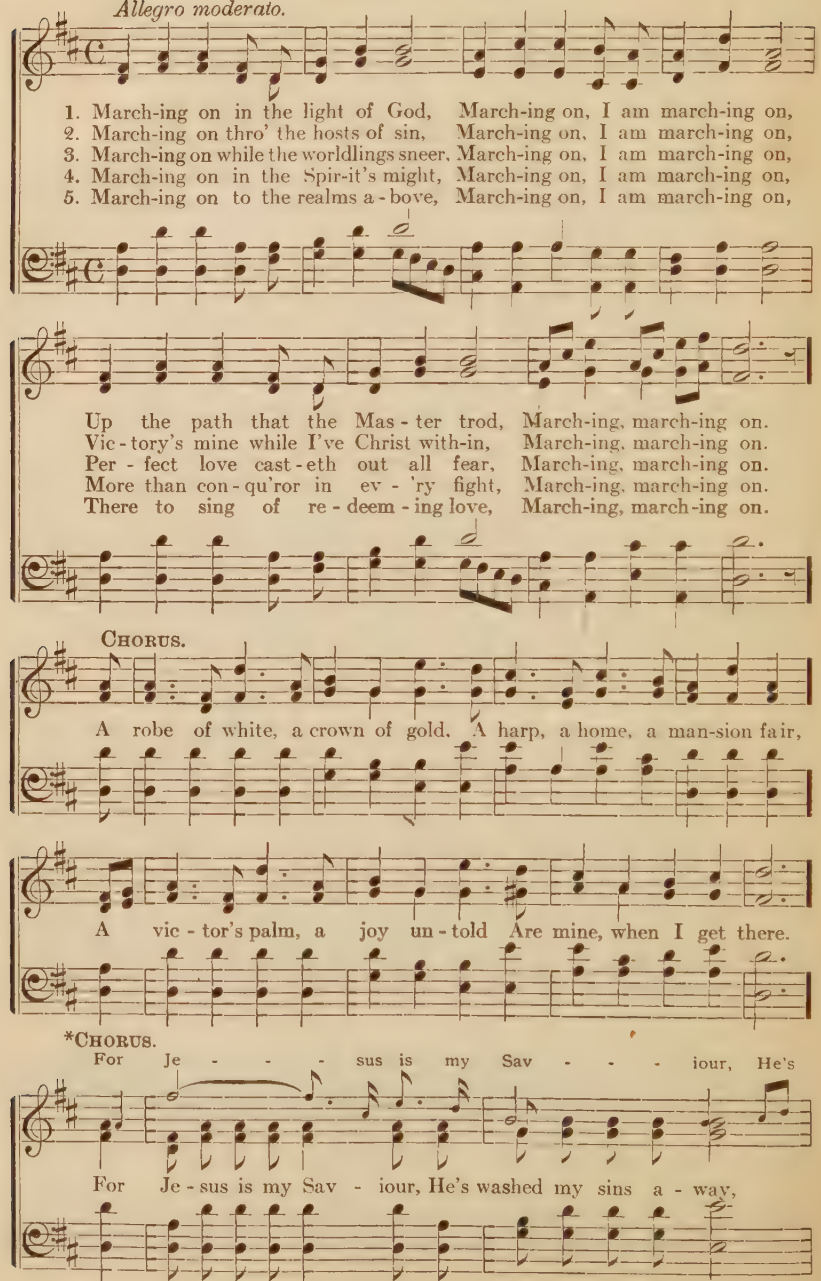
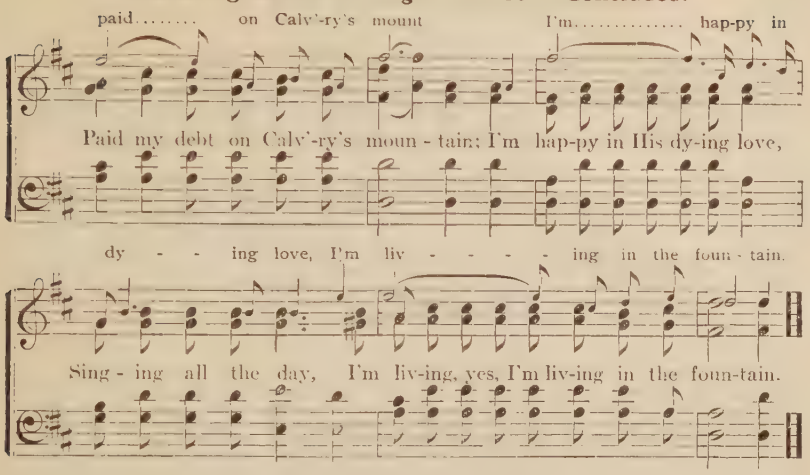
S. S. 306.


1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give—In the light, in the light—Sweet-est
2. 'Tis re - li - gion must sup-ply—In the light, in the light—Sol - id
3. Af - ter death its joys shall be In the light, in the light—Last-ing
4. Be the liv - ing God my friend, In the light, in the light—Then my

Chorus.
pleas-ures while we live, In the light of God.
com - fort when we die, In the light of God.
as e - ter - ni - ty; In the light of God.
bliss shall nev - er end, In the light of God.
Let us walk in the light,



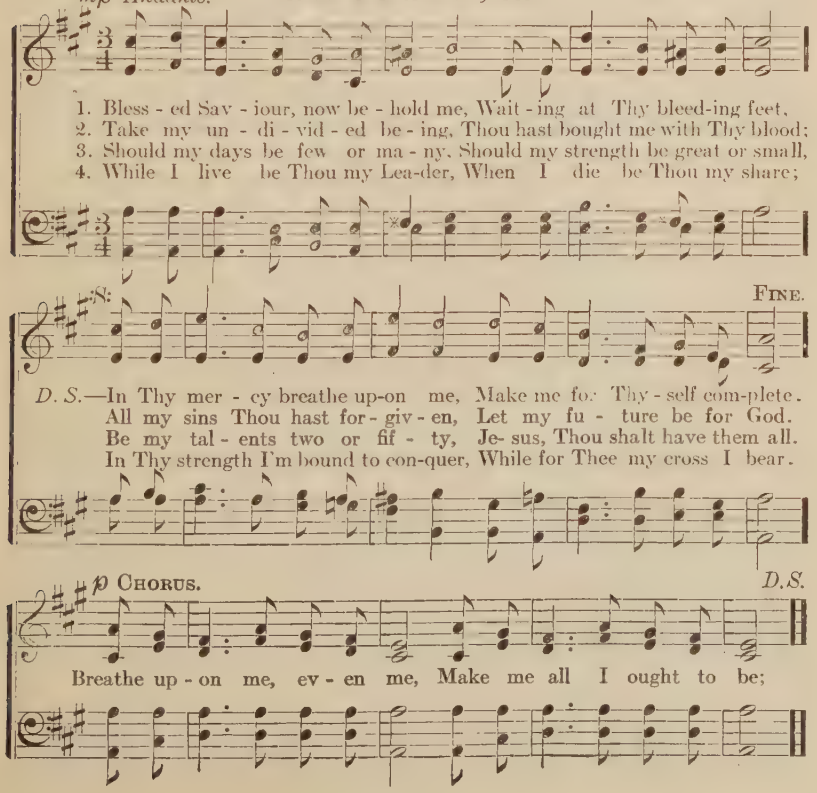
Marching On in the Light of God.

S. S. 590. B. J. 397.

Allegro moderato.

1. March-ing on in the light of God, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,
2. March-ing on thro' the hosts of sin, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,
3. March-ing on while the worldlings sneer, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,
4. March-ing on in the Spir-it's might, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,
5. March-ing on to the realms a-bove, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,
Up the path that the Mas-ter trod, March-ing, march-ing on.
Vic-tory's mine while I've Christ with-in, March-ing, march-ing on.
Per-fect love cast-eth out all fear, March-ing, march-ing on.
More than con-qu'ror in ev-'ry fight, March-ing, march-ing on.
There to sing of re-deem-ing love, March-ing, march-ing on.
CHORUS.
A robe of white, a crown of gold, A harp, a home, a man-sion fair,
A vic-tor's palm, a joy un-told Are mine, when I get there.
*CHORUS.
For Je - - - sus is my Sav - - - iour, He's
For Je-sus is my Sav - iour, He's washed my sins a-way,

paid..... on Calv'-ry's mount I'm..... hap-py in
Paid my debt on Calv'-ry's moun - tain; I'm hap-py in His dy-ing love,
dy - - ing love, I'm liv - - - - - ing in the foun - tain.
Sing - ing all the day, I'm liv-ing, yes, I'm liv-ing in the foun-tain.

391 Breathe Upon Me.

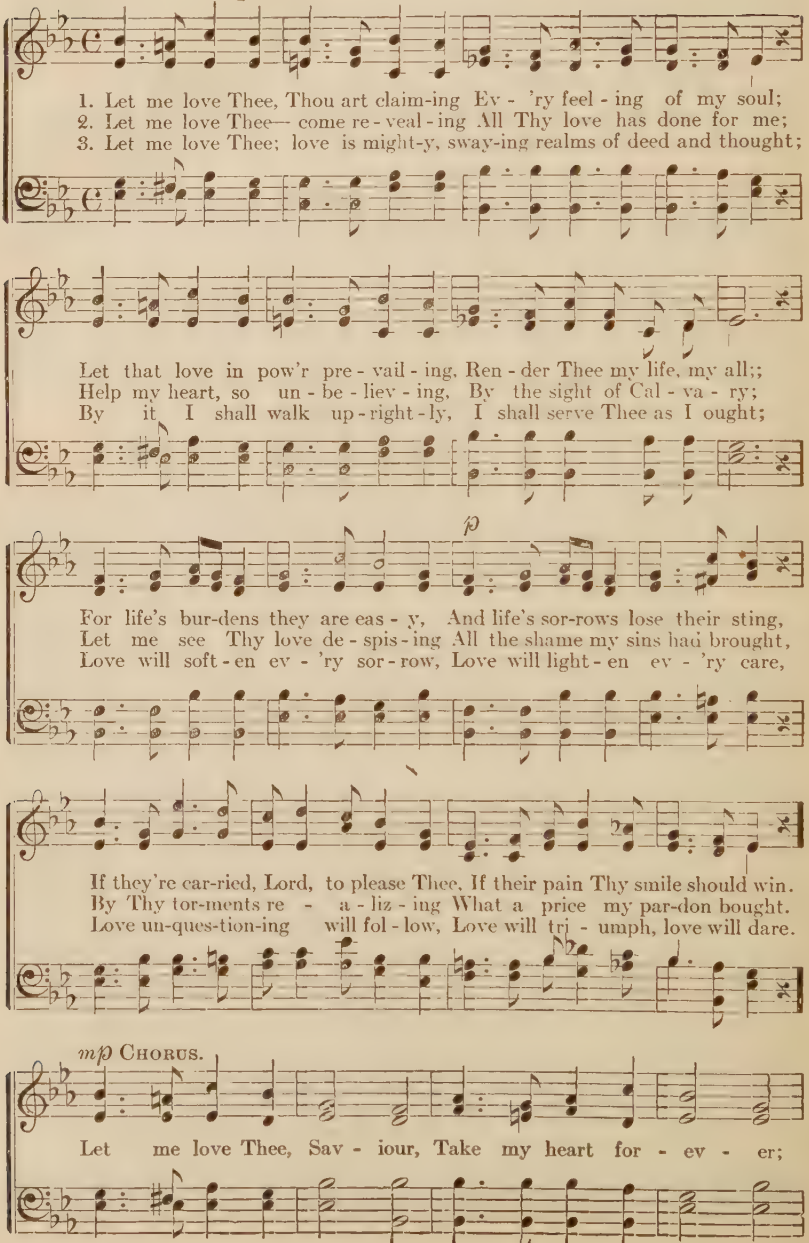
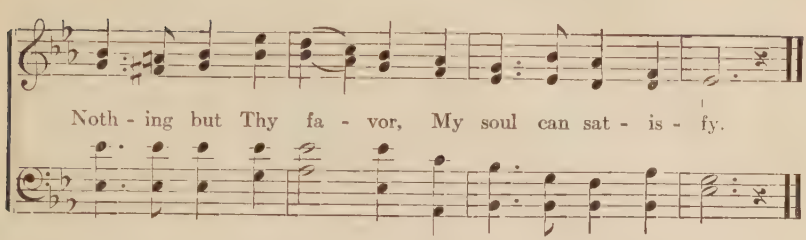
mp Andante. 8s. 7s.—S. S. 459. B. J. 340.


1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, now be - hold me, Wait - ing at Thy bleed-ing feet,
2. Take my un - di - vid - ed be - ing, Thou hast bought me with Thy blood;
3. Should my days be few or ma - ny, Should my strength be great or small,
4. While I live be Thou my Lea-der, When I die be Thou my share;
FINE.
D. S.—In Thy mer - cy breathe up-on me, Make me for Thy - self com-plete.
All my sins Thou hast for - giv - en, Let my fu - ture be for God.
Be my tal - ents two or fif - ty, Je- sus, Thou shalt have them all.
In Thy strength I'm bound to con-quer, While for Thee my cross I bear.
p CHORUS.
D.S.
Breathe up - on me, ev - en me, Make me all I ought to be;

Let Me Love Thee.

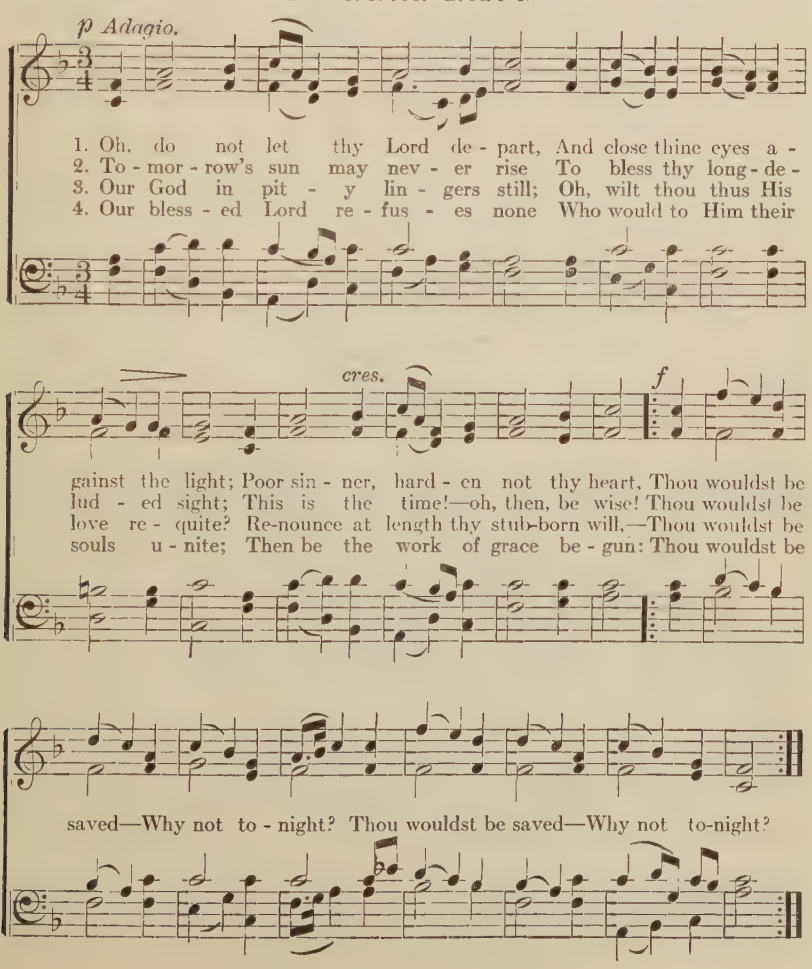
8s. 7s.—S. S. 432. B. J. 154.

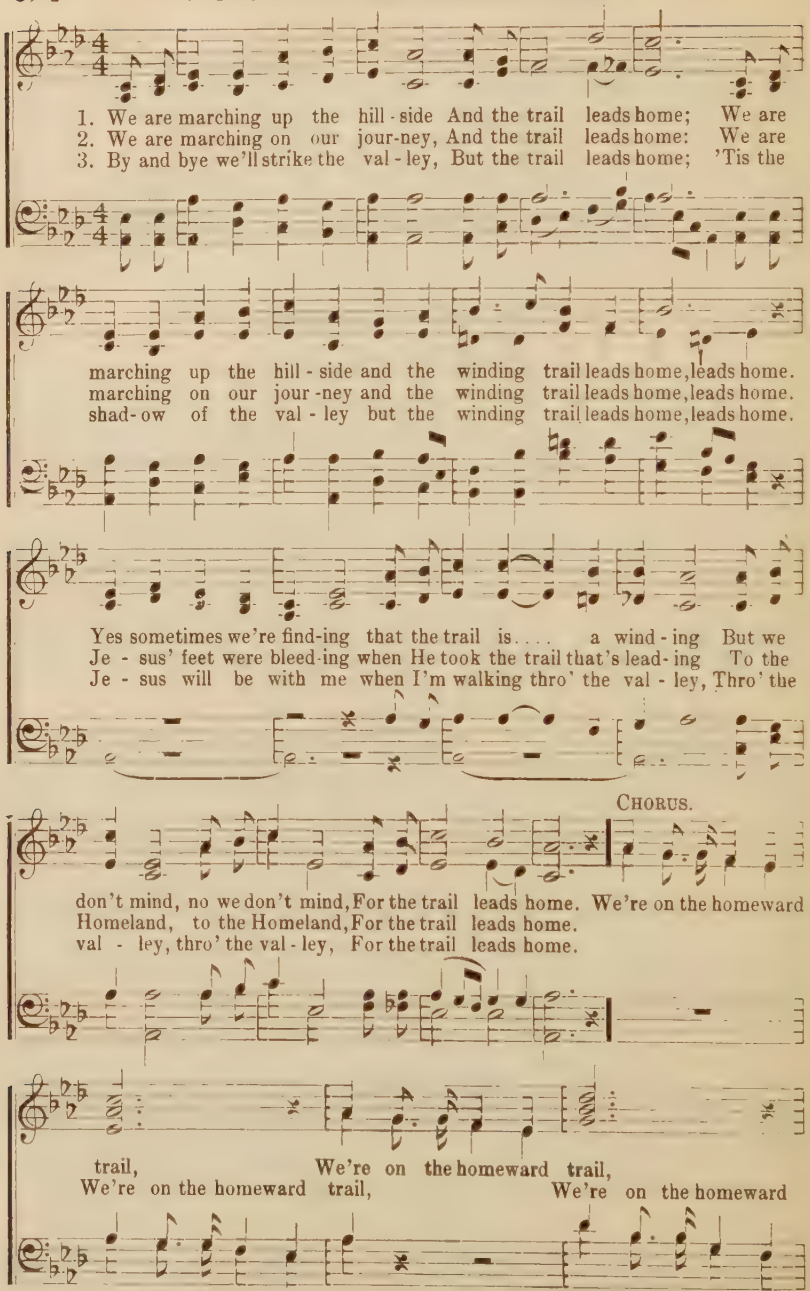
Andante con espress.


1. Let me love Thee, Thou art claim-ing Ev - 'ry feel - ing of my soul;
2. Let me love Thee— come re - veal - ing All Thy love has done for me;
3. Let me love Thee; love is might-y, sway-ing realms of deed and thought;
Let that love in pow'r pre - vail - ing, Ren - der Thee my life, my all;;
Help my heart, so un - be - liev - ing, By the sight of Cal - va - ry;
By it I shall walk up - right - ly, I shall serve Thee as I ought;
p
For life's bur-dens they are eas - y, And life's sor-rows lose their sting,
Let me see Thy love de - spis - ing All the shame my sins had brought,
Love will soft - en ev - 'ry sor - row, Love will light - en ev - 'ry care,
If they're car-ried, Lord, to please Thee, If their pain Thy smile should win.
By Thy tor-ments re - a - liz - ing What a price my par-don bought.
Love un-ques-tion-ing will fol - low, Love will tri - umph, love will dare.
mp CHORUS.
Let me love Thee, Sav - iour, Take my heart for - ev - er;

393

Why Not To-Night?

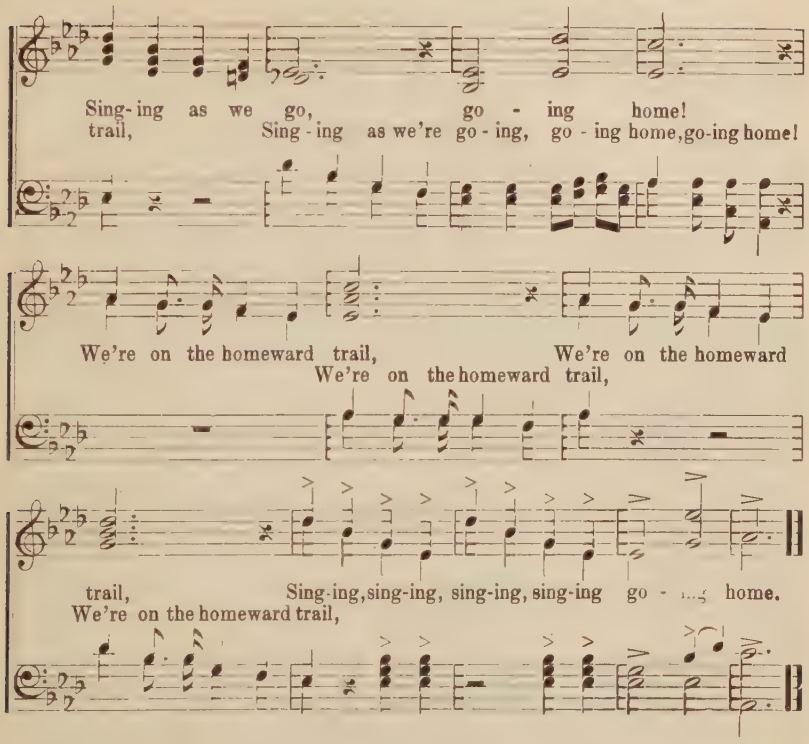
L. M—S. S. 108. B. M. I. 4.


p Adagio.
1. Oh, do not let thy Lord de - part, And close thine eyes a -
2. To - mor - row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long - de -
3. Our God in pit - y lin - gers still; Oh, wilt thou thus His
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their
cres.
f
gainst the light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart, Thou wouldst be
lud - ed sight; This is the time!—oh, then, be wise! Thou wouldst be
love re - quite? Re-nounce at length thy stub-born will,—Thou wouldst be
souls u - nite; Then be the work of grace be - gun: Thou wouldst be
saved—Why not to - night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

We're on the Homeward Trail.

1. We are marching up the hill-side And the trail leads home; We are
2. We are marching on our jour-ney, And the trail leads home: We are
3. By and bye we'll strike the val-ley, But the trail leads home; 'Tis the
marching up the hill-side and the winding trail leads home, leads home.
marching on our jour-ney and the winding trail leads home, leads home.
shad-ow of the val-ley but the winding trail leads home, leads home.
Yes sometimes we're find-ing that the trail is.... a wind-ing But we
Je-sus' feet were bleed-ing when He took the trail that's lead-ing To the
Je-sus will be with me when I'm walking thro' the val-ley, Thro' the
CHORUS.
don't mind, no we don't mind, For the trail leads home. We're on the homeward
Homeland, to the Homeland, For the trail leads home.
val-ley, thro' the val-ley, For the trail leads home.
trail, We're on the homeward trail,
We're on the homeward trail, We're on the homeward

Copyright, 1922, by The Salvation Army.

We're on the Homeward Trail.—Concluded.


Sing-ing as we go, go - ing home!
trail, Sing - ing as we're go - ing, go - ing home, go-ing home!
We're on the homeward trail, We're on the homeward
We're on the homeward trail,
trail, Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing go - ing home.
We're on the homeward trail,

395 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

C. M. S. S. 442. B. M. I. 27.

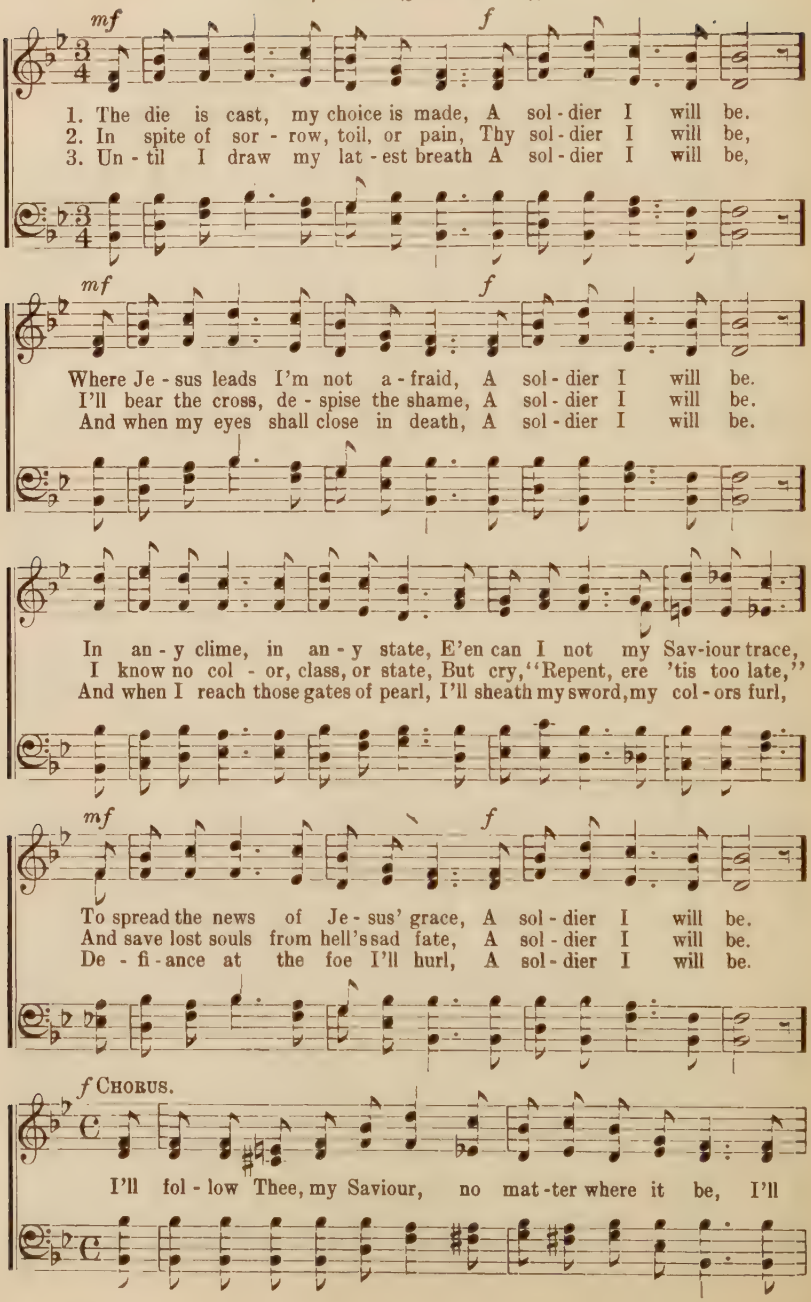
mf Allegro moderato. FINE.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
   No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
   And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me
3. O pre-cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O re - sur - rec - tion day!
   Ye an - gels, from the heavens come down And bear my soul a - way.

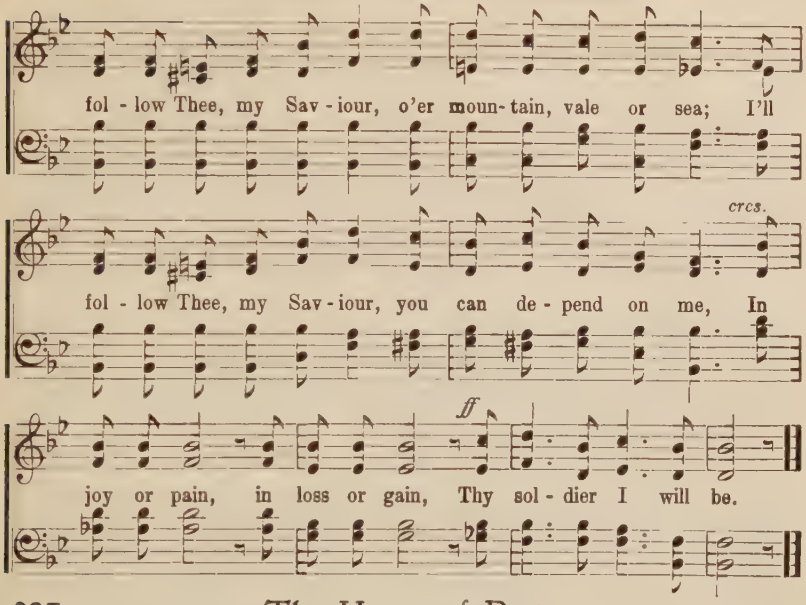
f D.C.

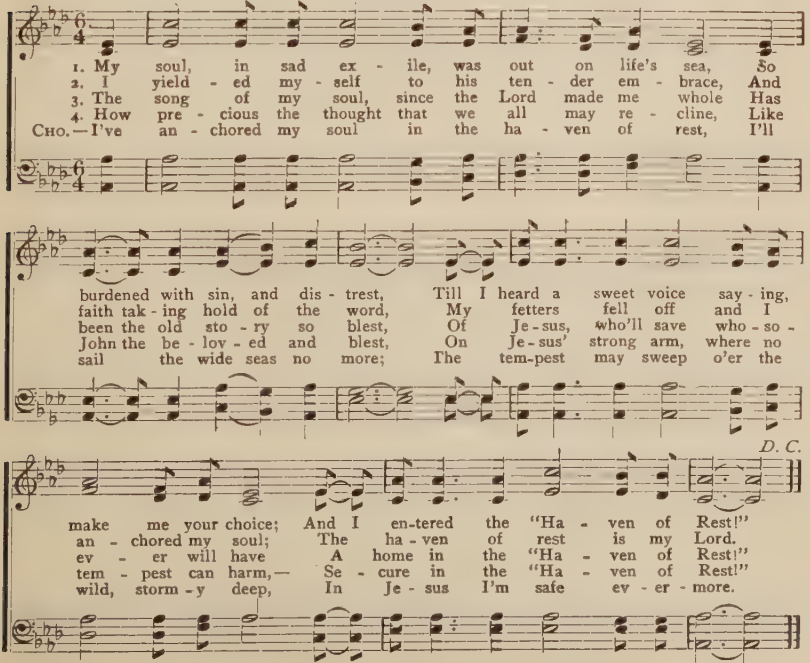
And there's a cross for me,.... And there's a cross for me....

Thy Soldier I Will Be.

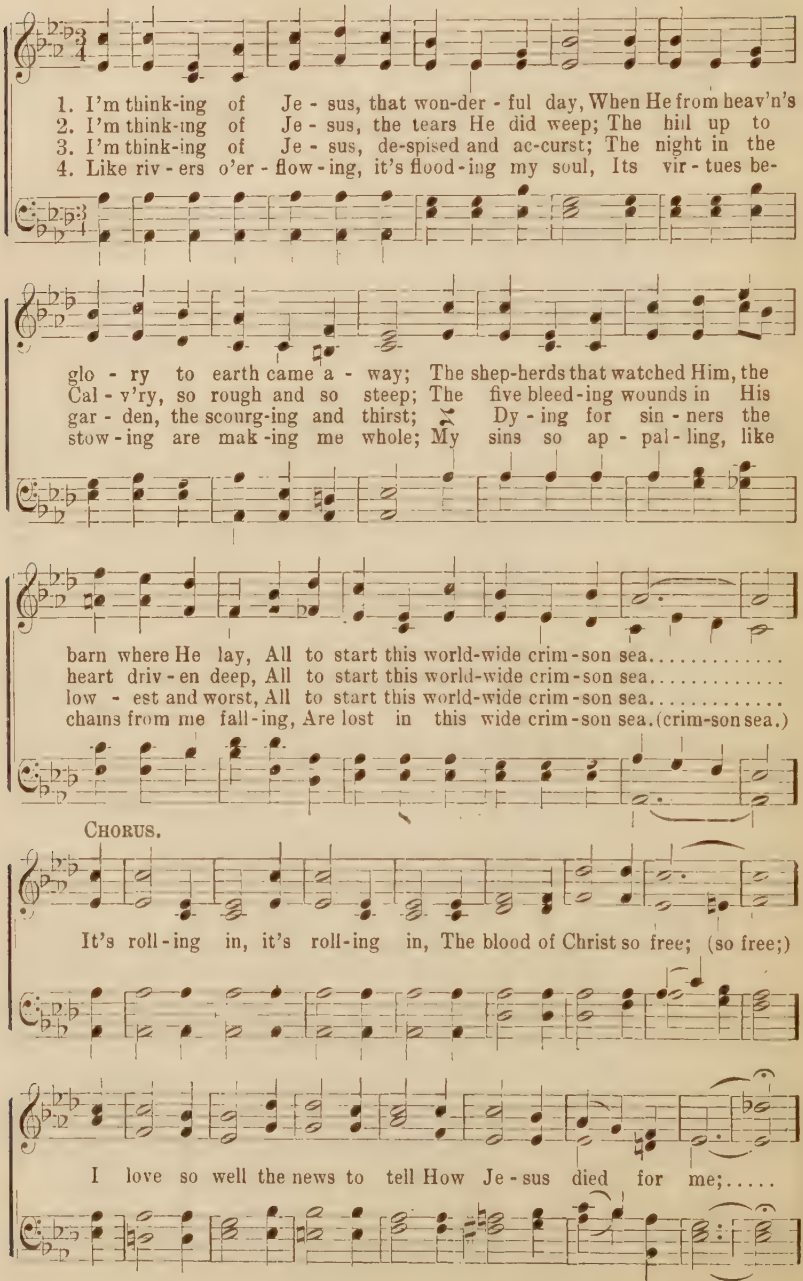
8's & 7's. S. S. 438. B. M. I. 144.

mf
f
1. The die is cast, my choice is made, A sol - dier I will be.
2. In spite of sor - row, toil, or pain, Thy sol - dier I will be,
3. Un - til I draw my lat - est breath A sol - dier I will be,
mf
f
Where Je - sus leads I'm not a - fraid, A sol - dier I will be.
I'll bear the cross, de - spise the shame, A sol - dier I will be.
And when my eyes shall close in death, A sol - dier I will be.
In an - y clime, in an - y state, E'en can I not my Sav-iour trace,
I know no col - or, class, or state, But cry, "Repent, ere 'tis too late,"
And when I reach those gates of pearl, I'll sheath my sword, my col - ors furl,
mf
f
To spread the news of Je - sus' grace, A sol - dier I will be.
And save lost souls from hell's sad fate, A sol - dier I will be.
De - fi - ance at the foe I'll hurl, A sol - dier I will be.
f CHORUS.
I'll fol - low Thee, my Saviour, no mat - ter where it be, I'll

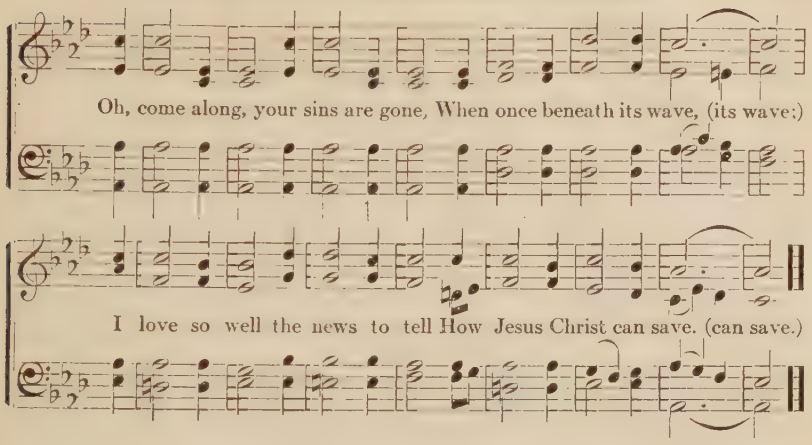
Thy Soldier I Will Be.—Concluded.


fol - low Thee, my Sav - iour, o'er moun - tain, vale or sea; I'll
cres.
fol - low Thee, my Sav - iour, you can de - pend on me, In
ff
joy or pain, in loss or gain, Thy sol - dier I will be.

397 The Haven of Rest.

1. My soul, in sad ex - ile, was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
Cho.—I've an - chored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll
burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fetters fell off and I
been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
sail the wide seas no more; The tem-pest may sweep o'er the
D. C.
make me your choice; And I en-tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

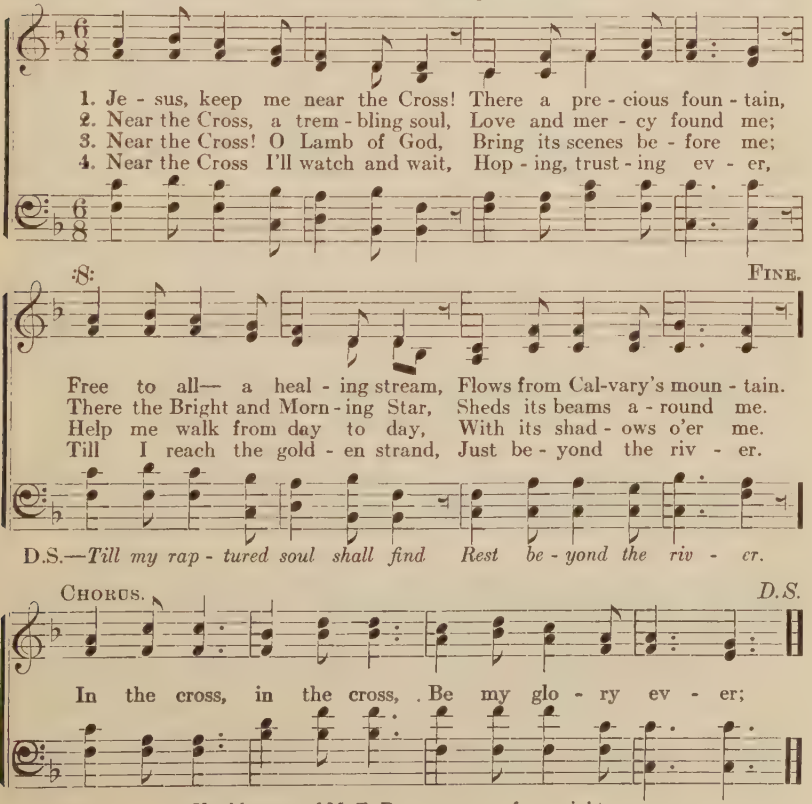
The World-wide Crimson Sea.

Commander E. C. Booth.

1. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, that won-der - ful day, When He from heav'n's glo - ry to earth came a - way; The shep-herds that watched Him, the barn where He lay, All to start this world-wide crim-son sea.....
2. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, the tears He did weep; The hill up to Cal - v'ry, so rough and so steep; The five bleed-ing wounds in His heart driv-en deep, All to start this world-wide crim-son sea.....
3. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, de-spised and ac-curst; The night in the gar - den, the scourg-ing and thirst; Dy - ing for sin - ners the low - est and worst, All to start this world-wide crim-son sea.....
4. Like riv - ers o'er - flow - ing, it's flood - ing my soul, Its vir - tues be- stow - ing are mak - ing me whole; My sins so ap - pal - ling, like chains from me fall - ing, Are lost in this wide crim-son sea. (crim-son sea.)
CHORUS.
It's roll - ing in, it's roll - ing in, The blood of Christ so free; (so free;)
I love so well the news to tell How Je - sus died for me;.....


Oh, come along, your sins are gone, When once beneath its wave, (its wave;)
I love so well the news to tell How Jesus Christ can save. (can save.)

399

Near the Cross.

7s. 6s.—S. S. 14. B. J. 8. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross! There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the Cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
:S:
Fine.
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star, Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
D.S.—Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.
Chorus.
D.S.
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

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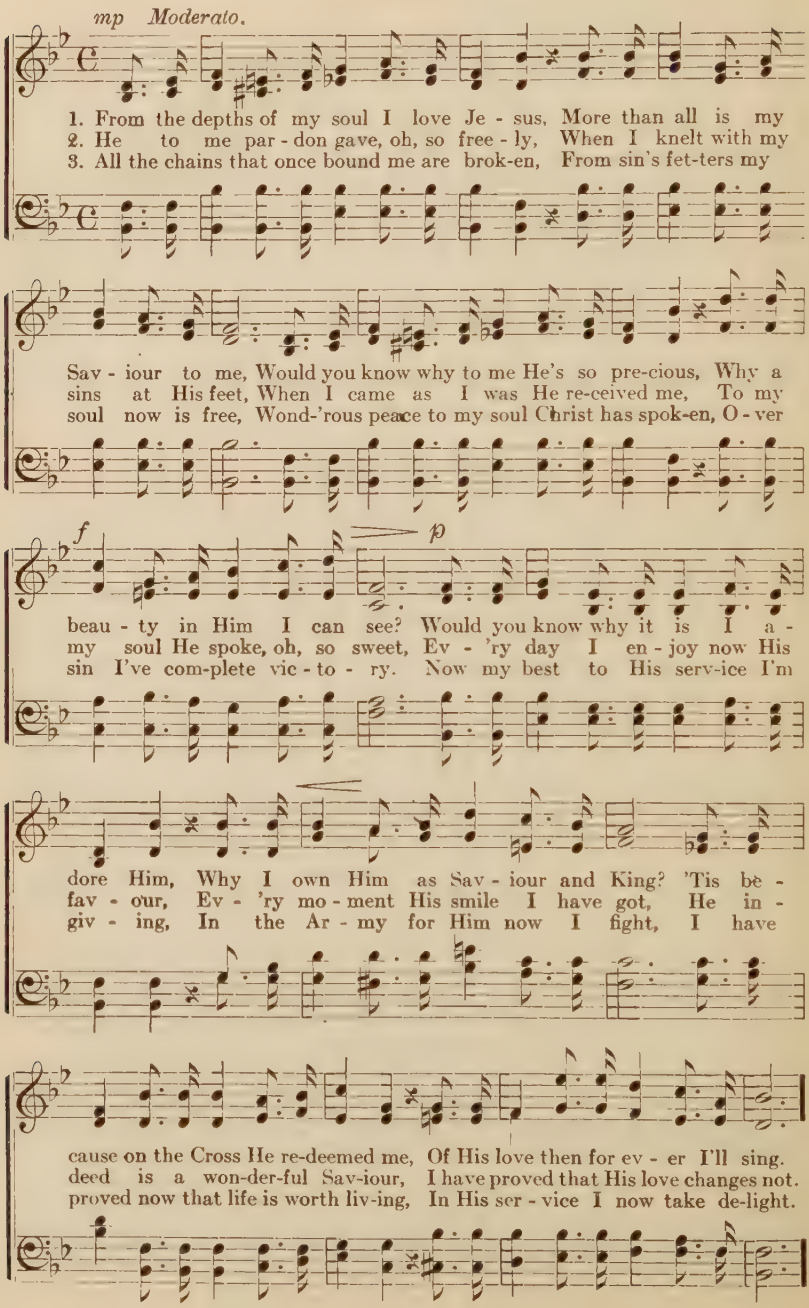
Can You Wonder Why I Love Him So?

mp Moderato.
1. From the depths of my soul I love Je - sus, More than all is my
2. He to me par - don gave, oh, so free - ly, When I knelt with my
3. All the chains that once bound me are brok-en, From sin's fet-ters my
Sav - iour to me, Would you know why to me He's so pre-cious, Why a
sins at His feet, When I came as I was He re-ceived me, To my
soul now is free, Wond-'rous peace to my soul Christ has spok-en, O - ver
f
p
beau - ty in Him I can see? Would you know why it is I a -
my soul He spoke, oh, so sweet, Ev - 'ry day I en - joy now His
sin I've com-plete vic - to - ry. Now my best to His serv-ice I'm
dore Him, Why I own Him as Sav - iour and King? 'Tis be -
fav - our, Ev - 'ry mo - ment His smile I have got, He in -
giv - ing, In the Ar - my for Him now I fight, I have
cause on the Cross He re-deemed me, Of His love then for ev - er I'll sing.
deed is a won-der-ful Sav-iour, I have proved that His love changes not.
proved now that life is worth liv-ing, In His ser - vice I now take de-light.

Can You Wonder Why I Love Him So?—Concluded.

f CHORUS.

Can you won-der? Can you won-der? Can you
Can you wonder? Can you wonder?
won-der why it is I love Him so? When I think of what He's done for
me, the guilt-y one, Can you wonder why it is I love Him so?
Why I love Him so?

401 Oh, the Lamb.

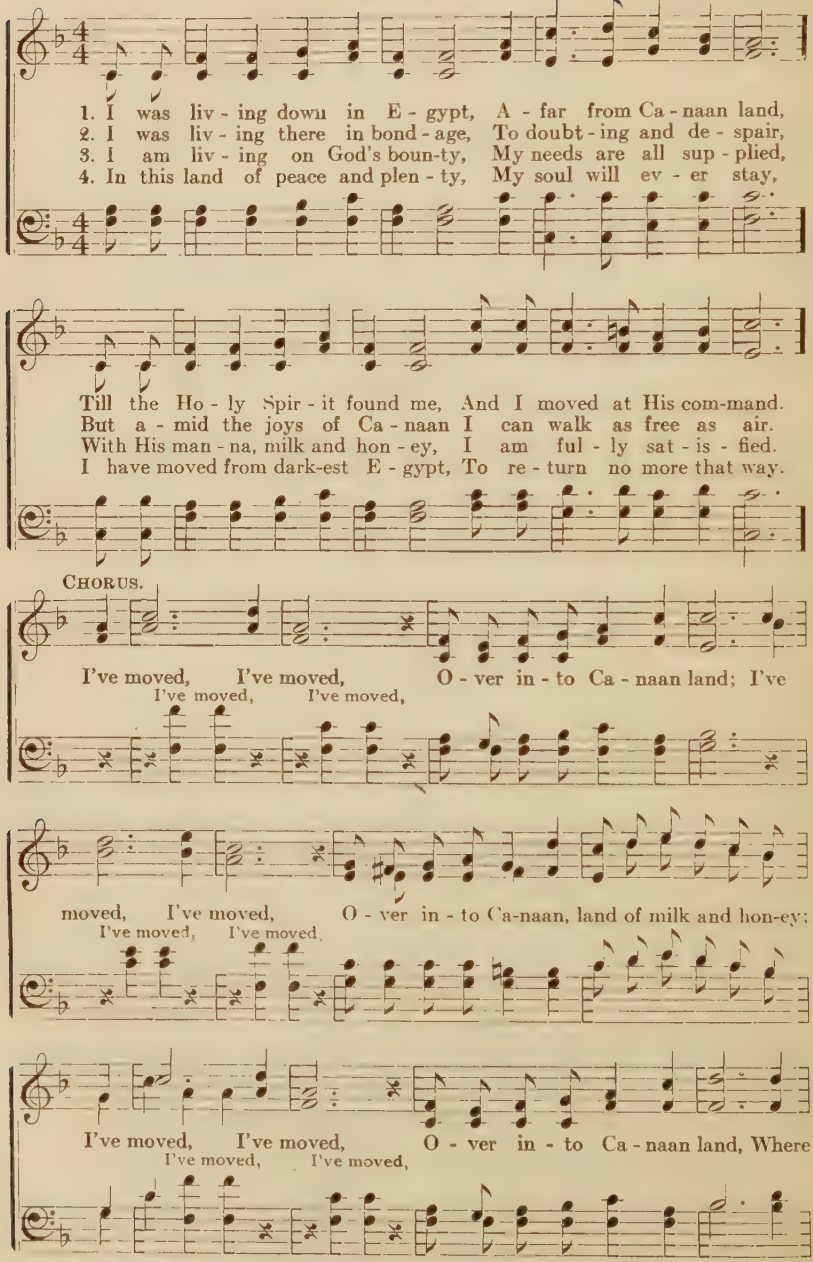
C. M.—S. S. 263. B. M. I. 55.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. A thou-sand thou-sand foun-tains spring Up from the throne of God! But
2. That price-less blood my ran-som paid While I in bond-age stood; On
3. By faith that blood now sweeps a-way My sins, as like a flood; Nor

CHO. *f* Oh, the blood! the precious blood! That Je - sus shed for me Up -
1 2
none to me such bless-ings bring, As Je - sus' pre-cious blood.
Je - sus all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood.
lets one guilt - y blem - ish stay; All praise to Je - sus' blood!
on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

I've Moved.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. I was liv - ing down in E - gypt, A - far from Ca - naan land,
2. I was liv - ing there in bond - age, To doubt - ing and de - spair,
3. I am liv - ing on God's boun-ty, My needs are all sup - plied,
4. In this land of peace and plen - ty, My soul will ev - er stay,
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it found me, And I moved at His com-mand.
But a - mid the joys of Ca - naan I can walk as free as air.
With His man - na, milk and hon - ey, I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.
I have moved from dark-est E - gypt, To re - turn no more that way.
CHORUS.
I've moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan land; I've
I've moved, I've moved,
moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca-naan, land of milk and hon-ey;
I've moved, I've moved,
I've moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan land, Where
I've moved, I've moved,

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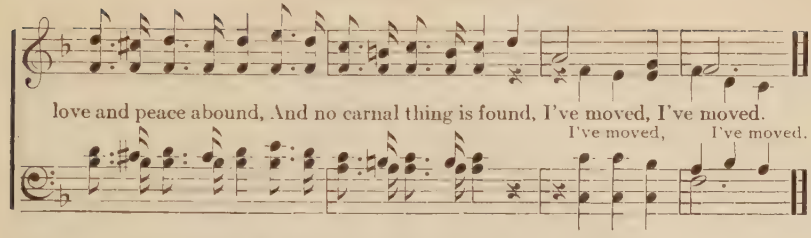
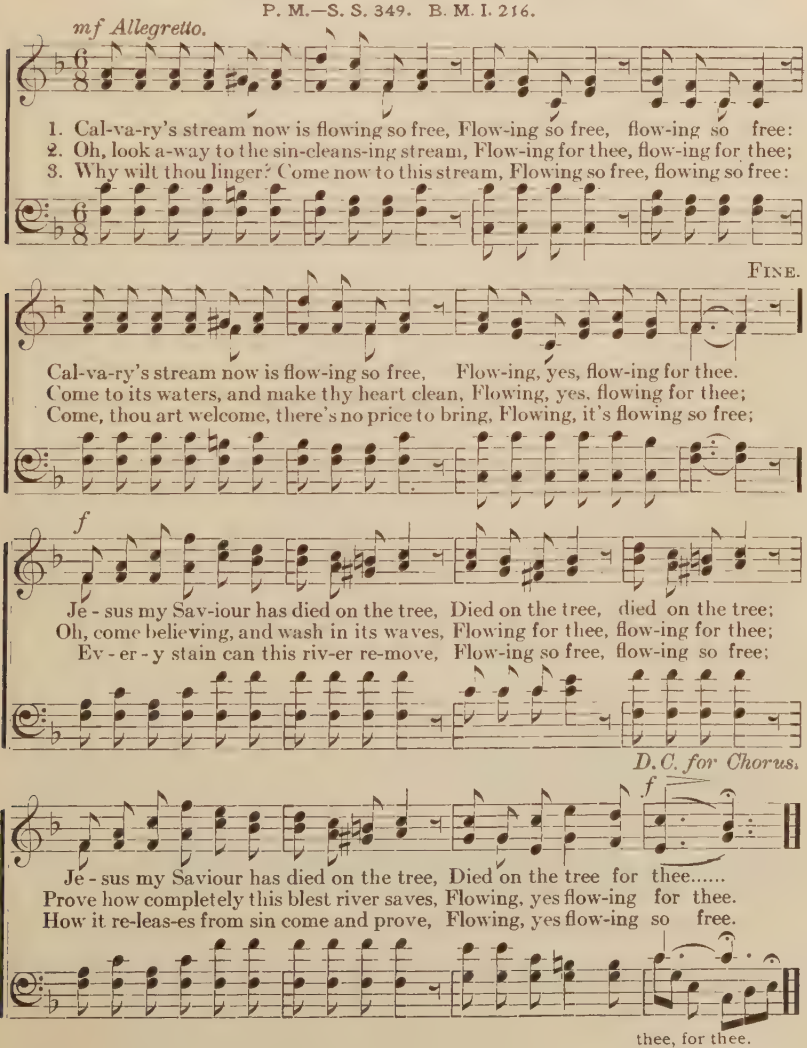
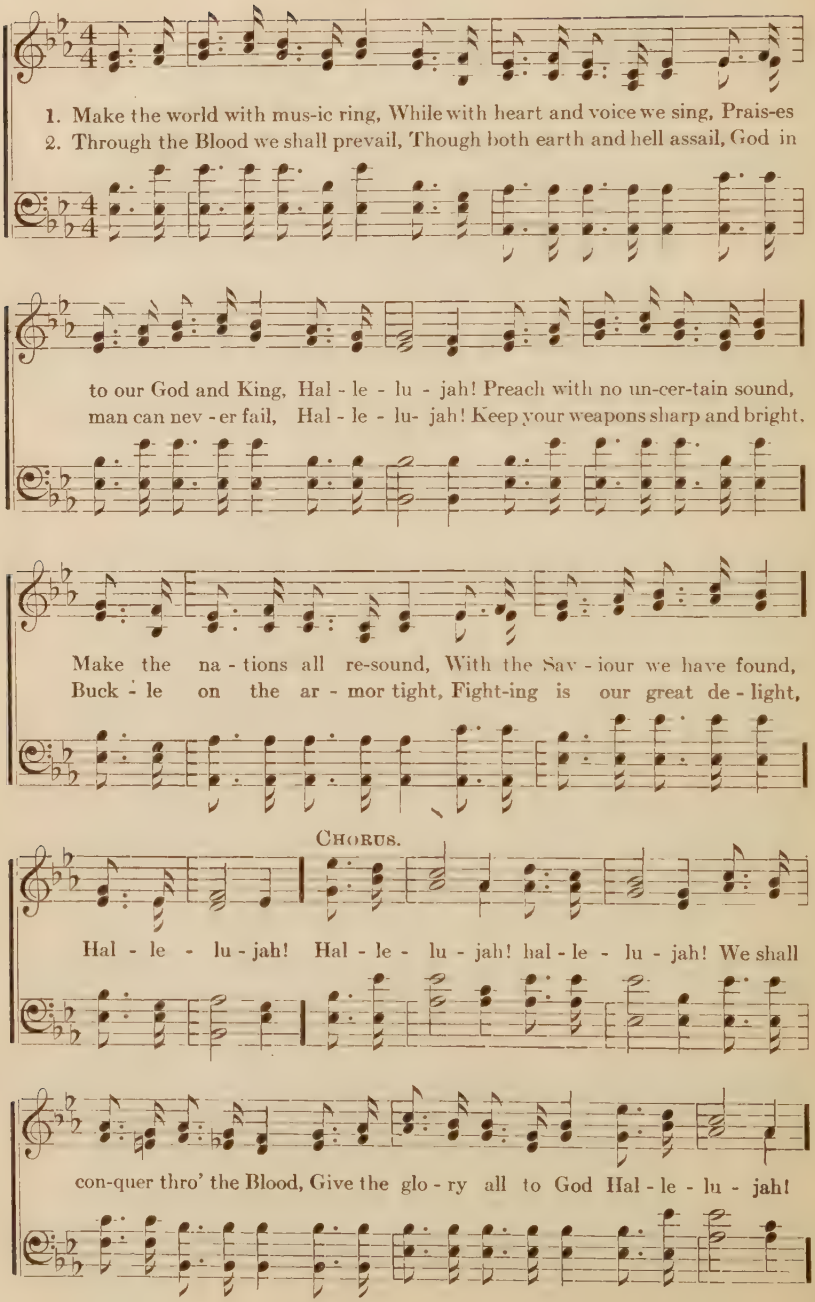
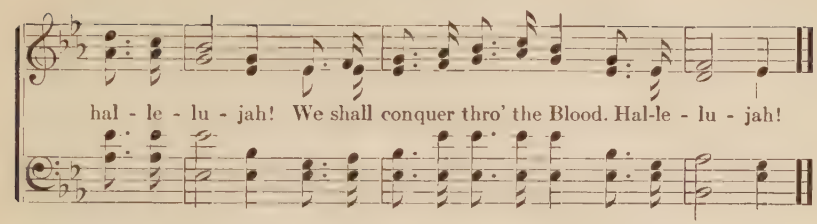


403 Calvary's Stream Is Flowing So Free.

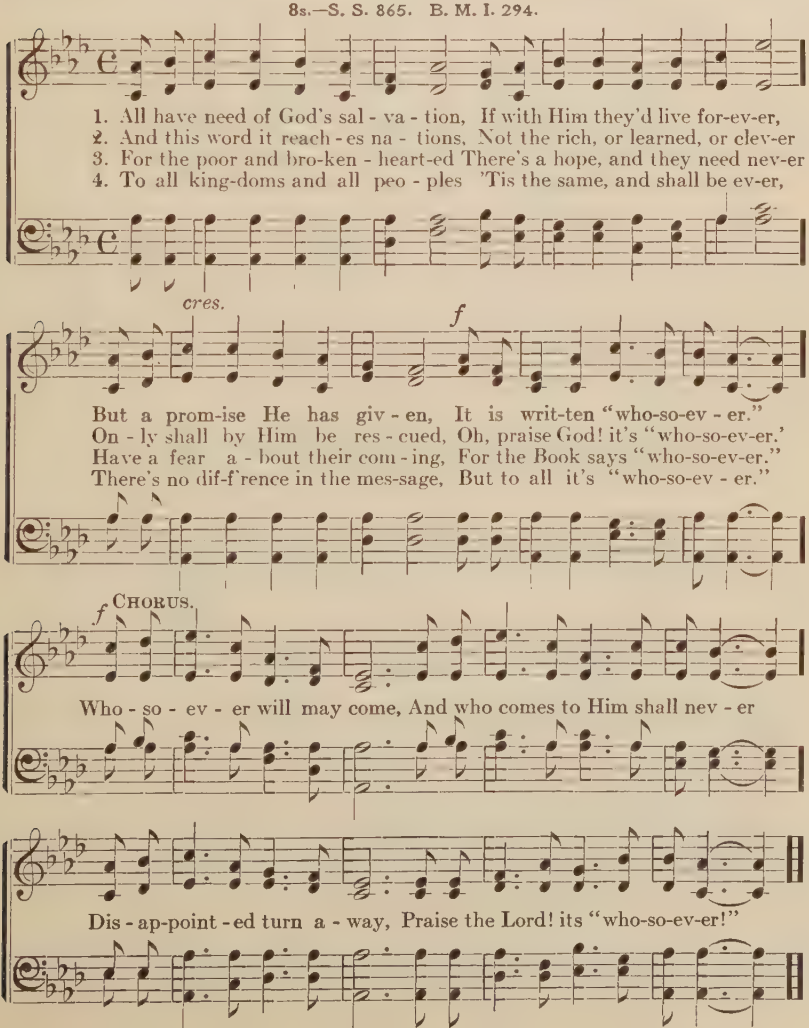
P. M.—S. S. 349. B. M. I. 216.

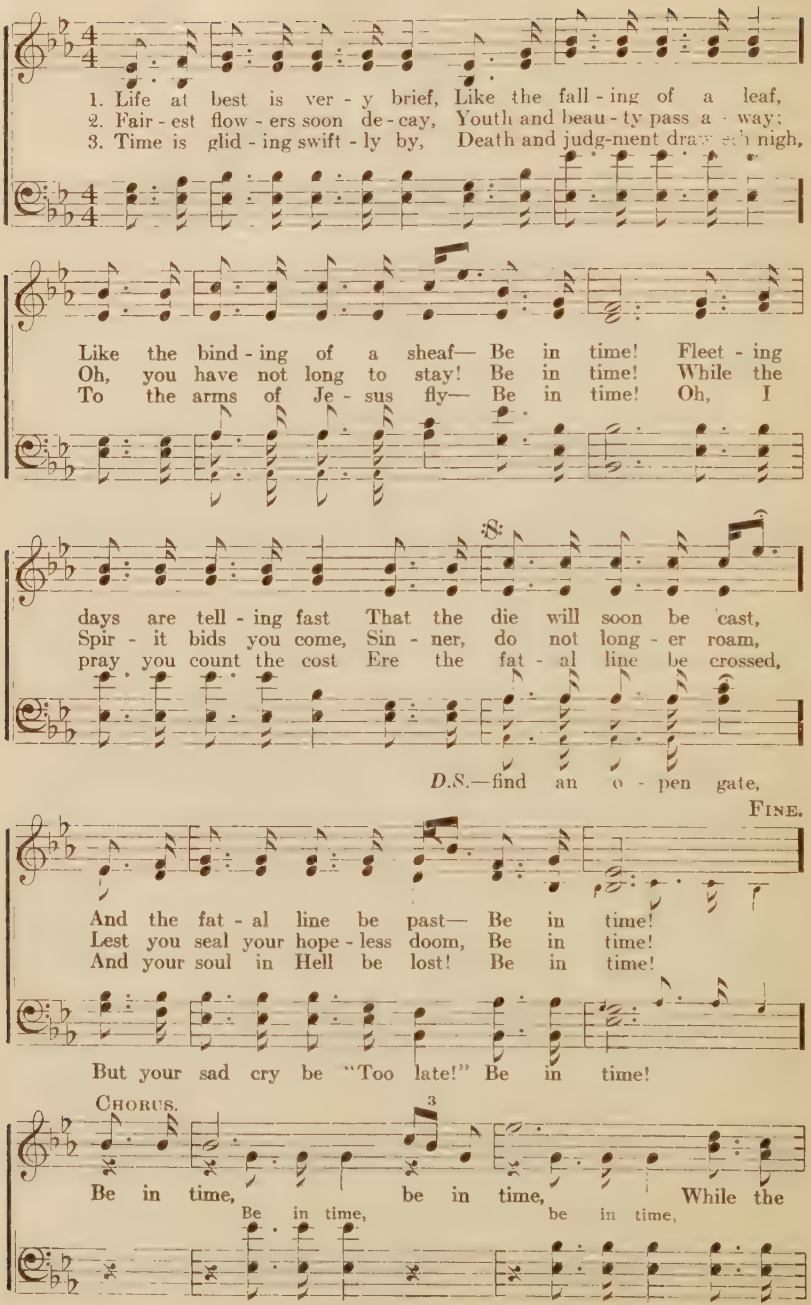

mf Allegretto.
1. Cal-va-ry's stream now is flowing so free, Flow-ing so free, flow-ing so free:
2. Oh, look a-way to the sin-cleans-ing stream, Flow-ing for thee, flow-ing for thee;
3. Why wilt thou linger? Come now to this stream, Flowing so free, flowing so free:
FINE.
Cal-va-ry's stream now is flow-ing so free, Flow-ing, yes, flow-ing for thee.
Come to its waters, and make thy heart clean, Flowing, yes, flowing for thee;
Come, thou art welcome, there's no price to bring, Flowing, it's flowing so free;
f
Je - sus my Sav-iour has died on the tree, Died on the tree, died on the tree;
Oh, come believing, and wash in its waves, Flowing for thee, flow-ing for thee;
Ev - er - y stain can this riv-er re-move, Flow-ing so free, flow-ing so free;
D. C. for Chorus.
f
Je - sus my Saviour has died on the tree, Died on the tree for thee.....
Prove how completely this blest river saves, Flowing, yes flow-ing for thee.
How it re-leas-es from sin come and prove, Flowing, yes flow-ing so free.
thee, for thee.

1. Make the world with mus-ic ring, While with heart and voice we sing, Prais-es
2. Through the Blood we shall prevail, Though both earth and hell assail, God in
to our God and King, Hal - le - lu - jah! Preach with no un-cer-tain sound,
man can nev - er fail, Hal - le - lu- jah! Keep your weapons sharp and bright,
Make the na - tions all re-sound, With the Sav - iour we have found,
Buck - le on the ar - mor tight, Fight-ing is our great de - light,
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We shall
con-quer thro' the Blood, Give the glo - ry all to God Hal - le - lu - jah!

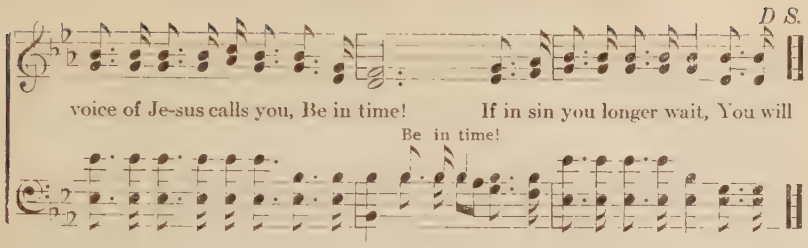


405 Whosoever Will may Come.

8s.—S. S. 865. B. M. I. 294.

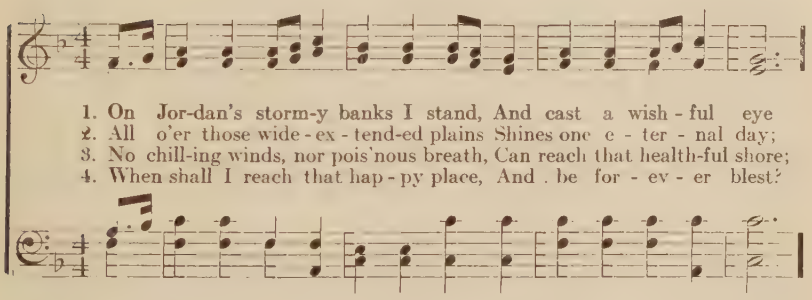

1. All have need of God's sal - va - tion, If with Him they'd live for-ev-er,
2. And this word it reach - es na - tions, Not the rich, or learned, or clev-er
3. For the poor and bro-ken - heart-ed There's a hope, and they need nev-er
4. To all king-doms and all peo - ples 'Tis the same, and shall be ev-er,
cres.
f
But a prom-ise He has giv - en, It is writ-ten "who-so-ev - er."
On - ly shall by Him be res - cued, Oh, praise God! it's "who-so-ev-er.'
Have a fear a - bout their com - ing, For the Book says "who-so-ev-er."
There's no dif-f'rence in the mes-sage, But to all it's "who-so-ev - er."
f CHORUS.
Who - so - ev - er will may come, And who comes to Him shall nev - er
Dis - ap-point - ed turn a - way, Praise the Lord! its "who-so-ev-er!"

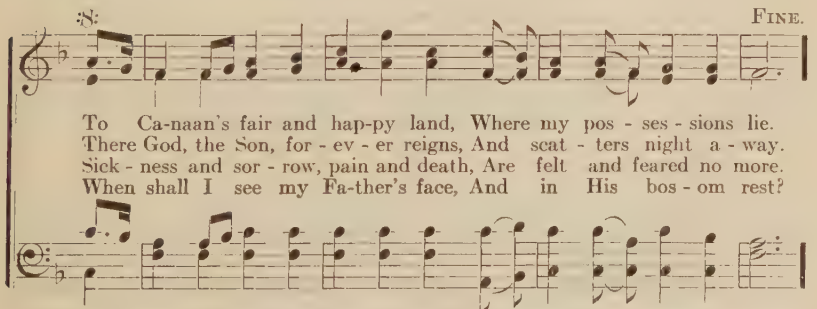
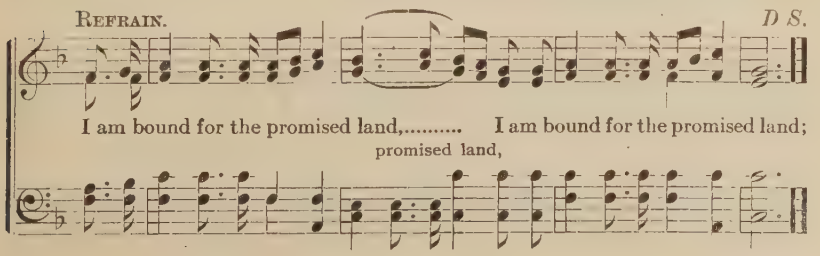
Be in Time.

1. Life at best is ver - y brief, Like the fall - ing of a leaf,
2. Fair - est flow - ers soon de - cay, Youth and beau - ty pass a - way;
3. Time is glid - ing swift - ly by, Death and judg-ment draw each nigh,
Like the bind - ing of a sheaf— Be in time! Fleet - ing
Oh, you have not long to stay! Be in time! While the
To the arms of Je - sus fly— Be in time! Oh, I
days are tell - ing fast That the die will soon be cast,
Spir - it bids you come, Sin - ner, do not long - er roam,
pray you count the cost Ere the fat - al line be crossed,
D.S.—find an o - pen gate,
FINE.
And the fat - al line be past— Be in time!
Lest you seal your hope - less doom, Be in time!
And your soul in Hell be lost! Be in time!
But your sad cry be "Too late!" Be in time!
CHORUS.
Be in time, be in time, While the
Be in time, be in time,

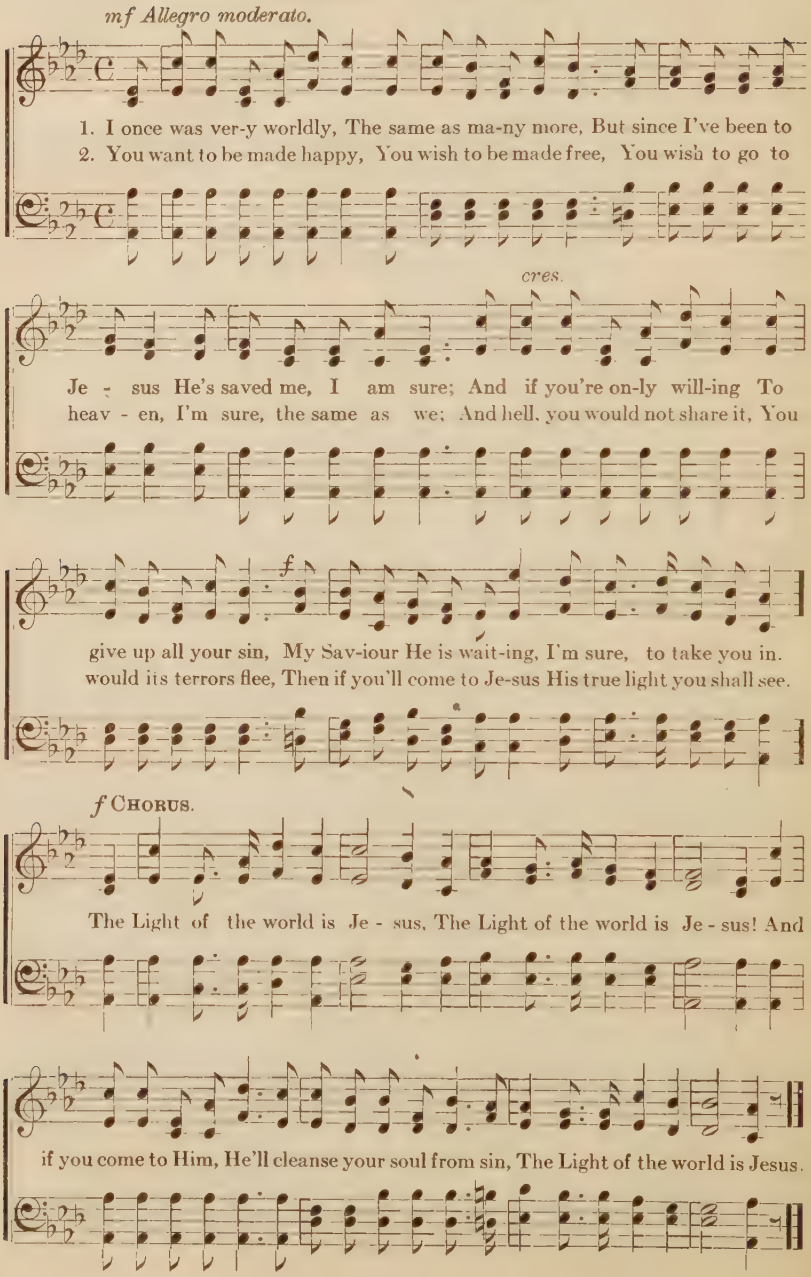


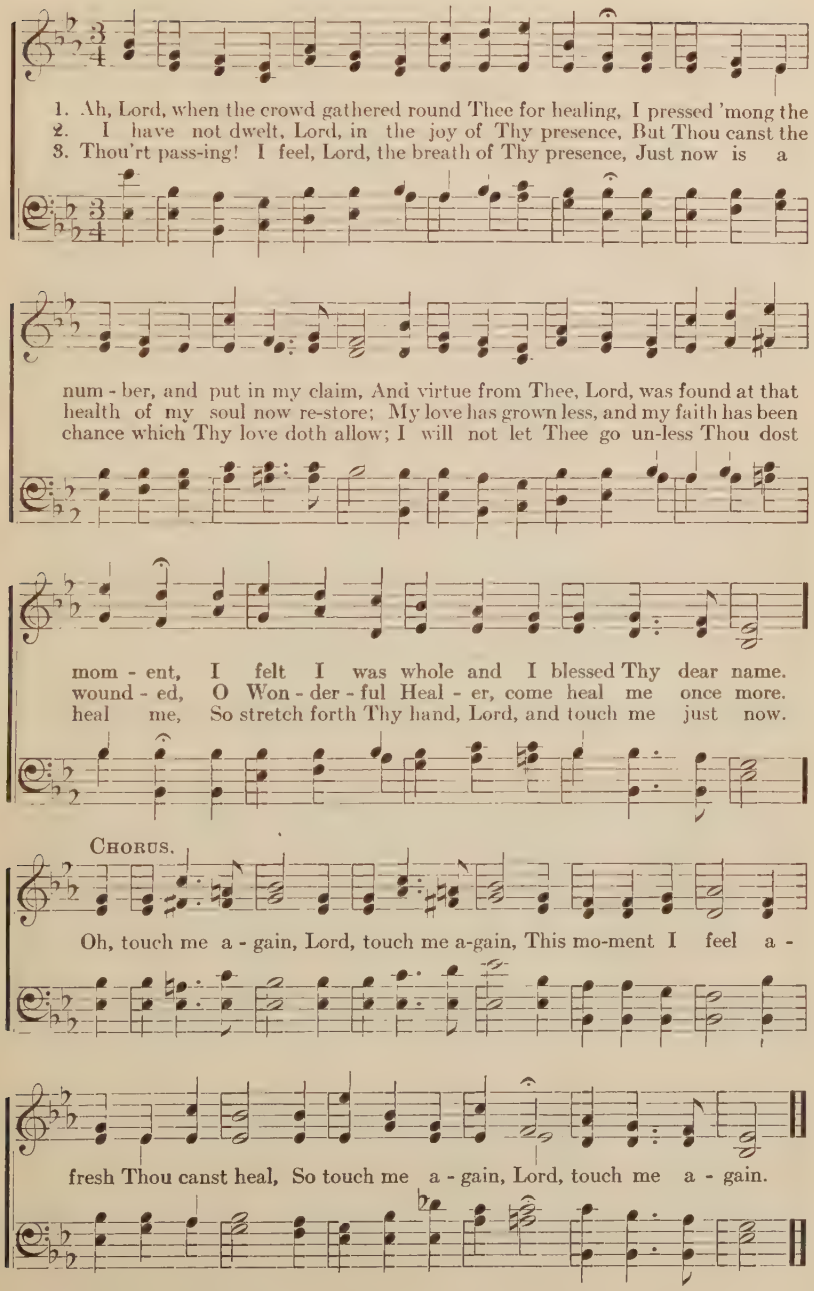
407 The Promised Land.

8s. 6s.

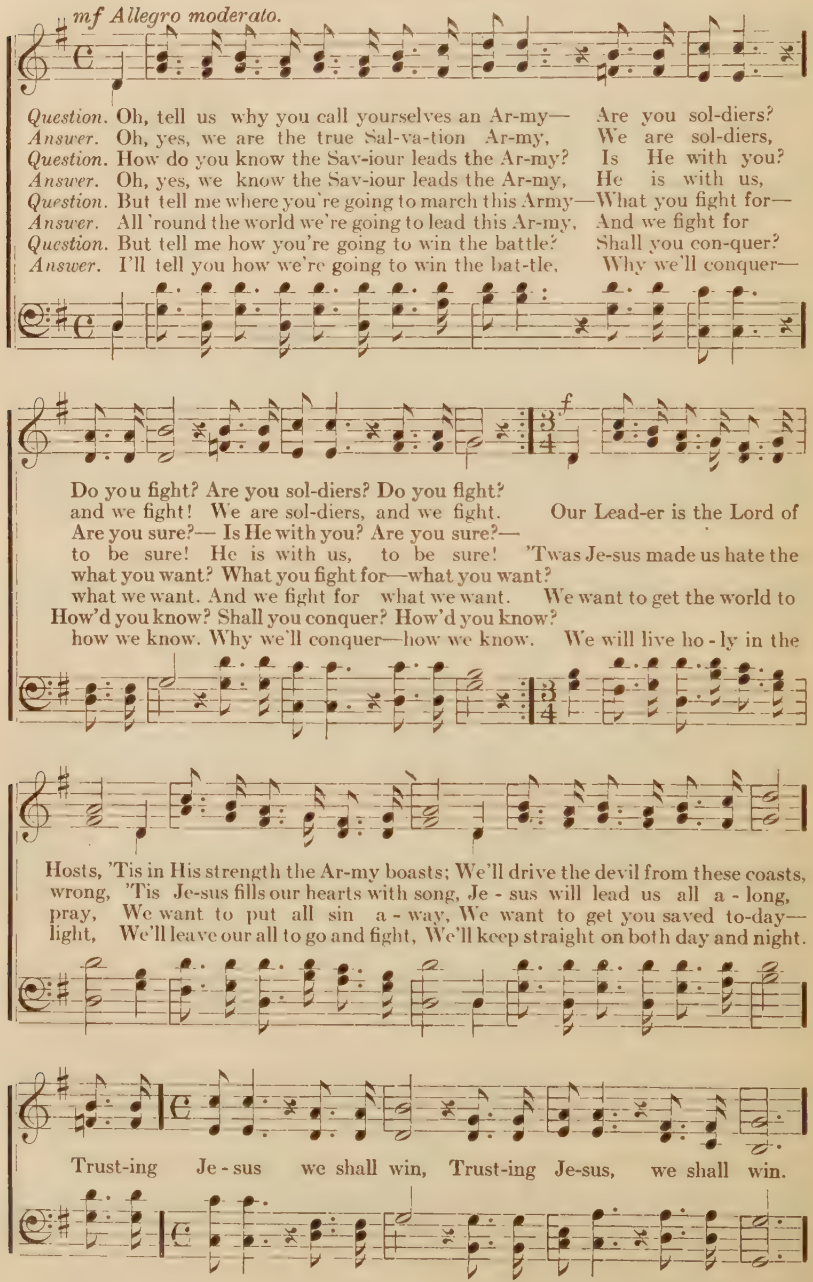

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide - ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?


S.
FINE.
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

The Light of the World is Jesus.

7s. 6s.—S. S. 212. B. M. I. 104.

mf Allegro moderato.
1. I once was ver-y worldly, The same as ma-ny more, But since I've been to
2. You want to be made happy, You wish to be made free, You wish to go to
cres.
Je - sus He's saved me, I am sure; And if you're on-ly will-ing To
heav - en, I'm sure, the same as we; And hell, you would not share it, You
f
give up all your sin, My Sav-iour He is wait-ing, I'm sure, to take you in.
would its terrors flee, Then if you'll come to Je-sus His true light you shall see.
f CHORUS.
The Light of the world is Je - sus, The Light of the world is Je - sus! And
if you come to Him, He'll cleanse your soul from sin, The Light of the world is Jesus.

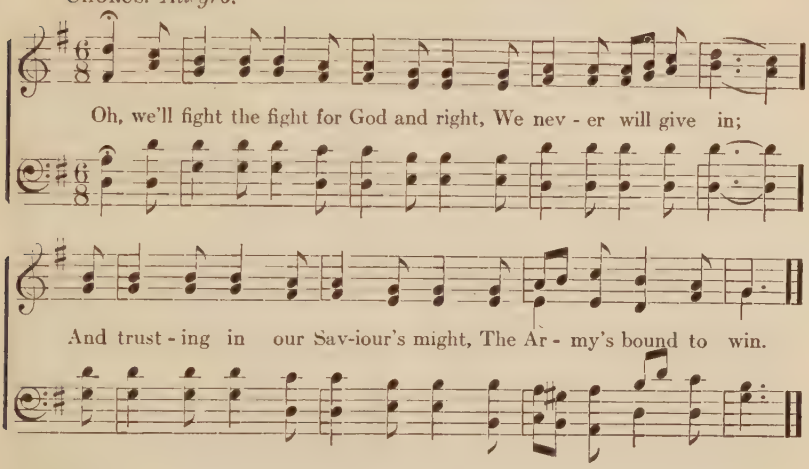
Touch Me Again, Lord.

1. Ah, Lord, when the crowd gathered round Thee for healing, I pressed 'mong the
2. I have not dwelt, Lord, in the joy of Thy presence, But Thou canst the
3. Thou'rt pass-ing! I feel, Lord, the breath of Thy presence, Just now is a
num - ber, and put in my claim, And virtue from Thee, Lord, was found at that
health of my soul now re-store; My love has grown less, and my faith has been
chance which Thy love doth allow; I will not let Thee go un-less Thou dost
mom - ent, I felt I was whole and I blessed Thy dear name.
wound - ed, O Won - der - ful Heal - er, come heal me once more.
heal me, So stretch forth Thy hand, Lord, and touch me just now.
Chorus.
Oh, touch me a - gain, Lord, touch me a-gain, This mo-ment I feel a -
fresh Thou canst heal, So touch me a - gain, Lord, touch me a - gain.

410 Oh, tell us Why you call Yourselves an Army?

P. M.—S. S. 543. B. M. I. 262.

mf Allegro moderato.
Question. Oh, tell us why you call yourselves an Ar-my— Are you sol-diers?
Answer. Oh, yes, we are the true Sal-va-tion Ar-my, We are sol-diers,
Question. How do you know the Sav-iour leads the Ar-my? Is He with you?
Answer. Oh, yes, we know the Sav-iour leads the Ar-my, He is with us,
Question. But tell me where you're going to march this Army—What you fight for—
Answer. All 'round the world we're going to lead this Ar-my, And we fight for
Question. But tell me how you're going to win the battle? Shall you con-quer?
Answer. I'll tell you how we're going to win the bat-tle, Why we'll conquer—
f
Do you fight? Are you sol-diers? Do you fight?
and we fight! We are sol-diers, and we fight. Our Lead-er is the Lord of
Are you sure?— Is He with you? Are you sure?—
to be sure! He is with us, to be sure! 'Twas Je-sus made us hate the
what you want? What you fight for—what you want?
what we want. And we fight for what we want. We want to get the world to
How'd you know? Shall you conquer? How'd you know?
how we know. Why we'll conquer—how we know. We will live ho - ly in the
Hosts, 'Tis in His strength the Ar-my boasts; We'll drive the devil from these coasts,
wrong, 'Tis Je-sus fills our hearts with song, Je - sus will lead us all a - long,
pray, We want to put all sin a - way, We want to get you saved to-day—
light, We'll leave our all to go and fight, We'll keep straight on both day and night.
Trust-ing Je - sus we shall win, Trust-ing Je-sus, we shall win.

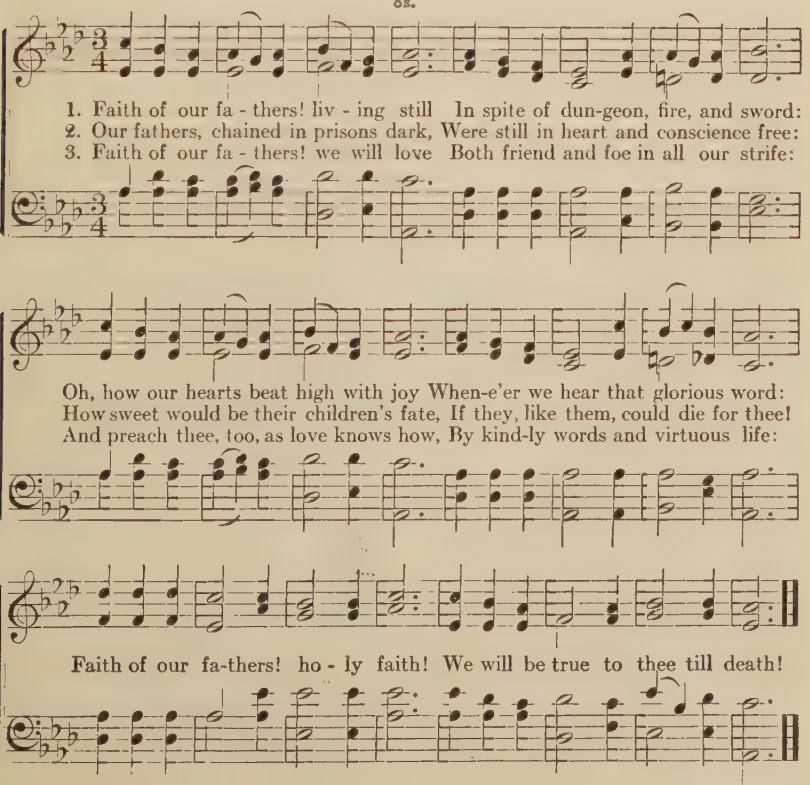
Oh, tell us Why you call Yourselves an Army?—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*



411 Faith of Our Fathers.

8s.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

CHORUSES

Choruses contained in this book have the number only; choruses which can be found in Salvation Army Songs (word edition) have "S. S." and the number; choruses which are found in the chorus section of Salvation Army Songs (word edition) have "S. S. ch." and the number.

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